

Doings

Our styles, Among the very latest of the season.

We place on sale about 100 very handsome black bathing suits for women, revers and collars are made of elaborately trimmed velvet. They have long sleeves and would be good at \$4.00.

**\$2.98**

Children's bathing suits made of all new material, with all the latest trimmings, at \$2.00.

We are first to show New York's latest fad, bright green, usually children. With all the new day and night wear, every well dressed woman should have a green dress. They drop their hats and look at the face. The face has big blue eyes. We show a new style of dress from \$10.00 to \$15.00.

A big lot of new huggy robes, with all the latest trimmings. Some are new, some are old, but all are beautiful. We show a new style of dress from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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# The Times

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1900. FIVE CENTS

**WASHINGTON GARDENS—**Los Angeles County Improvement Co., Lessee and Manager. Commencing SEPTEMBER 17TH, PARTS MILITARY FIREWORKS MASTERPIECE.

**The Battle of San Juan**  
Cavalry, Rough Riders, Artillerists, Cubans, Spaniards, Red Cross Nurses, etc. EXACTLY AS PRODUCED AT MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y. Followed nightly by \$1000 DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS. Pains Latest Novelties and Effects. Tickets, including 50c; GRAND STAND 75c; BOX SEATS \$1.00; DRESS 25c. Seats at Fitzgerald's Music House, 113 South Spring Street.

**STRICT FARM—South Pasadena—**  
**Special Rates Today 25c ROUND TRIP—**  
**Including Admission to Farm.**  
Open From 1 to 6 p.m. Only.

**BASEBALL—Fiesta Park—**SUNDAY, 2:30 P.M. Southern California League. LOS ANGELES VS. SANTA ANA. Admission 50c. Ladies Free. Shaded seats; coolest place in town.

**BLANCHARD HALL—**Can be engaged for concerts, recitals, receptions, dances and general public purposes. Blanchard Building Music and Art Studio.

**UPPER ROUTES OF TRAVEL—**

**VORONADO BEACH—**  
**\$4 ROUND TRIP.**  
TICKETS GOOD RETURNING UNTIL SEPT. 30.

SANTA FE TICKET OFFICE SECOND AND SPRING STS.

**TIME TABLE—**

**Redondo Beach.**  
**New Pavilion Now Open.**  
Fine Orchestra, Concerts and Dancing Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and evening. SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND CONCERTS EVERY SUNDAY.  
16 Trains week days.  
18 Trains on Sunday.  
TEN-RIDE TICKETS, \$1.95.  
Tickets interchangeable.

**SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—**  
3 1/2 hours from Los Angeles, possessing attractions not possible at other resorts. INCREASED STEAMER SERVICE FROM SAN PEDRO WHARVES.

**Our Marine Band.**  
**The Great Stage Ride.**  
Sunday Excursions allow 5 hours on the island, returning same day.  
HOTEL MONTPELIER ALWAYS OPEN.  
3 BOATS SATURDAY TO GRAND ILLUMINATION.  
Excursion fare, round trip, \$2.50. Regular fare, round trip, \$2.75.  
BAYVIEW CO., 222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

**GRAND REGATTA—**  
SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, TERMINAL ISLAND.  
All the fast launches here entered and an exciting race is promised. The course will be 8 miles and in full view of the spectators at all times.  
BEAUTIFUL SILVER CUP PRIZES.  
Admission Tickets, 10 rides \$1.50, good for yourself and friends. Regular Tickets, 10 rides round trip, allow stop-over at Long Beach.  
Terminal Railway 8:00 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Return leave beaches 4:00 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.  
Information and tickets at Depot and 237 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 960 and 656.

**M. T. LOWE RAILWAY—**  
"Grandest Scenic Trip on Earth."  
**Sunday Excursions.**  
ROUND TRIP \$1.75  
First-class accommodation as at Yosemite National Park. Merchants Independent Line Steamship Co. Office 222 S. Spring Street. Tel. Main 960. C. J. Lehman, Agent.

**SAN FRANCISCO—**INCLUDING BREAKFAST AND MEALS—\$7.50 First Class. Round Trip. Merchants Independent Line Steamship Co. Office 222 S. Spring Street. Tel. Main 960. C. J. Lehman, Agent.

**UNIQUE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—**

**BARBONS—**Every picture a work of art. 16—Medals—16.

**Value should not miss the opportunity to have pictures taken under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere in the world. Studio 220 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles.**

**THE YACHT FACTORY—J. G. Cunningham, Prop., 221 S. Main St., Tel. Main 618.** Dealer and Dealer in Yachts, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases and Luggage Goods.

**WELLS, RESORTS AND CAFES—**

**TO FOR CATALINA—**

September is the finest month at Catalina, and the best time to visit. The Grand View Hotel will make special rates for September. The rush of business this season at the Grand View is proof of the popularity of the House. GEO. E. WEAVER, Prop.

**BLINGTON HOTEL—**  
**Santa Barbara,**

With an addition of forty bedrooms and new passenger elevator makes the most comfortable hotel in the State. Roses, flowers and sunshine always. Open every day. Perpetual May climate.

**BLINGTON HOTEL—J. B. Duke, Prop., 221 Westlake Ave., A select family hotel with 40 bedrooms and bath, special rates to families by the month.**

## RADICAL NOTE TO THE POWERS.

*The State Department Proposes a Solution of the Chinese Question. Russia's Discordant Note.*

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] While no definite statement can be had from the State Department about the character of the note which the United States sent the powers respecting China, it is learned tonight that the note is most radical in character, and, if accepted, will prove to be an immediate solution of the entire difficulty, so far as international complications are concerned. It is probable that Minister Wu had this note distinctly in mind when he tonight wrote, for your correspondent, a statement about an "international agreement with high Chinese officials." So far as can be learned this government proposes to the powers that they place themselves into communication with the Chinese government when it is located, and with leading Chinese statesmen, with a view to reestablishing order in China and setting up a stable government there. If China, on her part, shows any evidence of good faith, and if the Chinese government will return to its capital, then it is proposed that all the powers shall assist in setting up the government upon a sound basis. This, it is argued by the United States, could be accomplished with comparatively few men, and it is proposed that each nation withdraw from China a certain number of its troops, leaving say 20,000 men there, 5000 for each nation directly interested in China, and now represented on Chinese soil.

There is also a proposal for an international conference, but that would come later. It is as certain as any diplomatic thing can be that three out of six nations will accept this proposal. Of course, the United States, having made the proposal, will agree to it. So will England and France. It is believed here that Japan will assent, although she has been grievously wronged in China, and may hesitate somewhat. If she agrees to it, that would leave only Germany and Russia to contend with. These two nations almost assuredly will object to the arrangement, and it is not counted a certainty if they can be brought to agree to it. But efforts will be made, of course, after England and France agree, the next step will be to get Japan in, and then pressure will be placed upon Russia and Germany. But the plan as proposed by the government does not agree at all with the plans made and being executed by the Czar and the Kaiser, and therefore a diplomatic struggle with them is expected.

President McKinley's note will have all the better effect upon foreign governments from the fact that before he issued it the government had ordered troops now on the way to China to be diverted to the Philippines. That fact alone will show that the United States is acting with entire good faith towards China and all other nations concerned in the matter.

The State Department expects to have answers from nearly all the powers by Monday night, and certainly by the middle of next week it will be known whether the plan suggested in the note is likely to meet with success.

## DIPLOMACY AT THE FORE.

*America's Note to the Powers a State Secret—Russia's Note of Discord.*

(A. F. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The diplomatic feature of the Chinese situation today took precedence over both the naval and military features. The officials of this government were, if anything, more uncommunicative than heretofore, as to the relations between the powers. It was stated authoritatively that no news of importance had been received, and that the diplomatic negotiations could not be made public.

The most unsatisfactory development of the day, so far as the pacific programme of this government goes, was the receipt of a dispatch from Admiral Remey, conveying the reports which

have reached him of a disagreement between the commander of the Russian forces in Peking and the other international forces. The text of this dispatch was not made public, but it was said on good authority to contain the statement that the Russian commander had forbidden communication with the Chinese on the ground that Russia was technically, as well as practically, at war with China. It may be said in the heretofore harmonious concert

PACIFIC COAST. Poker games prohibited in San Francisco Bohemian Club. Pierce forest fires in Alaska. Schooner's accident. Murderer King at large. Hypnotism at Fresno failed. San Jose Herald in hands of creditors. Japanese consul at San Francisco recalled. Mules quarantined with diptheria patient.

POLITICAL. Bryan tells what he wants in an address at Omaha. Anarchist threatens to kill Bryan. Senator Franklin to stump the west for McKinley. Bouvier committee of eighteen meet at San Francisco. Baltimore bankers go back on Bryan. Democratic row at Stockton. Needham endorsed at Fresno.

CHINA. General uprising feared in China. Prince of Wales discusses situation with the Kaiser. Message from Congress. Americans leave Peking for Tien-Tsin under escort of troops. No report from Gen. Chaffee. Not enough troops to police Peking. Earl Li is silent. Russia's note of discord. Radical note to the powers. Germany, Russia and France said to have formally declared war.

GENERAL EASTERN. G.A.R. encampment opens at Chicago. Ice-man's peculiar fate. Big Methodist temple to be erected at Chicago. Census bulletins. Secretary of State Hay is very sick. Negotiations for Uncle Sam to build Nicaragua Canal. Congressional inquiry as to pneumatic tubes. New school of commerce at New York. Huntington's art gallery. No new trouble at Akron. President cannot go to Chicago. Knights of Pythias at Detroit.

SPORTS. Tod Sloan wins Futurity for William C. Whitney on Ballyhoo Bay. Coronation Handicap won by Dorothy Lee. Results at Windsor. Hawthorn Park events. Favorites at Detroit. Sacramento bench show. Pacific Grove tennis. Races at Saratoga. Eastern tennis. Pittsborough challenges Jeffries. Maryville races. Nutwood Park events. Eastern and Pacific Coast baseball. Aquatic field sports at Astoria. Philadelphia crew wins boat race in Paris.

FOREIGN BY CABLE. Britain's vital threat by a strike in Wales. France looking for war. Alarm in England. English forces suffer severe loss in South Africa. Cordons executed. Berlin cable letter.

## JOHNNY BULL IS GOING TO LOOK AFTER HIS "SPHERE OF INFLUENCE."



John Bull (while making "post-haste") "While those other fellows are adjusting things back there, I'll just take these pups and leave them at Shanghai. I may need them there."

of the powers. It may be said, however, that the news is not taken very seriously by this government, and certainly will not affect our course in any way until it has been officially confirmed.

It was explained that the situation growing out of the joint occupation of Peking by the powers was delicate, although not necessarily described as serious. The interests of all the powers there reported were at least competitive, if not antagonistic, and an ill-considered move on the part of any one government might easily entail disagreeable consequences in which all would be more or less involved.

At the same time it was explained that all of the governments represented in China were anxious to avert any open clash, if this could be done without sacrificing what they considered their rights in the premises.

UNIQUE POSITION. In this situation the United States occupied the position it has held all through the disturbance, namely, of being the one power least under suspicion by others of selfish and ulterior motives. This government is exceedingly anxious to maintain this vantage ground, and retain the confidence of the other powers, so that it is now more than ever cautious as to the next step to be taken.

The decision to address instructions to the United States representatives at the courts of the various powers was reached yesterday after the most mature deliberation. It would have been a satisfaction to this government if the action could have been taken without exciting public comment of any sort. Owing to the fact that this communication was not addressed directly to the other governments, and that it contained merely instructions for the guidance of our diplomatic representatives abroad, it was decided not to make public either the text or the substance of the instructions, lest their premature publication should defeat the very object for which they were designed, namely of ascertaining the temper of the various governments interested, with a view to determining what form of procedure is most likely to meet with the general approbation among them and lead to a speedy solution of the problem.

UNFULFILLED CONDITION. The situation in China at present does not meet in any way the conditions laid down in Secretary Adee's note to Li Hung Chang on August 23 as pre-requisite to peace negotiations by the United States. This communication announced that "although the powers had been compelled to rescue their ministers by force of arms, unaided by the Chinese government, still the United States is 'ready to welcome any overtures for a truce and invites the powers to join when security is established in the Chinese capital and

GENERAL UPRISING IS APPREHENDED.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] "Among well-informed foreign circles, as well as among the Chinese, there is a feeling of great apprehension that the occupation of Peking by the allied troops will cause great alarm and dissatisfaction among the mass of Chinese, and may cause a general uprising unless international arrangements be made and an understanding at once come to, with high Chinese officials, such as Li Hung Chang."

The above statement was written by Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States. He wrote this after being handed a dispatch from Oakland, Cal., representing Consul-General Yo How as saying in a lecture there that the occupation of Peking by the allies would cause a general uprising throughout all China when the fact in the case became known.

This statement by Consul Yo attracted considerable attention here, because if it is true that the Chinese have patriotism to the extent to lead them into general uprisings against foreigners who are invading and holding their capital, it makes matters considerably more serious.

Minister Wu, therefore, was asked whether, in his opinion, Consul Yo was correct, and he saw fit to reduce his answer to writing.

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**ANNOUNCE BRYAN**  
More Bankers Go Back on Billy.

**Stomach His Free Silver Policy.**  
Bryanism Twaddle also at Stockton.

**Success**  
The Season At

**Success**  
The Season At

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**HAY IS A VERY SICK MAN.**

Secretary of State in a Bad Way Physically—His Nerves Shattered.

LET DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!  
WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Word reached here from New Hampshire today that Secretary of State Hay is a very sick man. Indeed, it reports tonight are true, he is in a very bad way physically. His nerves are shattered. Mr. Hay's secretary reached Washington today and reported to the State Department that it was very uncertain when the Secretary of State would be able to resume his duties. He is in no condition to take a railroad trip from New Hampshire to Washington now, and unless his health mends rapidly he cannot get back before cool weather.

**GRAND ARMY MEN IN SESSION.**

Opening Exercises at Chicago. An Elaborate Programme. City Crowded.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—The National Encampment of the G.A.R. was opened tonight by the dedication of the new Coliseum, in which the grand army of the reunion, the war-veterans, and the religious and other societies of the city, incidental to the encampment, will be held. The Coliseum stands on Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets, and within its walls tonight were gathered 10,000 people. A chorus of 1000, organized to represent a living flag, occupied a platform at one end of the building, and close beside them was the great band of the Coliseum. The program of the evening was a most elaborate one, and the city was crowded to the doors.

**RENEWMAN CONVENTION.**

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—The Republican County Convention today nominated H. E. Austin and Alva B. Snow for Superior Judges; H. N. Barlow for Assessor. The convention followed the program of the thirty-second Assembly District convention for judges, and the delegates to the thirty-second Assembly District convention were pledged for W. P. Chandler, Assemblyman, Phil Scott, E. J. Butland and William Mitchell were nominated for Supervisors.

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**GOING TO KILL BRYAN.**

ALLEGED ANARCHIST'S THREAT. (A. P. DAY REPORT.)

OMAHA, Aug. 25.—An alleged anarchist who is employed in the smelter in this city, it is said, announced to one of his fellow workmen this morning that he was going to kill William J. Bryan when he came to attend the Jacksonian picnic this afternoon. The police were notified and at once began to scour the city for the man and arrested him an hour later. He is William M. Williams, a Welshman. The police this afternoon released Williams. They believe that the information concerning him was irresponsible, if not malicious.

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**CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY.**

Pneumatic Tube Service to Be Looked Into Immediately by Postmasters and Experts.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The cities at which the pneumatic-tube service investigation ordered by Congress will be conducted has been selected at the Postoffice Department as follows: New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, San Francisco, New Orleans, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati. It is thought the investigation will be confined to these cities, though it may be found necessary later to add others.

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**MARQUIS ITO'S PARTY.**

Former Japanese Premier Issues a Manifesto Setting Forth the Aims of His Following.

YOKOHAMA, Aug. 25.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Marquis Ito, formerly Prime Minister, has issued a manifesto setting forth the aims of his party which is called the Constitutional Political Association, and from the ranks of which the next cabinet will probably be drawn. The manifesto emphasizes the fact that the appointment and dismissal of the ministers are constitutional prerogatives of the sovereign, and that when the ministers are in office it is not permissible to their party to interfere with the discharge of their duties.

**BOERS LAY TRAP FOR ROBERTS.**

Severe Loss of English Forces. Surrounded by Enemy. Cordua Executed.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Lord Roberts has left Pretoria and has established his headquarters at Wonderfontein, the second station west of Mafeking, where the bulk of the Boers are supposed to be. According to the Boers, the English were being fired upon by the night, but some mistake, two companies of the Liverpool regiment advanced 100 yards into the hollow out of sight of the main body, where they were surrounded by the Boers and suffered severely.

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**INCENDIARY'S CUNNING PLOT.**

Attempt to Burn a Cottage on San Fernando Street This Morning.

A cunning incendiary plot was laid last night, or early this morning, wherein it was attempted to burn down the one-story frame cottage at No. 711 San Fernando street, belonging to Alfred J. Collins, foreman and moulder of the Baker Iron Works. At 1:30 a.m. flames were seen issuing from the rear portion of the house, and two alarms were turned in, one from box 24 and the other from box 25. The front door was kicked in by an officer and citizens, and a lighted candle, in the midst of a bunch of excelsior, was found on a bed in the front room. The fireman soon extinguished the flames and the investigation which followed showed that pieces of candle, stuck on small flat pieces of wood, had been placed all over the house in closets, on lounges, beds, next to walls, and, in fact, in every possible place. The bunches of excelsior were placed under and around the candles, and a strong smell of coal oil pervaded the entire house. Beds were disarranged and the covering thrown on the floor. The only person found in the house when the fire was extinguished was the one in the front room. Mr. Collins' family was at Santa Monica. After he quit work last night he was seen to board the train for Santa Monica. No opinion could be formed after the fire was extinguished as to who was responsible for the incendiary plot, or what the reason might be. Boys first on the scene said that the front window was open.

**THIEVES MAKE BIG HAUL.**

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**WAGON WRECKED.**

A Los Angeles Electric Railway car wrecked a Mexican's wood wagon at Twenty-eighth and Hoover streets late last night. Another car going in the opposite direction also ran into the wreck. A passenger on the latter car, whose name was not ascertained, was slightly injured.

**DROWNED WHILE BATHING.**

CORRY (Pa.) Aug. 25.—At Findlay Lake, Chateaufort, Pa., today, three promising young women were drowned while bathing. The girls were Miss Mary Carr, 20 years old, Northeast, Pa.; Miss Pearl Palmer, 19, Northeast, Pa.; and Miss Lillian Conkle, 19, of Pittsburgh.

**KILLED BY LIGHTNING.**

ROCKFORD (Ill.) Aug. 25.—The heaviest storm in years passed over this city today. Many houses were struck by lightning. William Brewer was killed in bed, and his wife was dangerously injured.

**BIG FIRE IN NEW YORK.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Fire today in the top floor of the building in Wooster street, occupied by the Birkenhead-Strass Company, manufacturers of ladies' underwear, caused a loss of \$200,000.

**EXECUTION OF CORDUA.**

LONDON, Aug. 25.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A special dispatch from Pretoria, dated August 24, gives details of the execution on Friday of Lieut. Cordua of the Transvaal Artillery, convicted by a court-martial of breaking his parole in plotting to abduct Lord Roberts and his brother officers. Cordua walked fearlessly to the gallows at the jail. At his own request, he was not bound and sat in a chair with folded arms. He told Capt. Barchard, commanding the firing party, that he was ready, and ten bullets struck him. The body was buried near the spot where the lieutenant fell.

**REFUSED TO SURRENDER.**

KRUGERSDORP, Aug. 25.—Commander De Laere appeared yesterday before the Banks station with a large force, and summoned the garrison, commanded by Lord Albemarle, to surrender, which the garrison refused to do. In the meantime Dewet took advantage of this ruse and crossed the river toward the Orange River Colony.

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**The Owl Drug Co.**  
320 So. Spring St.  
Cut Rate Druggists

**MORE DRUG HISTORY.**

The following is a copy of a letter sent out by retail druggists. It shows how the Los Angeles profit grabbers are working the weak-kneed jobbers. It shows that no form of conspiracy or boycott is too cowardly to advance their cause. Anything to force "The Owl" to join the combine. Now, gentlemen of the combine, it's up to you to explain to the public what this letter means.

**Read the Boycott Letter.**

(Original copy in our possession.)  
San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 18, 1900.



SPORTING RECORD.  
TOD SLOAN WON.Futurity Stakes Landed  
for Whitney.Baileys Bay Piloted  
to Victory.Great Ovation for Horse and  
Rider—Spencer Handicap  
Won by Martin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—After a

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Futurity Stakes Landed for Whitney.

Greenock won, Central Trust second.

ON SARATOGA TRACK.

THE SPENCER HANDICAP.

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DECKS CLEARED  
FOR CANAL.Negotiations in Progress  
Giving Uncle Sam  
Exclusive Right.BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
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die: Mills, Y.M.C.A., won; Coman,

M.C., second; time 28.5.

One mile: Davis, S.A.C., won; time

28.5.

In relay race between the Olympi-

ans and the Multnomah club, the

latter won.

SACRAMENTO BENCH SHOW.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED ENTRIES.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 25.—The Sacra-

mento bench show, which opened to-

morrow, and by present indications

there will be over five hundred dogs on

the bench.

L. J. Host and Charles Drasser are

expected with over two hundred dogs

from San Francisco and Oakland. S.

C. Hodge of New Jersey will leave in

a day with a crew of eastern prize-

winners, including J. Gould's famous

St. Bernard and Austin's Boston ter-

riers and bulldogs. Judge Cole will

arrive September 4 and will be

done on the 5th and 6th. Spratt's

Patent will bench and feed the whole

show. The Sacramento handlers will

not compete for handlers' prizes, leav-

ing it over for eastern and San Fran-

cisco men. The society has made ar-

rangements with all steamboats and

railroads to return all dogs free of

charge.

[FISTIC ARENA.]

BIG FIGHT WAS ON

THE SQUARE.

Reputable Sporting Men Ex-

press Their Opinions.

Fitz's Plans.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—That the

fight between Robert Fitzsimmons

and Thomas Sharkey last night was on

the square, is the unanimous opinion of

all the New York morning papers and

most of the reputable sports who wit-

nessed the bout. Charles White, who

knocked Fitzsimmons down, but it

was a trifle too high to be effective.

Fitzsimmons and Sharkey mixed it

up in a number of hard punches on

Sharkey that would have knocked out

a less courageous man than the sailor.

When the end came Sharkey stood

the rain of blows like the stone he is.

With nearly all the spectators on that

day or night that he is afraid of him.

Fitzsimmons, who is at Derby, Conn.,

was seen during the day, and said

relative to the challenge:

"I have defeated Fitzsimmons de-

cisively once, and I think I can do it

again, but I think it would be poor

business policy to fight right away,

for the fighting public needs a rest. I

shall let no engagements interfere with

my championship battles, but I re-

sist the right to not aside time to

train."

SMITH TO MEET JACKSON.

CLEVELAND (O.), Aug. 25.—"My-

sterious" Billy Smith will take the

place of Rube Fren to meet Young

Peter Jackson before the Business

Men's Gymnasium Club on the night

of September 11.

[ON THE DIAMOND.]

PHILLIES HAVE

BROKEN EVEN.

The Giants Played a Miserable

Fielding Game—Chicago

Shut Out.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The Phila-

delphias broke even on the present

series with the New Yorks by win-

ning the fourth game of the series.

The Vespers played a miserable

fielding game and almost

all of their errors were costly. At-

tendance 3500. Score:

NEW YORK, 3; Phila., 0; errors, 2.

## California Carpet Co.

312-314 S. Broadway  
All Grades, Complete Assortment  
Wilton, Axminster, Savonnerie,  
Moquette, Saxony and  
Velvet Carpets  
Brussels, Tapestries and  
Ingrain Carpets.RUGS All Kinds  
and Sizes  
Inlaid and Printed  
LINOLEUMS.China and Japan, Napier  
and Cocoa Matting, Grass  
Matting for heavy wear.Lace Curtains, Portieres,  
Couch Covers and  
Ornamental Draperies.Prompt and reliable workmanship. Lowest  
prices.

T. BILLINGTON CO., Proprietors

will try to arrange a match between  
them for an early date.There was much comment among  
ring followers today over the fact thatFitz knocked out Ruhl in six rounds  
and Sharkey in two, while Jeffriessome time ago boxed a twenty-round  
draw with Ruhl, and recently failedto stop Sharkey in twenty-five rounds,  
although he was given the decision

over the sailor.

POUGHT TO A DRAW.  
ASTORIA (Or.), Aug. 25.—Charles  
Yost of Portland and Paddy Purcell  
of California fought twenty rounds

to a draw here last night.

FITZ AFTER JEFFRIES.  
GAUNTLET THROWN DOWN.  
NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Bob Fitzsim-mons has challenged Jim Jeffries for  
a fight to be held August 31, and hasposted \$2500 as a forfeit. Fitz says  
that Jeffries must meet him on that

day or admit that he is afraid of him.

Jeffries, who is at Derby, Conn., was

seen during the day, and said relative

to the challenge:

"I have defeated Fitzsimmons de-

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# FATAL ACCIDENT

Boy Shot While Out On Hunting Trip.

Brought to Los Angeles Only to Die.

Catarina Marquez of Santa Monica Canyon Victim of Blunderbuss.

Catarina Marquez, 14 years old, who lived with her parents in Santa Monica Canyon, died at the Receiving Hospital at 10:30 o'clock last night as the result of wounds received on a hunting trip in the San Fernando Valley with Dan Dolan, of this city, and Alexander Pizano of Santa Monica Canyon.

The three left Santa Monica at 8 o'clock yesterday morning in a buckboard for a day's hunting in the San Fernando Valley. Pizano is about 25 years old and is a neighbor of the Marquez family. Dolan is 14 years old, and lives at No. 414 Vignes street, this city. He had been visiting his friend Catarina for several days.

About midnight, after finishing the day's sport, the three young men got into the buckboard to start home. Pizano holding the reins. Dolan sat beside him on the east, while Catarina was standing up in the rear, holding to the back of the seat, with his face toward his companions.

The three shotguns were in front of the buckboard, and Catarina was the first to point toward Marquez. According to the statement of young Dolan, as soon as the three started, one barrel of one of the guns, an old muzzle-loading affair, was discharged entering Marquez's right breast.

She started for this city as rapidly as possible, stopping only at the Encino ranch, where her father and brother were hunting. They then hurried on through the Canyons and down to the city. Dolan accompanied Catarina, while Pizano went to Santa Monica Canyon to notify her father.

The patrol wagon met the car at Fourth and Hill streets and conveyed Catarina to the Receiving Hospital, where she arrived at 10 p. m. Her injuries were such that nothing could be done for her and she died shortly after her arrival. She was the last remaining consciousness up to within a very short time of her death.

The charge of shot entered about three inches below the shoulder blade, passing the lung and entering the shoulder and ribs. The body was removed to Booth & Boynton's undertaking room, where the inquest will be held.

# KERN COUNTY SUICIDE CASE.

Man Who Dies by His Own Hand Asks to Be Buried Like a Dog.

BAKERSFIELD, Aug. 25.—(Regular Correspondence.) Francisco Grish committed suicide last morning by shooting himself through the head with a 44-caliber pistol. There is no known cause for the act, although Grish left letters to his mother in which he stated that he was not worthy to live. He asked to be buried like a dog at the county's expense, deserving nothing better. He will be given decent interment, however.

# CENSUS BULLETIN.

Population of Eastern and Southern Cities—Big Percentage of Increase in Ten Years.

(A. P. DAY REPORTS.) The population of Kansas City, Mo., as just announced by the Census Bureau, is 102,722, an increase of 21,034, or 22.2 per cent. The population of Kansas City, Kan., also just announced, is 101,413, against 22,218 in 1890, an increase of 13,101, or 34.1 per cent. The population of Pittsburgh, Pa., is 221,414, against 151,426 in 1890, an increase of 44,560, or 29.4 per cent. New York, N. Y., 3,447,000, against 2,512,000 in 1890, an increase of 935,000, or 37.2 per cent. Los Angeles, La., 227,104, against 127,000 in 1890, an increase of 100,104, or 79.2 per cent.

# THE IRRIGATION CAUSE.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 25. 206. Blackhawk River.

Appreciating your great services to the cause of irrigation, and the many years of untiring effort in the promotion of the same, the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Water and Power Association, in recognition of your services, have decided to present to you a gold watch, as a token of their appreciation. The watch is of the highest quality, and is a fitting reminder of the work you have done for the city. It is the hope of the board that you will accept it with pleasure, and that it will be a constant reminder of the services you have rendered to the city.

# COVINA.

AMPLE WATER SUPPLY.

COVINA, Aug. 25.—(Regular Correspondence.) Water development has been pushed this summer with considerable vigor in this locality with the result that Covina now has an ample and permanent supply. W. G. Kerckhoff and Perry Boshore commenced this work by erecting a dam on the San Gabriel River, and by the time the dam was completed, the water was flowing over it. The dam is of the concrete type, and is 100 feet long. It is the hope of the board that it will be a constant reminder of the services you have rendered to the city.

# COVINA BREVETTES.

The first of derrick on the Hollenbeck ranch was erected this week. Mr. Knox of Ohio, who has leased this property, expects to have the tools dropped within ten days. He has contracted to have a well if necessary to a depth of 200 feet. Arrangements have also been completed for the erection of two other derricks on adjoining property within a few days.

# STILL GIVEN AWAY.

Phelps, the tailor, No. 22 South Spring street, is giving away 40 and 50 suits for \$1. He is making them for \$1 each, and is giving them away for \$1 each.

# TALK OF THE TOWN.

YESTERDAY afternoon another young man came to the end of his rope when James McHoney was convicted in the United States Court of making money.

Only a few years ago McHoney's father left him mining property worth a small fortune and capable of being developed into a big one if the young man had been willing to work as his father had done before him. With a chance such as McHoney had, getting on in the world ought to have been easy.

But he promptly sold out his interest in the mine for \$10,000; then proceeded to squander the \$10,000. Doubtless he had no difficulty in finding the usual counters to bear a hand. At any rate the money was all used up in a couple of years, and McHoney bumped suddenly up against the problem of bread and butter. He has solved it, and will use the money to come to the hospitality of his country.

# We Train 'Em.

Los Angeles has evidently become the training school for vaudeville managers on the Orpheum circuit. Rush Bronson's departure next week for Omaha to take charge of the theater there, will make the fourth in a series of such departures from the Los Angeles house on the circuit.

There are "Tommy" Meyers and Lehman at Kansas City, Charles Bray at New Orleans and Jake Rosenthal, who has just left Omaha and has not yet been reassigned by the Orpheum people.

Bronson's assignment to the Omaha house is regarded as a high compliment. It is one of the most difficult positions on the circuit to handle. The rewards are proportionate, however. The house open for only a part of the year and the salary goes up with undiminished zeal.

Mr. Bronson has done the biggest year's business in the history of the local house. He has been in charge of the house for eight months, before that being stage manager. Bronson has a wealth of experience behind him. He has been an actor, a campaign speaker, a newsboy, a lumberman, and even a circus performer.

# It Was Fate.

Mrs. Nuhn, the local edition of "Johnny" Bennett, who persuades actresses that they are living their lives in vain unless they straightway have their pictures taken, has had a bad experience with Belgian hares.

Mrs. Nuhn's husband was a sufferer from the fever and she family were suffering from the same. They were all suffering from the same. Mrs. Nuhn tried sprinkling the back yard with Florida water and cognac, but it was of no use. Take this hint, more people are suffering from the same.

At last he was prevailed upon to get rid of them. He did so with reluctance. He said that the victims of the Leavenworth (Kan.) tragedy, is a brother-in-law of the wife of one of the victims of the same tragedy.

# VENTURA COUNTY INCIDENTS.

Programme for Street Fair Already Arranged—Some Special Events.

VENTURA, Aug. 25.—(Regular Correspondence.) The complete programme for the street fair has been arranged and will open on Tuesday, October 2, at 4 p. m., with a reception to the distinguished speakers, who will inaugurate the big show at 7:30 p. m. In the evening at 8 there will be a grand parade of floats, ribbons, and live-stock parades, and a grand review. There will be races in the afternoon. The programme on Friday will be in charge of the ladies, that being Wednesday's day. The features will be baby carriage parade and baby show. The ladies' fair, a special race, will take place in the afternoon.

Saturday will be carnival day. Native Sons of the Golden West day, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce day, all Ventura county and city organizations will be present. In the morning there will be a women's tournament and reception. In the afternoon there will be a grand illuminated parade of floats, ribbons, and live-stock parades, and a grand review. There will be races in the afternoon.

Being a freeman is a happy occupation—between first. The men of the fire department have all sorts of devices to white away the time waiting for the alarm. The fire department has reduced it to a fine art. They have an immense music box which makes the time pass away. The fire department has reduced it to a fine art. They have an immense music box which makes the time pass away.

# Queer Street Scene.

Ordinarily, one does not look for a dock of blackbirds in the very heart of a busy city.

Pass the corner of Main and Fourth streets late any afternoon, however, and the air is all a-choir with the cries of hundreds of birds.

They gather in the tops of two tall pine trees in the yard of one of the few residences still left in the business part of town. They never are molested and no one seems to pay any attention to them except to get away from the racket with as little delay as possible. The trees must be weighted down with their nests.

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# Body Building.

Body building, as they understood it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men are chested, fleshy muscled, slouch along the streets, with scarcely a trace of physical attribute of manhood. And yet these young men would like to be well muscled, supple, erect and hardy. But they don't know how to go about it. They try dumb bells, rowing and boxing, but only in a half hearted way. These sports should be laid to them but are really very simple and the pleasure is in the doing. The main thing is to get into an ill nourished body. The stomach is not working properly. The digestive and nutritive organs are not in active health. The result is that the nutrition for the body is not distributed in proper proportions to make blood, bone and muscle.

Weak young men who take a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will find a marked change in their physical strength and energy. The body will be built up so that gymnastics will not tax and tire them, but be the natural exercise enjoyed by muscle which are nourished into firm health.

In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pasadena, California, dated August 15, 1900, we are informed that he has been a sufferer from the same complaint for several years. He writes that he has been a sufferer from the same complaint for several years. He writes that he has been a sufferer from the same complaint for several years.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Villagers, who left about the middle of July for Nome to look after the interests of the Covina Yukon Mining and Drilling Company in that district. He writes that the amount of sickness in Nome City has been very much exaggerated and that the town is not so bad as it is being taken by the government officials to keep the town in a sanitary condition.

The Democrats have elected H. A. Meredith, A. L. Wellington, L. L. Rastin, J. H. Hildreth, J. H. Hildreth, and J. H. Hildreth, as delegates from this precinct to the county convention.

John T. Hildreth has sold his strawberry ranch, 150 acres, to George Mullendore, for \$1200.

The news received here Friday of the death of John W. Lorborn, who was shot in a quarrel at Honolulu the 19th inst., came as a shock to many in this community, in which he was well and favorably known.

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# Lace Curtains Portiers Drapery Finishes

Opening Days For Fall Carpets and Rugs.

The fall novelties in carpets and rugs are now here and ready for inspection. It's a beauty show to which you are all invited—especially the critical eyes.

The country's best weavers have wrought this season some handsomely striking designs—a large number of exclusive styles—private patterns, to be had nowhere else—those in Bigelow Axminsters are sure to catch your eye first.

Brussels and Velvets, of course, hold chief place. Here the color plays and treatment of designs are varied enough to meet the tastes of every one. This is a matchless collection. Every yard is up to the Barker standard. Home builders and refurnishers will delight in their worth and beauty.

# Now a Word About the New Rugs.

Two important facts concerning these rugs we want you to know—the broad variety and the exceptionally low prices. We are displaying now the largest collection of rugs on the coast. You may count 500 samples of distinct patterns on exhibit. You will find

Wiltons Leamington Arlington Sanford's Axminsters Smyrna Smith's Axminsters

As to prices; we buy direct from bonded warehouses, which readily gives us a grasp on the lowest prices.

In addition to our domestic rugs, we have lately received a large shipment of Oriental rugs, among which are 30 fine silk and Kermanshah rugs—the rarest and choicest to be seen.

# We are Agents for Staine's English Inlaid Linoleum.

Our fall stock of this well-known linoleum has been augmented lately by 5000 yards—too brand new rolls.

# Sale of Japanese Straw Matting This Week.

50 splendid, choice patterns to pick from. It's reversible. The need of room compels us to make this loss—heavy invoices are due to arrive soon—we must make ready for them, thus:

Our 30c Quality This Week 19c. Our Regular 35c Quality This Week 25c. Our Regular 50c Quality This Week 37c.

BARKER BROS. 420-22-24 S. SPRING ST. Carpets Oriental Rugs Linoleum Matting

The Reputation and Practice of Dr. Joslen and Company Are Built on Honor.

They make no misleading propositions. They promise no impossibilities, but perform all they promise. Moderate fees, fair dealing, faithful service and speedy cures have won for Dr. Joslen & Co. the confidence and patronage of the afflicted everywhere.

Dr. Joslen & Co. have no specifics or cure-all preparations, but treat each case separately and scientifically, according to its particular requirements closely watching it and carefully following its symptoms with varied remedies through every stage, and stake their reputation on the result.

Not a "Weakness" but an Inflammation.

BY FAR the most frequent cause or so-called "weakness" of men is chronic inflammation of the Prostate Gland. This gland is the very center of the reproductive system. It can be readily understood that inflammation of any organ will cause disorder of function of that organ. A remedy that would cure a real weakness would make an inflammation worse.

We do not claim to be a medical man. We do claim, however, a method, without dragging the stomach, that will cure every case in eight weeks. We do not claim to restore a man of 60 to what he was at 20, but when we cure the Prostatitis he will be as he should be at his age.

His greater number of patients, however, seeking relief for so-called "Weakness" is furnished by healthy and robust men. On examination, we find a Prostate Gland, which has been damaged by either a contracted disorder or early disipation. These patients have no weakness at all. Prematureness, Loss of Vitality, etc., are the symptoms, or disordered function of the chronically inflamed Prostate gland, the very center of the reproductive apparatus. We find by curing this inflammation that full vigor at once returns. It should be understood that tonics, electricity, etc., might cure a real weakness, but would do no harm in inflammation. The main object is to reduce the size of the tender, swollen and inflamed prostate. This we accomplish by local treatment, thus avoiding drugs. Men who have unsuccessfully treated for a weakness should now understand the cause of failure. Our practice is devoted to this condition, together with contracted ailments.

The only specialists in Los Angeles with a thoroughly equipped hospital, trained nurses, etc., in connection, for the accommodation of out-of-town patients and others wishing to remain during treatment.

Fees reasonable and may be paid in installments as patient sees his improvement. Private laboratory. No charge for remedies. Private address furnished upon application.

OFFICES AND HOSPITAL. COR THIRD AND MAIN STS., LOS ANGELES, CAL. (Entire building over Wells-Fargo Express Company.)

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 4; 7 to 8; Sunday, 10 to 12. Tel. Green 1547.

The Choicest Stock

Hartford Oil Company

415 S. CURRIER BUILDING. Block of stock, a few shares to be sold. When oil is struck at more treasury stock will be sold.

Lexington Oil Co.

Nearly 300 acres of choice oil land in the Fullerton field, also 200 acres in the Newhall section. Will develop the Fullerton territory at once. A limited amount of stock for sale at low per share. Address: 215 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

DR. KING & CO. Specialists for Men. Varicose veins, piles, hemorrhoids, kidney, bladder and prostate diseases speedily cured. Call or write. 128 N. MAIN STREET, Los Angeles.

People's Crude Oil Co. 401 Laughlin Building. Stock 10c per Share. Until Sept. 15. Not a speculation, but a sure investment.

SALEYER'S, BROADWAY.

THE FRANCES FARLOW INSTITUTE. Every form of rheumatism cured. No. 61 South Hill street. Phone James 102.

# Southern PASADENA.

Colored Republicans to Have a Rally.

Mountain Fire Seems Under Control.

Double Track on Downtown Streets—Blessing in Disguise.

PASADENA, Aug. 25.—(Regular Correspondence.) The colored Republicans of Pasadena are arranging for a demonstration to be held Thursday evening at the Wigwag on North Broadway and Main streets. The Crown City March Club is at the head of the movement, and they have arranged for Hon. A. Harris of Los Angeles to deliver the address. Other good speakers will be in attendance, and it is likely that a large crowd will gather to hear the address. One of the speakers will be S. B. Carr, the negro orator of the city, and the Crown City March Club will also be present. The demonstration is expected to be a success, and will be a blessing in disguise for the city.

NO DOUBLE TRACKS. The street-railway company has been up the project of laying double tracks on Colorado street from Broadway west and soon will begin the reconstruction of the line. The double tracks will be laid on the present tracks, and the old tracks will be removed. The new tracks will be laid on the present tracks, and the old tracks will be removed. The new tracks will be laid on the present tracks, and the old tracks will be removed.

THE FIRE. A fire broke out at the corner of Colorado street and Broadway, and soon spread to the building. The fire was under control, and the building was saved. The fire was under control, and the building was saved. The fire was under control, and the building was saved.

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Miss Keating.  
J. I. AND MRS. H. M. RUSSY

A pleasant surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Andrews, No. 1715 New England avenue Wednesday evening. The time was spent with music, conversation, games and refreshments. Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. W.

do street will leave on the evening for San Francisco,

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Johnson of Sacramento registered at Hotel Rosslyn yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Titcomb, Miss George K. Titcomb, Miss Josephine Titcomb and Edward Titcomb, Jr., of Nogales, Ariz., have taken rooms at the Hotel Rosslyn for a few weeks.

G. B. Norton of Riverside, is a guest at the Rosslyn.

Edward H. Bantzer and L. Harrison of San Pedro are registered at the Hotel Rosslyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Service

P. Ferguson, attorney at law, left for Ottawa, Can., last evening, where his brother, a lawyer of that city, was

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**A prominent candidate**

J. S. Glasscock and family are home from Temescal Valley.

Dr. N. A. Dalrymple and Ed May are in San Francisco.

B. O. Kendall and daughter are the East. Mr. Kendall's father was

Miss Stella Wood of Maylin street  
visiting Miss Ann Baker at Lo  
Dr. Asbury Smith is at Catalina.  
A. R. Dodsworth has returned from  
San Diego.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Stuart are enjoy  
ing life at Lake Tahoe.  
Mrs. C. H. Carter and Miss Ina Go  
win of North Marengo avenue l  
Thursday for San Francisco.  
Carl Barker is at Catalina for a st  
of several weeks.

1000

Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Phillip A. Butler left Saturday for a month's stay at La Jolla. Rev. H. T. Staats and wife of North Pasadena leave soon for Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McWhirlin, Mr. John E. Piater, Miss Wolters, Miss Waddilove, Mrs. James Fulton, Messrs Rob A. Rowan, H. Fraed and Bandini, Rolia E. Gardner's Mandolin and Guitar Club of Los Angeles assisted by Charles Ward, pianist, gave a concert at the Arcadia Hotel Friday evening to a large audience. The following interesting programme was rendered:

Waltz, "Redesvous" (Rosey;) Gavotte, "Cupid's Dream" (Holst;); Sextette from "Lucia" (Donizetti;); "Koonville Koonlets" (Wiedt,) Miss McCoy, Mr. Frankel and Mr. Gardner; Intermezzo

"In the Mill" (Gillett:) "Ma Lu" (Brill.) Rolla E. Gardner's Bulletin and Guitlar Club. Mandolins, Gardner, McCoy, Cummings: J. Perley, Bainbridge, Frankel Gardner, Guitlar, Misses Maude Hattie Boyd, Ethel Chapin and



Mr. Messrs. Guy Corson, Warren Hart, Bert Pettis and Herbert Anon.

Fishing party was enjoyed by the following people Thursday on the launch Ruby: Mr. and Mrs. Earl Messers, Mrs. William Bartling, Miss Anna Carpenter, Miss Blanch Rogers, Miss Helen Klokke, Earl Pursell, Mansfield, T. A. Warren and Joe Norris.

Among those who have registered at hotel during the week were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hallett, James Utley, E.

Mr. C. Klokke, Carroll Allen, W. M. Mes, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Braks, F. Hall, D. M. Bennock, Mrs. A. M. Hds, Mrs. F. O. Johnson, Mr. and

Mr. and Mrs. Bohon during the  
of the ladies visiting in the  
es will give a tea al fresco this  
of this week.

Mrs. Earl Pursell and Warren Car-  
who have been spending the sum-  
Redondo, have returned after a

E. C. Uhl and Mrs. J. W. H. are at Catalina.  
James Moore of Indie visited here last week.  
J. C. Neely and family are on a fortnight at Avalon.  
Amber Prindle is visiting with her mother at Ocean Beach.

verside, Clyde Cook of Pasadena, Calif., C. E. Claiborne and Les E. Sebastian of Los Angeles, Al Scherke of Orange, H. A. Johnson of Denver, Colo.; Jonathan Bailey Hittler, J. W. Hanselman of Compton and Mrs. James Hanley, her sister, Miss Kate Hanley, and son, Art Hanley of Los Angeles, are at the Iowa Villa.

E. Newton of Chicago, Miss H. A. of Los Angeles, Charles Luskpat and Webber Wood of Los Angeles, C. H. Cressman and daughter,

G. W. Remington of Los Angeles  
staying at the Seaside Inn.  
Birdie Duke of Phoenix, Ariz.,  
a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dor-

EDAY afternoon the ladies of the Y.B.M. entertained Miss Mattie Messers, a returned missionary from India, at the home of Mrs. O. B. on Citrus avenue. Dances.

AND MRS. WALTER CAMPBELL entertained at dinner. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Moylan, Mrs. Charles N. Clark, Mrs. M. Williams, Mrs. C. N. Buehler, Annie E. Clark, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Charles Douglass, and Mr. J. Bailey. Entertainment for the party this week at the Casino, La Jolla.

H. B. Resnick and family will come from a summer visit at San

here Friday and Saturday.  
M. Avis and John L. Means  
from Santa Barbara, where they  
to attend the Republican con-  
vention.  
Frank G. Hanster and family are  
in California for a two weeks' stop-  
over. B. Shaw is here from St.  
Louis.  
and Mrs. F. G. Wyman and  
left Thursday for their home  
in Iowa.  
Marriet McGarry has returned  
from a sojourn at the beach.

the college of pharmacy of the  
university.  
B. Jess left on Tuesday evening

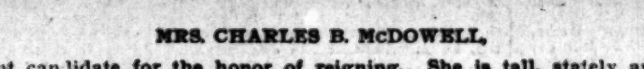
night ro

for a visit with her parents at  
ros. Wis.  
s. F. Delbitt Crank and children  
back from Avalon.  
s. F. Garcelon, Mrs. W. M. Hen-  
s. Miss Garcelon, Harry Garcelon  
Fred R. Lewis left for Catalina  
Saturday.  
s. M. E. Bray has gone to San  
cisco for a short trip.  
Hanna Scott Turner is expected

Mrs. Horace Cutler and daughter, Cutler of Los Angeles, and W. McKay, United States Marine Hospital, San Diego, and son, Thomas V. Jr., of Los Angeles, left for the East Sunday on the 10 o'clock train for a vacation for a month. Frank Adams of Compton, Miss. Grigg and Master U. R. of Los Angeles, are guests of Mrs. Fred Elser.

MATIC Disinfectors for toilet rooms.  
Spring st. Room 12.

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\*\*\*\*\*

Left Monday for  
return about Octo-  
  
Wednesday for  
life have returned  
to Maylin street  
in Baker at Long  
as Catalina,  
she was returned from  
the station.

Mrs. John S. Chapman, Maj. and Mrs.  
J. H. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake,  
Mr. George McLaughlin, Charles  
Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott  
Griffith, Mr. and Mrs.  
John E. Piater, Miss Winters, Miss  
Waddlowe, Mrs. James Puller, Messrs.  
R. A. Rowan, H. Prand and Bandini,  
Gustav G. Gustafson, Dr. R. L. Smith,  
Roubair Club of Los Angeles, assisted  
by Charles Ward, pianist, gave a con-  
cert at the Grand opera house last night  
before a large audience. The following

Susie Carpenter, Miss  
Carmichael, Mrs. M. B.  
Clark;  
Carhart, Bern-  
derson.  
The following  
steam launch:  
Messrs. M. B.  
Mrs. Heber-  
Ben Mansfield, Ed-  
Winchester.

Among those

and Miss Ina Gooding, 200 Madison avenue left for the city of San Francisco.

Miss Catalina for a stay in the city.

B. Clapp has re-

"The Honey Boy" (R. L. Durant); waltz, "Rendezvous" (Rosey); gavotte, "Curd's Dream" (Holst); Sextette from "Lucia" (Donizetti); "Koonville Koonlets" (Wiedt); Miss McCoy, Mr. Frankel and Mr. Gardner; Intermezzo

Mrs. W. H. P. Bryan, J. Karl C. Klock, Boyles, Mr. D. Hall, D. Shields, Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl  
Miss Blanch Rog-  
lokke, Earl Pursell,  
A. A. Warren and  
to have registered at

Mr. J. H. Utley, E. Wright of Riverside, Carroll Allen, W. M. Mrs. F. O. Brake, F. Pennock, Mrs. A. M. D. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. C. Miss Marie C. Capt. G. W. R. are staying at Miss Birdie was a guest of

Funeral, Miss Ed-  
 Miss Maude Willits  
 Cook of Pasadena.  
 E. Claiborne and  
 man of Los Angeles.  
 Orange, H. A. John-  
 son; Jonathan Bailey  
 Hanselman of Comp-  
 James Hanley, her  
 sister Hanley, and son,  
 of Los Angeles, are  
 a Villa.  
 Chicago, Miss H. A.  
 Charles Lukpat-

man and daughter,  
man of Riverside and  
ington of Los Angeles  
Seaside Inn.  
e of Phoenix, Ariz.,  
and Mrs. J. W. Dor-

man, wife and  
nests of Mrs. C. H.  
and Saturday.  
John L. Jones and  
Barbara, where the  
the Republican con-  
ter and family on  
two weeks' stop-  
w is here from St.  
F. G. Wyman and  
ay for their home-  
erry has returned

has gone to the  
a course of study  
of pharmacy of the  
on Tuesday even-

Rev. of Vancouver,  
the Cutler and daughter  
of Los Angeles, and  
United States Ma-  
n Diego, and son,  
Jr.  
V. Parker, assistant  
the East Sunday on  
month.  
ms of Compton, Miss  
and Master U. R.  
geles, are guests of  
red Elser.

HOUSE.  
For St. \$1.65 gallon. U. S.  
21 Spring. Tel. Main  
lectors for toilet room.  
Room 11.

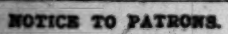






The Los Angeles Times

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as mail matter of the second class



**NOTICE TO PATRONS.**

100











For Monday we will offer our regular \$1.00 KID Glove at 69c

Dress Skirts. will make them go. of Cotton Crash value at 29c

arts, assorted lace, trim'd blue hands... \$1.00

arts, made with Spanish and with \$1.29

well Golf Skirts, in blue, down \$4.95

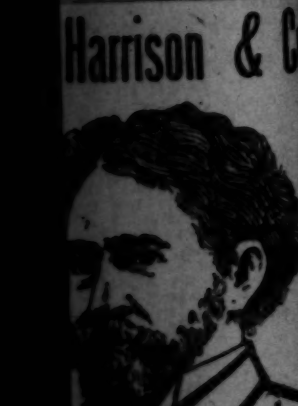


...IAL.

...1900 Model

...MEN.

...Los Angeles, Cal.



SPECIALISTS

very Form of Weakness

and Diseases of Men

by Strictly Reliable

Physicians in Los Angeles

NO CURE, NO PAY

...and Examination



CALENDAR.	
The Volumes will be ready on the following dates.	
DATE	TITLE
SEPTEMBER	VOLUME I
6	American Ideals.
8	VOLUME II
10	Administration.
13	—Civil Service.
15	VOLUME III
17	The Wilderness Hunter.
20	VOLUME IV.
22	Hunting the Grizzly.
25	VOLUME V.
27	Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.
30	VOLUME VI
OCTOBER	Hunting Trips on the Prairie and in the Mountains.
2	VOLUME VII
4	The Rough Riders.
5	VOLUME VIII.
7	The Winning of the West.
	—PART I.
	—The Spread of English Speaking Peoples.
	VOLUME IX.
	The Winning of the West.
	—PART II.
	—In the Current of the Revolution.
	VOLUME X.
	The Winning of the West.
	—PART III.
	—The War in the Northwest.
	VOLUME XI.
	The Winning of the West.
	—PART IV.
	—The Indian Wars, 1763-1890.
	VOLUME XII
	The Winning of the West.
	—PART V.
	—St. Clair and Wayne.
	VOLUME XIII.
	The Winning of the West.
	—PART VI.
	—Louisiana and Aaron Burr.
	VOLUME XIV.
	Naval War of 1812.
	—PART I.
	VOLUME XV.
	Naval War of 1812.
	—PART II.

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Statesman, Historian, Economist, Author and Soldier,  
Governor of New York, and Candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

PROMPTLY upon Governor Roosevelt's nomination for the Vice-Presidency, the leading Republican and Independent newspapers, believing they would be rendering a public service, formed an association to act as one buyer of an enormous edition of Governor Roosevelt's writings, so that all newspaper readers could obtain a fine library edition at a nominal price. The representative of the papers arranged with Governor Roosevelt's publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, to obtain from them a limited edition to be sold for

\$7.50 A SET IN CLOTH BINDING, INSTEAD OF AT \$24.50, the price which has heretofore prevailed. This edition is TO BE SOLD TO READERS OF THE TIMES ONLY in sets of Fifteen Volumes for \$7.50, or in single Volumes

For 50 Cents a Copy

They also arranged for a limited number of copies to be bound in PAPER COVERS, with untrimmed edges, so that those desiring it, could have the works bound in half calf, or other fine and expensive binding, as individual taste might desire. In this form they will be sold for the almost nominal price of \$3.75 for the set of Fifteen Volumes, or in single volumes

For 25 Cents a Copy

The Messrs. Putnam's well known and well deserved reputation as makers of fine books, renders a further description of this beautiful edition unnecessary.

It may be stated, however, that among the illustrations will be found three separate portraits of Governor Roosevelt, as hunter, soldier and in civilian dress, and that

## GEN. FRANCIS VINTON GREENE

has written a biographical sketch of Governor Roosevelt which will appear in this edition only.

REMEMBER the price heretofore, in cloth binding, cheapest edition, has been \$24.50, and in finer binding up to \$100 a set, at which many copies have been sold. The present low price of 25 cents a volume, or \$3.75 for the set in paper covers, and 50 cents a volume, or \$7.50 a set in cloth binding has been made with Governor Roosevelt's approval, to enable all his friends and admirers (and they are legion) as well as his opponents who are honest in their desire to know him as he is, to secure the complete set of these works at a moderate price. They will form a permanent and valuable addition to every library. The edition is limited and after the newspapers have made the distribution to their readers the regular price of \$24.50 a set will prevail. Therefore delay in ordering now may lead to disappointment.

Act Now and Secure the Set.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Governor of New York State and candidate for Vice-President, not yet forty-two years old, is one of the "all-around" Americans of whom his countrymen are proud. Statesman, historian, economist, soldier, hunter, author, whatever he has turned his hand to do has been well done. As an author he has many volumes already to his credit. One of these, written during his term in the Assembly, "The Naval War of 1812," was so able and impartial, exhibiting such judicial fairness that he has been engaged to write (and has written) that particular chapter of English naval history for the monumental "History of the English Navy," which the English naval experts are now issuing in great quarto volumes. No greater compliment has ever been paid in literature.

His latest book, "The Rough Riders," is everywhere recognized as one of the most perfect chapters of military history ever penned—both for manner and matter.

As a historian of the new school, Mr. Roosevelt's great work is "The Winning of the West," published in this edition in six volumes. His stories of "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and "The Wilderness Hunter" are marked by freshness, strength and felicity of expression as characteristic of the man as the accuracy, breadth and fairness of his historical works.

Mr. Roosevelt is a typical American, his ancestors having settled in New York in 1649. His great-grandfathers were officers in the Continental Army and Members of the Continental Congress. On both sides he comes from generations noted for their ability, patriotism and integrity, and it was the most natural thing for him to enter politics as a Civil Service reformer in the New York assembly a year after his graduation from college.

Whatever his hand was called upon to do, was well done and thoroughly done as his books show.

To form a true estimate of Gov. Roosevelt's character one must read his writings. They show, as no words can, what the man is.

### The Wilderness Hunter

"Written by a mighty hunter, also a naturalist as well as a sportsman, a close observer as well as a sure shot, not John Burroughs himself could write more interestingly of the sights and sounds of the wilderness."

### Hunting the Grizzly, and other Selections

"One of those distinctively American books which ought to be always welcomed as contributing directly to raise the literary prestige of the country all over the world."

### American Ideals

"These essays are written on behalf of the many men who do take an actual part in trying practically to bring about the conditions for which we somewhat vaguely hope; on behalf of the under-classes in that army which, with much assembling, halting and slipping, many mistakes and shortcomings, and many painful failures, does, nevertheless, through weary struts, accomplish something towards raising the standard of public life."—(From the Preface)

### Administration—Civil Service

"The essays in this volume possess a special interest for the voters of today, in that they set forth the author's theories (theories based upon practical experience) of citizenship and of administration."

### Hunting Trips of a Ranchman—Covering ranching in the Bad Lands and hunting large game and waterfowl.

### Hunting Trips on the Prairie and in the Wilderness

"These sketches are not merely interesting as graphic pictures of hunting life, but have a historic value in describing a condition of things now rapidly passing away in the red on the prairies and the Rocky Mountains."

### The Rough Riders—

"A valuable addition to American historical literature, covering the stirring events of the Cuban War."

### The Winning of the West

"The six volumes presented in this history, while each complete in itself, comprise together a picturesque and comprehensive narrative of the early history of the great basins of the Middle West and of the Southwest. The critics have pointed out that in these histories Governor Roosevelt has made a record for the Southwest that can fairly be paralleled with the brilliant volumes by Fretwell on the territory of the Northwest."

### The Naval War of 1812.

Or, the History of the United States Navy during the last war with Great Britain. To which is appended an account of the Battle of New Orleans. The volume is an excellent one in every respect, and shows in no young or amateur the best promise for a good historian—firmness of statement, caution, endeavor to be impartial, and a brisk and interesting way of telling events."

### VOUCHER FOR CITY READERS

Good for one volume of ROOSEVELT'S WORKS when presented at The Times office, with 25c. if in paper cover, or 50c. if in cloth binding.

THE TIMES.

### VOUCHER FOR OUT-OF-TOWN READERS

Los Angeles Times, Roosevelt Book Department, Los Angeles, Cal. Please send me postpaid Volume.....in..... binding.

Name..... Postoffice Address..... Includes 5c. for Paper Cover or 50c. for Cloth Cover.

### MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT FREE

To all who remit \$5.75 for the complete set of 15 volumes in paper covers, or \$12.50 for the complete set of 15 volumes in cloth covers, there will be sent free of all charge, a beautiful photo-gravure portrait of Governor Roosevelt printed on INDIA PAPER, and mounted on fine plate paper, suitable for framing. It is a duplicate of the portrait appearing in the fine edition of Governor Roosevelt's works, and is considered the best likeness extant. It hangs in the set where it would cost at least \$1.50. Framed, it will make a most desirable addition to every library or office.

### HOW TO SECURE THE VOLUMES.

These two vouchers will appear daily in The Los Angeles Times. Clip one of them and call or send to The Times office, with price of volume desired, and the volume selected will be promptly delivered.

Readers desiring the complete set may send \$2.75 for the paper-covered edition, or \$7.50 for the fine cloth-bound edition, and the 15 volumes will be promptly mailed as fast as issued.

Address with THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, Los Angeles, Cal.



This page reflects some of the almost marvelous price lowerings which will be in effect during the last week

# Lamburger's August Doings

Below you will read of many new fall goods and garments. You will also read of radical price cutting which is to be in effect for the last week of this memorable sale. The closing days of our August Doings will be found the best days of the whole sale when money saving is considered have cut the prices to close out the goods.

## New street costumes

Last week we received a few of these elegant silk lined suits which we can sell at \$25.00. They are made of all wool, pebble cheviot in navy blue and black. The picture shows the exact style. They are double breasted, tight fitting and have the new flare skirt. The silk lining is a good quality of black taffeta. The suits are perfectly tailored and are as good as most stores can sell for \$30. By our method of buying we can sell them at.....

**\$25.00**

## French flannel waists.

The new French flannel shirt waists promise to be most popular. They come in all the new pastel shades and are plaited, tucked and hemstitched. They have detachable collars and the new dress sleeves. We have just received a big assortment priced at \$7.50, \$6.75, \$5.00, \$4.50 and.....

**\$3.50**

## Golf skirts by hundred

Golf skirts are at a premium in New York City. It is almost impossible to secure the cloth by the yard or the skirts made up. Our buyer was in New York early and he secured an ample supply. They are here now, hundreds of them. But wait a minute, stop to consider that while we have 600 skirts there are probably 6000 women who want them. The styles are proper and include every variety of cloth and every quality from \$5.00 to \$18.50. For Monday only, we offer 100 golf skirts made in the very latest style of plaid back suitings which is worth \$2.00 a yard. While they last at.....

**\$3.95**

## Unlined walking skirts.

We have received a big assortment of new unlined walking skirts. They are made of all wool homespun, pebble cheviot, covert and golf cloths. They all have the flare shape and come in gray, blue and black, tailor stitched inside and out. Priced.....

**\$3.95**

## Final offer of shirt waists.

All the waists left from our recent immense purchase are to be closed out now at four prices. The assortment includes all sorts of white and colored washable waists. Not a waist in the entire lot is worth less than 75c and from that they range up to \$3.50. You can take your pick now at 95c, 75c, 39c and.....

**25c**

## \$5.00 wash skirts for \$1.50.

This offer includes all our linen, duck, denim and white pique skirts which until now have been marked at prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$5. Take your pick of the entire lot for \$1.50.

## Oriental rugs at half

We have about 20 very choice Oriental rugs ranging in price from \$12.50 to \$100.00. The sizes and shapes vary from a small parlor rug to the long hall runner. The designs, colorings and qualities are excellent. These rugs were selected with great care from among hundreds. For Monday only we offer you a choice of any Oriental rug at exactly half price, or, in other words the prices will range from \$50.00 down to.....

**\$6.25**

## Short lengths of art denims.

Monday morning you will be greeted on the fourth floor by a table full of short lengths of art denims and art cretonnes, including a variety of conventional and floral designs. You will find as much as 25 yards of a pattern, but no piece is longer than 5 yards. They are worth from 12 1/2c to 20c a yard. While they last at.....

**8 1/2c**

## Curtain etamine at 7c.

No other inexpensive curtain material is so pretty as this etamine. It comes in colored stripes on a cream ground and there are small figures woven through the groundwork. It is regular 12 1/2c quality, but you can buy it Monday for 7c. It is 40 inches wide.

## Valenciennes laces cheap.

We don't mean that they are cheap laces, but that they will be sold for less than they are worth. Our lace buyer while in New York secured a manufacturer's entire line—that is, all the laces he had left in his salesrooms. The line includes white and cream valenciennes laces and insertions in an immense variety of patterns. They range from 1/4 to 2 inches in width. The prices paid were fully a third less than usual and we will sell them as we bought them.

Lot 1. Regular 1 1/2 quality of white valenciennes edges, 12 yards in a piece, for.....  
Lot 2. White and cream valenciennes edges and insertions in a large assortment of patterns, regular 30c quality, 12 yards for.....  
Lot 3. Contains a large assortment of 2 1/2 white and cream edges and insertions. On sale at 12 yards for.....

**10c**

**15c**

**20c**

**25c**

**35c**

**50c**

## Drives in allovers.

Two big lots of allovers will be on sale at half price. They are popular for shirt waist yokes and sleeves and for entire waists. There is a big lot of 75c white allovers which will be sold at.....  
An assortment of \$1.50 cambric allovers in a variety of designs which will be sold at.....

**35c**

**75c**

## A stunning silk offer, 35c

So extraordinary that you may be tempted to say that you will believe it when you see it. Among these silks you will find changeable taffetas, plaid and checked taffetas and striped taffetas in a score or so of different effects and colorings; goods which sold regularly at 60c and 75c a yard. They will be on our counters Monday morning and until all are sold at the most extraordinary price of 35c a yard.

## Handsome black crepons for 50c

Most merchants consider black fabrics so staple that they never reduce the prices. On the contrary we believe that in justice to our patrons we should offer just as big bargains in black goods as we do in colored goods. Therefore we offer about 20 pieces of handsome black crepons in blistered and striped effects, formerly priced at \$1.00 to \$1.50 a yard, for 50c.

## Plaid back suitings at \$1.50

If you will take the time to look through the Los Angeles market you will find some very handsome plaid back suitings selling at \$2.00 and \$2.25, and if you will go a little further you will find the same quality here at \$1.50. All wool homespun finished suitings in Oxford mixtures, light and dark grays, blues, browns and tans on the right side and rich checked and plaided effects on the back, eight stunning effects from which to select, the proper material for golf and bicycle suits, tourist and rainy day skirts. Choose the style you like at \$1.50 a yard.

## NEW

### Advance show of fall walking hats.

Yesterday our friends had a first view of the new fall walking hats. Tomorrow still other lines will be added, and the display will be more complete. Felt Lalysmiths continue in favor, and they are trimmed in a variety of ways. Some are plain with only a band for trimming. Others have pom poms or cinch bands. Broad brim Roosevelts will be popular, and they are practical. Telescope sailors and tourist effects will be largely used. Californians will welcome these broad brim hats. It is fortunate that the styles conform to the wishes of this sun-blessed country. The pictures show some of the styles, but they hardly give a fair idea of what our stock contains. There are scores of others. Prices range from \$5.00 down to 75c each.

## Grand hosiery finale.

We thought we could close out all of this hosiery in one week, but there was too much of it. What is left will be offered while it lasts at the following prices. It is all very much under price, from a third to a half less than usual.

Boys' and girls' black ribbed hosiery and women's plain black cotton hose of 15c and 16c qualities, to be closed out at.....  
Women's fine black cotton hosiery with double heels and toes, an 18c quality; on sale at.....  
Women's polka-dot hosiery in black and blue, made with double heels and toes; the grade on sale at.....  
Women's real mao yarn hosiery made of combed yarn and finished with double soles, heels and toes; the grade for.....  
Boys' and girls' fine French ribbed and heavy ribbed stockings, with English full fashioned feet, double knees and feet; the grade for.....  
A big assortment of fancy hose for women, lace stripes, fancy ankles, plaid checks, polka-dots, etc., worth up to \$1.00; selling at.....

## Third floor specials.

On the third floor you will find everything needed in the household. The lines of enameled ware, fine china, bric-a-brac, tinware, glassware, etc., are complete in every respect. From among them we quote the following special items which will be on sale this week—things which every home requires:

No. 2 B. & H. nickel lamp with 10-inch dome shade, complete for.....  
1 1/2 gal. crystal tankards with engraved and cut glass patterns; choose for.....  
Engraved wine decanter with pressed glass stopper, and a variety of shapes; choose for.....  
Household scales, weighing accurately up to 25 pounds.....  
No. 2 B. & H. nickel lamp with 10-inch dome shade, complete for.....  
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No. 2 B. & H. nickel lamp with 10-inch dome







*A Republic of Colored Boys.  
Unique Philanthropic Experiment  
on the Potomac.*

For \$125 a year, which is appropriated by Congress, Mr. Hart boards and clothes the pupils and gives them instruction in agriculture, blacksmithing and wheelwrighting. This is less than

outdoor teachers and their assistants the boys who labor in the gardens and the girls who are in charge of the flowers and in the shops, go to their duties. Each boy feels a special responsibility for his own garden. The school belongs to him, and because he is especially interested in his work. The boys of George's county can show such fine garden truck as they help to raise. The school has a truck patch, and eighty-five acres more in the various field crops. The boys are in the farm belt, call them all in, and dinner is served, a few of the boys waiting on the others. After dinner, the boys go to their work, or recreation, and then half the boys return to the schoolroom, and the dinner is served. At half past five, the dinner is served. At 6:00 o'clock, and the boys go to their work. At 6:30 o'clock, when Mr. Evans, the superintendent, calls them into the evening exercises, and music. At 8:30 o'clock, the boys go to their work. At 9:00 o'clock, they all go up stairs to their cleaning and their religious exercises, and reading.

**THE FRANCES PARLOW INSTITUTE,**  
No. 651 South Hill street. 'Phone James 2061.  
Special department for diseases of the feet.

We make to order in any design. See our new combination fixtures, drop lights and electropainting.

**Z. L. PARMELEE, 334 S. Spring Street.**

We make to order in any design. See our new combination fixtures, drop lights and electropainting.

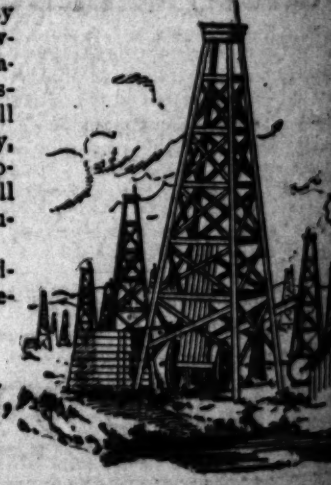
**Z. L. PARMELEE, 334 S. Spring Street.**

420 Douglas Building

Los Angeles, Cal.

Oil Company

*[Faint, illegible markings]*





Life and  
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Sept. 30  
to  
30 Cents  
223  
BY, DOUGLAS BUILDING  
EBIG & CO.,  
We can't afford to make this  
price for longer than two  
days—It's the best 7½c Mus-  
lin we know of. If you care  
to save a third, now is the  
time to buy.  
Chamois Gloves Mon- 55c  
day  
In pearl or white—all sizes.  
They are a fine quality and  
wash well.  
20c Writing Paper 12½c  
A super-fine white wove  
paper, ruled. You would  
think there were several  
pounds in the package, it's  
so large. On sale Monday  
and Tuesday at almost half  
price—12½c.  
Wash Braids Mon- for 2c  
day  
A table full—all styles and  
kinds, but they have served  
their time; what we have will  
be quickly cleaned up at this  
one price of 2c.  
West 10c Embroid. 5c  
Swiss Cambric, also edges  
and insertions—it's a fine,  
fresh, crisp lot. This half  
price will hurry them out  
very fast.  
Photo Mounts Mon- 10c  
day  
Size 20x30 inches and in  
gray, green or white.



We are agents for Standard Patterns. It pleases us very much to say that, for they are the most satisfactory of any we know. Careful women say these fit better and are more stylish than any others. A good pattern test is to try and fit a fleshy person—the Standard Patterns never fail.

### Lace Curtains at 1/3 Off—148 Prs.

We know them as a "job"—you know them as a "bargain."  
It's only a handful—that's the reason of the little prices, but what difference does it make to you if we have only 148 or ten times that many, since there are enough for your purpose?

**Bright, new curtains—just unpacked yesterday.**  
The designs are the prettiest and daintiest—the most attractive we have yet seen in the Nottingham line. They are 3 and 3½ yards long and 40 to 60 inches wide, either white or ivory. The entire purchase is divided into 3 lots, thus:

75c for Nottingham curtains	98c for Nottingham curtains	\$1.48 for Nottingham curtains
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**French Flannels 59c.**  
These soft, glossy stuffs, are quite popular for fall wear, but we will not charge you a bounty on their desirableness—give us the same small, even per cent for keeping store, and you can have these fancies on the same basis as staples—in all leading shades.

**Hair Combs Monday 7c**  
Back, pompadour and side combs in various good styles. Ask to see them by all means

**Card Safety Pins 2c**  
Three sizes, and the most improved kind; they are free from sharp corners and roughness and can be attached or detached from either side.

**Darning Cotton for 1/2c**  
Black and colors—the best there is, from such standard makers as Dorcas, Richardson, Morse & Kaley, etc., etc.

**Ladies' 15c Hose Sup't's 9c**  
Of good strong quality, plain black elastic attached to belt of cambric or saten.

**Dress Ducks for 8½c**  
A splendid quality—plain blacks, navies, reds or pinks—buy quickly, it is going to go fast.

**4-Dover Sheeting 15c**  
Our regular cut price is 18c—other folks ask 20c; it's stamped 10-4, but only measures two yards wide.

**30-in. Wrapper Flan's 7½c**  
It was bought to sell at 10c, but we are going to start it going to get you coming at 7½c—figures and stripes.

**4-wide Percales for 7½c**  
In a full range of light and dark shades—mostly stripes—a full quarter saved if you buy at once.

**30c Silk Striped Ging's 37½c**  
30 inches across, in the prettiest checks, stripes and plaids.

**Columbus Blea. Muslin 5c**  
We can't afford to make this price for longer than two days—It's the best 7½c Muslin we know of. If you care to save a third, now is the time to buy.

# The Broadway Department Store

**Save Money on These Shoes.**

<b>Ladies' shoes</b> Of fine velvet, kid, lace or button, cloth or kid tops; the very latest in ladies' shoes—direct from the factory; sizes 5½ to 7½; widths B, C, D, E. Monday only. \$1.48	<b>Ladies' canvas shoes</b> What is left of our entire lot of stylish canvas shoes that have sold all along for \$1.50—your choice Monday. 69c	<b>Boys' school shoes</b> "Rough and Ready" brand, made of genuine kid-leather or grain leather—solid soles and warranted not to rip—take them Monday at \$1.23
<b>Ladies' lace shoes</b> New summer styles in lace or button, with silk veiling or kid tops—regulate. 73c	<b>Child's tan shoes</b> Including those new styles in lace or button, with silk veiling or kid tops—regulate. 73c	<b>Ladies' oxford ties</b> Black or tan, four different lots, including our entire stock of 48 and 50 yard shams; all have hand turned soles. We positively must close out these at a sacrifice, to make room for our new stock which will soon arrive; your choice Monday. \$1.63
<b>Ladies' oxford ties</b> Kid, black or tan, 48 and 50 yard shams; all have hand turned soles. We positively must close out these at a sacrifice, to make room for our new stock which will soon arrive; your choice Monday at 98c	<b>Child's strap sandals</b> In black, tan, red or white—only about 150 pairs left, and every pair worth \$1.50, but take your choice while they last Monday at 69c	



## The Last Call in Shirt Waists.

The cloak man has reassorted his stock of shirt waists into three lots. The three prices stand as a climax to the greatest season of shirt waist selling this store has known. Most of the women that buy now are buying for next year—that's well. You who are the quickest tomorrow will find unusual choosing in these three lots—

<b>Lot I.</b> Of colored lawn and percale in a variety of pretty patterns—well made and some neatly trimmed with insertions—have French backs and lapped cuffs—regular shirt waists for 37c	<b>Lot II.</b> Of white or colored lawn, percale and gingham, with French backs, either lapped cuffs or dress sleeves and insertion or round collar effect fronts—waists that sell regularly at \$1.50, to be closed out at 49c	<b>Lot III.</b> Of white and colored lawn, percale, gingham, madras and in fact every wash fabric conceivable—pretty trimmed with lace and insertion and made in the latest style—the waists in this lot sell regularly as high as \$2.50, to be closed out at 75c
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## Rubber Goods Reduced—Prices to Make a Stir.

If you need any of the articles quoted below, in the next few months, it's wise to buy now. Some of these prices are so very low that you might question the quality. The most conclusive proof of that will be to come in and see them. Suffice it to say—they are as new and fresh as any we have.

**3c Medicine Droppers, Monday only. 3½c.**  
2½c eye, ear, nose soft rubber syringe, 1 oz. 19c.  
2-qt. Goodyear gold seal fountain syringe, \$1.29.  
A full complement of pipes, rectal (adult, infant) vaginal irrigator, eye, ear and nasal pipes, all of hard rubber.

**10c mother's friend teething ring for infants, 5c.**  
2-qt. genuine Meyer's seamless rubber syringe, \$1.29.  
\$1.24; it's a rapid flow and sells usually at \$1.50.  
2-qt. also good quality hot water bottle, 59c.

**3-qt. fountain syringe, 2 yds. tubing, 3 pipes, 62c.**  
\$1 oil atomizer, excellent value, Monday only, 59c.  
75c bulb syringe, 3 hard rubber pipes, good but 49c.  
3c rubber finger stalls, good quality, only 3½c.

**Chamois Gloves 90c.**  
And they are an important element. They don't wear thin in some places. We give you the same right guarantee as this price that we would if you paid 50c more for them—good store keeping demands that we have money to spare.

**Thus These Chamois 90c.**

**6½c Garden Hose 3½c Ft.**  
It's made by the Goodyear Rubber Company; that's saying more for its quality than anything else the writer knows.  
It's ¾ size and 3-ply. We've but 2000 ft. to sell at this price, so to make it go around, we can only give you 50 ft.

**Fruit jars lower than any one else.**  
And more of them than any one else, but then you take that for granted. We are saving this community hundreds of dollars on their Fruit Jars this season—as we do every summer. These are Mason's best, and latest improved jars—machine blown, which gives them an even thickness and does away with rough edges and bubbly places.  
47c for Doz. Pints.  
57c for Doz. Qts.  
77c for Doz. 2-Qts.

## Flannelette Gowns—Prices now as low as ever.

You will soon begin to think of these warm night gowns—when you do, think of us, of what a broad choosing we can give you and of the money we can save you. There is a "something" about the styles that home-made garments never have—more so this year than ever before. Will you see them and avail yourself of these prices?

**Ladies'—In pink and blue checks, neatly trimmed with finishing braid and collars and cuffs of solid pink or blue, full length and width 75c**

**Ladies'—Extra good quality gowns of assorted stripes in light colors, neatly trimmed with fancy braid or lace and collars, cuffs and revers of plain and colored flannelette 98c**

**Ladies'—Gowns in stripes of assorted colors, neatly trimmed with flounces of plain colored flannelette, silk embroidered, pink, blue or cream effects 1.25**

**Ladies'—Gowns of pink and blue, with dainty white stripes, handsomely trimmed with allover lace yokes and ruffles of lace around neck and sleeves 1.48**

**Ladies'—Gowns of good quality, double yoke in back, extra full skirts, assorted stripes, light colors 48c**

**Children's—Gowns, plain, but good quality, made with double yokes; all sizes 59c**

**Children's—Gowns, neatly trimmed with embroidery, double yokes, dainty stripes, light colors 75c**

## Sale of Art Squares at Most Uncommon Prices.

We want to sell a great many Art Squares this week, and the way we do it is to reduce the prices and tell you about them.

**All Wool Art Squares—Made of three-ply ingrain carpet, in a variety of pretty reversible patterns, and come in rich, oriental shades of tan, blue, olive, green, red, gray and navy gold—very pretty and satisfactory floor covering, fringed on two sides. These are priced as follows, especially for Monday's selling—**

2x2½ yds.	2x3 yds.	2x3½ yds.	2x4 yds.	4x4 yds.
\$4.98	\$6.79	\$7.98	\$9.19	\$10.98

**Ingrain Art Squares—Woven the same as Ingrain Carpet, only in one piece, seamless, with borders all around and fringed on two ends. It looks like bordered carpet. You may choose from the choicest of dark and light shades. We have them in four of the most used sizes, thus:**

2x2½ yds.	2x3 yds.	2x3½ yds.	2x4 yds.
\$2.98	\$4.19	\$4.98	\$5.69

## Home-made Pillow Cases—12½c.

There's a careless, hurry-up way Pillow Cases are made, that the housewife despises. Instead of seeing how good they can make them, the factory men are straining every energy to see how cheap they can make them—and it disgraces us as much as it does you. That's what gave birth to these pillow cases.

If you made them yourself, you couldn't make them any better—and you are paying no more for them than you would for the plain muslin. Every one contains a yard and a quarter of the best 10c Fruit of the Loom Muslin—12½c Each.

## Our 85c Taffeta Silks 69c.

It's a shame to sacrifice them—we could hold them—get full prices for them this fall. These are in the chosen shades for the coming season, but they have been here their allotted time, and out they must go. Every yard is pure silk—rich and lustrous. There's a little over a thousand yards, to be used largely for petticoats, suit and jacket linings—waists, etc. It's an 85c quality to be put on sale tomorrow.

**For 69c a Yard.**

## The New Suits and Jackets

We are Starting the Season With Some Unusual Offers In

Early buying has put us in possession of some extreme values. You know the success we had last season with fine, stylish garments—we are going to far exceed it this fall. We demonstrated to many of you women that style was not a synonym of extravagance. We give you the same style others will, but for much less money.

**Broadcloth suits** Excellent quality, in black, navy, tan, or green, or garnet. Jacket in the latest fashion—feet, handsomely finished with silk piping, new sleeves with narrow and wide quality. \$19.89

**English covert suits** Made in the latest Boston effect—jackets trimmed around collar, cuffs and revers with deep fur-like doublet, suit lined through-out—skirt made in the latest style, with deep fur-like doublet and new inverted backs—these garments were made by New York's most renowned tailors and have a chicness and beauty that is seldom seen in suits sold at this price. \$26.89

**Tailor suits** Of gray homespun and black cheviot—come in skirt well lined and neatly made, with the latest fitted waist—wide and flaring at the bottom—also come in skirt well lined and neatly made, with the latest fitted waist—wide and flaring at the bottom—also come in skirt well lined and neatly made, with the latest fitted waist—wide and flaring at the bottom. \$14.98

**Tailor suits** Of the best Venetian and imported broadcloth, in navy, black, tan, and green—jackets in last double breasted style, effectively trimmed with wide band of stitched satin—new sleeves with fur-like cuffs—French panel skirts, wide and flaring around bottom, with lined through-out with silk. These are very noteworthy and uncommon offers at a very uncommon price. \$32.75



## Bargain in Men's Sox—4c

1200 pairs in grey or brown mixes—the "Automatic"—made of the best two-thread cotton yarn and without seams. This is one of the best bargains we have had a chance to tell of for some time.

## Men's Neglige Shirts 58c

They have been going fast up to now, at 75c.—made of an extra weight French Madras cloth, in very pretty stripes. They should all go Monday at this price.

## Men's 50c Underwear 29c

The "honeycomb" sort—the true health garment—the few dozen shirts that are left will be closed out Monday at this half price.

## Men's Cambric Hdks 2c

1800 to start with, but how fast they will go! There is hardly a man but that will buy from 1 to 2 dozen. They are plain, but with corded borders.

## Boys' Knee Pants Mon. 17c

Of fancy mixed Cheviots in brown and grey mixes, with peerless waist-bands—one of Monday's special values.

## Men's \$1.50 Work Pants 98c

The very best ever brought to this coast—in good dirt colors and warranted not to rip nor shrink when washed.

## Men's Good Suits \$4.98

You all know what we usually sell at that price. A great many of you have tried them. This lot is way ahead of all we have ever offered—Cheviots or tweeds, in black, blue, grays and browns.

## Boys' \$1.50 Sch'l Suits 98c

Cheviots, double-breasted effects—fresh, pretty garments—they make the boys look neat and dressy as nothing under \$1.50 ever did before.

## Boys' 50c Cloth Caps 25c

It's a common price, but an uncommon offer—They are of fine quality of cloth, in the new Scotch effects of plaids and checks.

## The Bath Comedy 79c

(Same Copyright Edition Others Want \$1.50 per copy)  
If we sold books in the same lazy, big-profit manner of the common stores, we would never have leaped, in six months, into the tremendous business we are doing. We've all the best, most popular books, we sell them for much less than any one else would dare ask:

"The Bath Comedy" is by Agnes and Marion Chubb. The scene of the story is a fashionable resort on the Sea of Bath, and the time the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mistress Kitty Palsgrave, the reigning belle and the prettiest woman of Bath, falls in love with the newly returned son of Sir Jasper, a young man, charming her husband with indifference and importunity. The plot is "The Bath Comedy" by Agnes and Marion Chubb. The scene of the story is a fashionable resort on the Sea of Bath, and the time the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mistress Kitty Palsgrave, the reigning belle and the prettiest woman of Bath, falls in love with the newly returned son of Sir Jasper, a young man, charming her husband with indifference and importunity. The plot is "The Bath Comedy" by Agnes and Marion Chubb. The scene of the story is a fashionable resort on the Sea of Bath, and the time the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mistress Kitty Palsgrave, the reigning belle and the prettiest woman of Bath, falls in love with the newly returned son of Sir Jasper, a young man, charming her husband with indifference and importunity.

## Children's 29c Lawn Aprons 14c

Of White Lawn, neatly made and trimmed with insertion and embroidery—for children from four to 14 years old and every one is worth 29c—your choice Monday, 14½c.

## Ladies' Reg.\$1 Wrap'rs 69c

Of Lawn or Percale, trimmed with ruffles and embroidery, deep flounce on skirt, a large variety of patterns, sold elsewhere at \$1—while they last Monday, only 69c.

# The Busy Store—Fourth and Broadway.



## THE JUNGLE MAN.

## CALAMITY FARM.

Down on his farm, on a summer's day, Bryan started to rake his hay. Streaming at will in the sportive air, floated the wealth of his nut-brown hair.

"Glad!" he said. "Dobbin! I'll practice my speech on you! If you can stand it, the world can, too!"

Old Dob glanced back with an insane grin and eyed his teeth with a frightened sigh. And shook his head.

"Vote for McKinley!" the loud man cried.

"Vote—what you commit suicide?" Old Dobbin snorted and arched his tail.

The Jackman over the fence grew pale, and shrank with a shudder.

Bryan arose on the wobbly rake;—"Awake, O voters," he yelled. "Awake! Make me President, right away! Or Fourth July will pass away!"

Poor Dobbin's ear.

Caught that wild shriek; he stopped in dread.

Then, lost in a frenzy, sprang ahead. The Jackman brayed in fright to see Bryan sit down on a bumble bee!

"Hie-haw! Hie-haw!"

Throng of hair in the hay-filled air—Flocks of overall everywhere!

Stomps and bumps, from west of all. The beautiful speech of the Man of Galt.

Broke square in two!

Why doesn't Brother Dowie get in and organize a Presidential ticket among his fellows? He can run for President as well as some others—and stand about as much of a chance of getting elected!

"The question now agitating the civilized world is, are the allies close enough to peck in?" (Pittsburgh Dispatch. This is a war has its horse, now, but this is worse than that.)

An estimated anti-imperialist says the "paramount" issue is "fodder."

We thought, from the peculiar antics of the monkey thing, that it was either drunk or crazy.

"The gold standard carries the knife of an assassin and does its work behind the back of a burglar." (Globe and Mail. If the dangerous thing is running amok in this section, we haven't seen it! Perhaps, now, the scoldable Mr. Bryan got the gold standard tangled in his mind with the long-and-short man!

Abdul Hamid has conveyed to the German Emperor an expression of joy over the relief of his foreign ministers and Christiania at Peking. We can imagine the wave of thanksgiving that welled up in the good and tender-hearted gentleman's soul. It must have brought tears to the eyes of all that beheld him. If there is one thing that stirs the tender emotions of Abdul Hamid, it is the news that Christians have been saved from the fury of fanaticism!

The fight with China resembles Bill Patterson's famous fight: "There just two licks struck—I hit him an' he hit the ground—an' the fight was over!"

Krugger! Krugger! Now really, it does seem as though we have heard the same before! Let's see: was he going to "Stanger" something? Or was it—

It is safe to state that none of the Brouses are skulking toward the rear. To the rear generally means toward the enemy, with the boxer.

"Paramount Blount" hauled down the flag in Honolulu. Does Paramount Bryan mean to follow suit? This "paramount"ness of a Jonah take, released the endearing member and walked over to his corner, where he sat and regarded Mr. Giggapaddle with a look of plain, unadorned truth. He had spotted Mr. Giggapaddle for a confidence man of the most pronounced type.

Mr. Giggapaddle was alarmed.

"Did he hurt you, dear?" she quavered, anxiously.

Mr. Giggapaddle had already recovered from his perturbation.

"Fausa," he said, complacently, "Burt? Course not! What d'ye think he'd hurt me for? Eh? That dog?"

Mr. Giggapaddle said a word or two, and then he said, "That dog?"

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that dog and make him forget himself like that!"

"No savvy!" sobbed Lim Yick. "He sneaks in an' ketchum my bleaches and glow, puller an' I ketchum mucher 'faim!"

"That's it!" howled Mr. Giggapaddle. "That's it!" he said to the blind man, "You can't come into the kitchen without arousing the neighborhood and having aspersions cast upon his character. Mrs. Giggapaddle, he grunted, "Giggapaddle, hope you are now satisfied! You have lost a dog and driven from your door a friend who would have been a great help to you!"

"Woman, you are at liberty to apply for a divorce!" and the wildly excited gentleman plunged out of the kitchen and down the street.

Lim Yick limped over to the breadboard and resumed his interrupted vocation.

"Melican dog no gooder!" he muttered.

Mrs. Giggapaddle tottered back to the parlor.

"Wonder," she said, wiping away the tears, "I wonder if the dog was really hungry, after all!"

L. O. REESE.

MR. AND MRS. GIGGAPADDLE.

MR. GIGGAPADDLE BUYS A DOG.

Mr. Giggapaddle came beaming into the parlor, leading by a string a sad-eyed specimen of unwelcome caninity.

"My dear," said Mr. Giggapaddle, "I have bought a dog."

Mrs. Giggapaddle rose and regarded the innovation with a look of delight, mingled with some feminine apprehension.

"How nice!" she gurgled. "Why did you get him, my dear? Is he made to eat human flesh?"

"Primarily, yes!" he rejoined. "But since the burglar crop is scarce about here, we will be compelled to teach him to cultivate a taste for the neighbors!"

Mrs. Giggapaddle was more than ever delighted.

"And we'll make him eat that cow that broke through the garden fence and destroyed our cabbage!" she exclaimed. "And—do you mind, my dear?" she regarded the lean animal anxiously; "do you think he would then have been compelled to teach him to cultivate a taste for the neighbors?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "There's no building the market when it comes to a question of the dog's capacity. He will swallow half the neighborhood and then have a lonesome feeling in the region of the gastric gurgles!"

"I am sure you feed him well, Mr. Giggapaddle!" she said. "He is a valuable dog, and I should be forever haunted by a guilty remorse if he died upon my premises through a lack of proper nourishment!"

Feed him, Mrs. Giggapaddle, feed him! A couple of old truck horses in the morning and scrambled elephants for luncheon! Gather a mess of hard-boiled book agents for tea, and wind up with fricassee postman for a fastidious dinner!"

Mr. Giggapaddle paused and eyed Mrs. Giggapaddle aggressively. The good lady was busy admiring the eyes of all that beheld him. If there is one thing that stirs the tender emotions of Abdul Hamid, it is the news that Christians have been saved from the fury of fanaticism!

"Gee! I'll teach him some tricks!" he said cheerfully. He whistled at the honeyed canine, who cocked a ragged ear and thumped the floor expectantly with his bony tail.

"See that!" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Giggapaddle. "Ever see such intelligence? Watch me now—I'm going to teach him to stand up and beg for meat!"

Mr. Giggapaddle advanced and held his hand up as though holding forth a tempting piece of meat. Evidently his acting was so perfect as to deceive the hungry dog's eyes—long unused to the sight of such things—being willing to brave a certain yell, not up into the air as though propelled by springs, and backswallowing, "Burt? Course not! What d'ye think he'd hurt me for? Eh? That dog?"

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that dog and make him forget himself like that!"

"No savvy!" sobbed Lim Yick. "He sneaks in an' ketchum my bleaches and glow, puller an' I ketchum mucher 'faim!"

"That's it!" howled Mr. Giggapaddle. "That's it!" he said to the blind man, "You can't come into the kitchen without arousing the neighborhood and having aspersions cast upon his character. Mrs. Giggapaddle, he grunted, "Giggapaddle, hope you are now satisfied! You have lost a dog and driven from your door a friend who would have been a great help to you!"

"Woman, you are at liberty to apply for a divorce!" and the wildly excited gentleman plunged out of the kitchen and down the street.

Lim Yick limped over to the breadboard and resumed his interrupted vocation.

"Melican dog no gooder!" he muttered.

Mrs. Giggapaddle tottered back to the parlor.

"Wonder," she said, wiping away the tears, "I wonder if the dog was really hungry, after all!"

L. O. REESE.

MR. AND MRS. GIGGAPADDLE.

MR. GIGGAPADDLE BUYS A DOG.

Mr. Giggapaddle came beaming into the parlor, leading by a string a sad-eyed specimen of unwelcome caninity.

"My dear," said Mr. Giggapaddle, "I have bought a dog."

Mrs. Giggapaddle rose and regarded the innovation with a look of delight, mingled with some feminine apprehension.

"How nice!" she gurgled. "Why did you get him, my dear? Is he made to eat human flesh?"

"Primarily, yes!" he rejoined. "But since the burglar crop is scarce about here, we will be compelled to teach him to cultivate a taste for the neighbors!"

Mrs. Giggapaddle was more than ever delighted.

"And we'll make him eat that cow that broke through the garden fence and destroyed our cabbage!" she exclaimed. "And—do you mind, my dear?" she regarded the lean animal anxiously; "do you think he would then have been compelled to teach him to cultivate a taste for the neighbors?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "There's no building the market when it comes to a question of the dog's capacity. He will swallow half the neighborhood and then have a lonesome feeling in the region of the gastric gurgles!"

"I am sure you feed him well, Mr. Giggapaddle!" she said. "He is a valuable dog, and I should be forever haunted by a guilty remorse if he died upon my premises through a lack of proper nourishment!"

Feed him, Mrs. Giggapaddle, feed him! A couple of old truck horses in the morning and scrambled elephants for luncheon! Gather a mess of hard-boiled book agents for tea, and wind up with fricassee postman for a fastidious dinner!"

Mr. Giggapaddle paused and eyed Mrs. Giggapaddle aggressively. The good lady was busy admiring the eyes of all that beheld him. If there is one thing that stirs the tender emotions of Abdul Hamid, it is the news that Christians have been saved from the fury of fanaticism!

"Gee! I'll teach him some tricks!" he said cheerfully. He whistled at the honeyed canine, who cocked a ragged ear and thumped the floor expectantly with his bony tail.

"See that!" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Giggapaddle. "Ever see such intelligence? Watch me now—I'm going to teach him to stand up and beg for meat!"

Mr. Giggapaddle advanced and held his hand up as though holding forth a tempting piece of meat. Evidently his acting was so perfect as to deceive the hungry dog's eyes—long unused to the sight of such things—being willing to brave a certain yell, not up into the air as though propelled by springs, and backswallowing, "Burt? Course not! What d'ye think he'd hurt me for? Eh? That dog?"

Mr. Giggapaddle said a word or two, and then he said, "That dog?"



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The oldest established, most reliable and best equipped for cleaning,  
dyeing and renovating in all its branches. Our New Improved  
Dry Process has no equal. Mail and Express Orders.  
**SPECIAL**—We make a specialty of cleaning summer dresses, orga-  
nies, mill awigs, dimites, duck, etc.



# Rushing Work on San Pedro Breakwater at Both Ends and the Middle.

CONSTRUCTION of the big stone wall with which the government will fence out the sea from San Pedro harbor, will commence again this week.

The preliminary work which must be done before the first carload of rock can be dumped on the breakwater site is nearly completed; but its accomplishment has made it necessary to overcome many serious obstacles. One of the most difficult undertakings in the preparatory construction has been the building of a wharf with piling driven in the rocky bottom. In spite of this disadvantage, the California Construction Company, which has the contract for the building of the breakwater, has in six weeks put up nearly 200 feet of wharf. In the same locality the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, when the Crocker interests were dominant about eleven years ago, occupied six months in building 400 feet of wharf.

In order to force the piles into the rocky bottom it has been necessary to drill down and fire blasts so as to make holes for them. The piles have, however, penetrated the masses of rock better than would have been expected and they are very solidly placed. There will probably be no more rocky bottom encountered, but it will be necessary to drive piles for a double trestle through the mass of loose rock which was dumped on the lineal feet of the breakwater site by Heldmaier & Nue. The work of driving in the solid bottom has been so successful, however, that it is believed the penetration of the loose rock will be accomplished without much difficulty.

Economy of time has been of the utmost importance in getting ready to put rock on the seawall. When the company started the work there was practically no material for wharf-making in San Pedro and it had to be ordered by telegraph from Puget Sound. A vessel which had already been chartered for another purpose was secured by the contracting concern to bring the material needed in order that work might not be delayed, some of the material was brought down the coast by special train.

Had there been sufficient time for the construction of the trestle the work could have been done at a much smaller cost by operating one donkey engine only and working out from land. As it was essential that the wharf should be built at the earliest possible moment the scheme of building a fragment out at sea and extending its side landward and seaward at the same time, was devised. The first piles had to be driven from a floating barge and for nine days an attempt was made at 3 o'clock every morning when the sea was at its calmest, before any driving could be done. After a few bents had been driven by J. D. Jenson, the sub-contractor for that portion, a donkey engine was mounted on the piling and the extension went on more expeditiously. Later another driving outfit was set up and the piling was extended at both ends.

The pier is constructed without any curve excepting such as may be necessary along the breakwater site. From the bluff on the westerly shore of the harbor the track on the wharf runs 50 feet on a grade, but all the rest of the way will be level. On the level portion the top of the track will be minimum and one-half foot above the plane of mean low water. The top of the breakwater will extend eight feet above the plane of high water and the track will be a little above that.

In order to avoid a turn on the trestle a curve was added out of the hill back of the bluff and about 100 lineal feet of the line of the track was sub-graded three feet lower than the roadbed of the Southern Pacific, leading to where it started a wharf eleven years ago.

Track-laying has been completed along the land approach and the rails have also been nearly a thousand feet on the wharf. The rails will be extended as far as the wharf work is unhampered. The engineer of the locomotive which has made a few trips out on the trestle pronounces it very staunch, judging from its slight tremor produced by the movement of the heavy iron horse over it.

The contractor's boarding and lodging establishment is all right. The permanent camp is on the bluff near where the trestle projects out toward the breakwater site. The lodging-house has accommodations for forty men, and is furnished much better than workmen's camps usually are. The table is supplied with an abundance of substantial in which the good quality of the cooking is a feature. There is a well-appointed office building, which has direct telephone communication with the outside world. Water pipes have been extended two miles from the San Pedro system to the camp, and on out along the trestle. A water tank near the camp insures a regular supply of water, and it is within the car weights of rock delivered on the trestle, and is being constructed near the camp. There are a number of side tracks on the Southern Pacific Railroad back of the bluff, and north of the camp. When repaired, which can be done at night, these sidings will afford excellent yard and switching facilities. Except by special authority of the government engineer officer in charge no work on the breakwater may be done during the hours of sunset and sunrise, nor upon Sundays or legal holidays. Trainloads of rock hauled from the quarry and arriving in the night will therefore have to wait until daylight before being dumped. The abundant siding facilities will be very useful in holding the loaded cars until they may be dumped, or in storing empty cars.

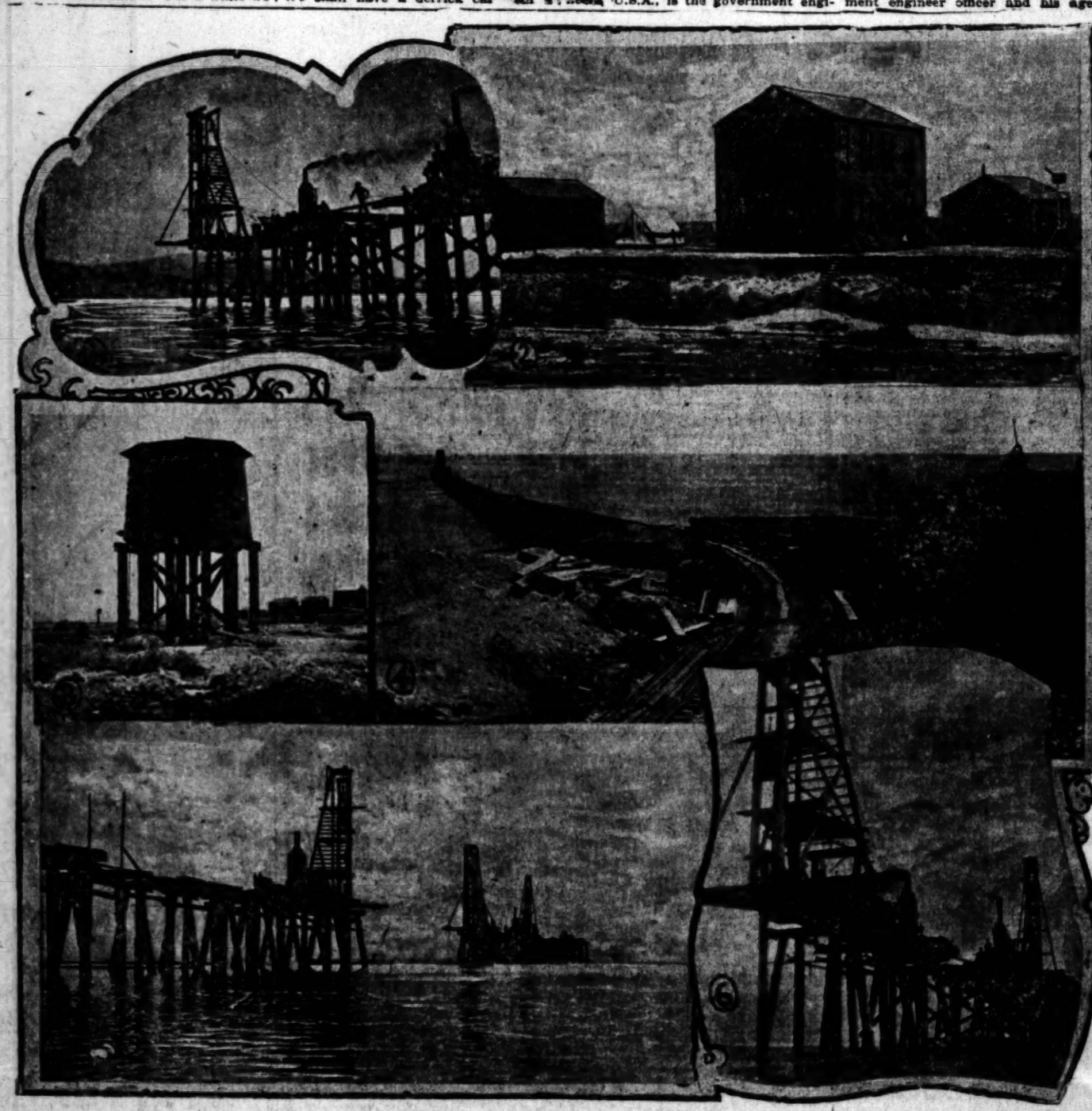
C. H. Eager, president of the California Construction Company, which has the contract for the building of the wall, will spend much of his time on the ground near the work. E. J. O'Neill is the contractor's engineer in charge of construction, and C. A. Sheddick is in charge of the office. "We have been working at the Deles quarry, a few miles west of Colton, for six weeks," said Mr. Eager Thursday. "What we have done so far, has been in the way of clearing up and getting ready to take out the big blast without delay. Where we are operating the quarry may be described as a hill or bluff about 100 feet high. We have as yet shot no big blast, but have been hand drilling and shooting small ones. In that way we have taken out about 200 carloads of waste. The Southern Pacific Company has contracted to take all our rock material, so we shall clear away everything as the quarrying operations proceed. The pond near the ground is such that we can load eight cars with rock from a single derrick without moving any of them. There are four derricks up, all of them operated by steam. A little later we shall drive tunnels, using air compressors, plant, and shoot big blasts. When we start hauling the rock the quarry will have a capacity of sixty carloads per day, and later the capacity will be increased to eighty or a hundred carloads per day.

"At the two quarries, Deles and Casa Blanca, we expect to employ from 150 to 175 men, and at the work on and about the breakwater not far from twenty-five men. We expect to have a switch engine on the ground about the breakwater, so that we may handle

the cars independent of the railroad company. "Who will furnish the cars, and what kinds will you use?" "The cars will be furnished by the Southern Pacific Company. There will be two or three kinds. For a while we

shall haul the rock in skips placed on flat cars. Later we shall probably use a style of car having a V-shaped bottom with the apex upward. By removing the sides from such a car we can dump rock on both sides of the track. We shall have a derrick car with a

capacity of twenty tons, which will be used in placing the rock. I think the rock will be hauled from the quarries to San Pedro in trainloads of thirty cars each." "Cap. J. J. Meyer, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., is the government engineer officer in general charge of the breakwater construction. The work is to be done subject to his or his agent's inspection and approval. The precise location of the work will be fixed by the engineer officer, or his agents. H. H. Burton, who, under Capt. Meyer, was in charge of the supervision and inspection for the government under the Heldmaier & Nue contract, will perform those duties for the California Construction Company. A suitable office building for the use of the government engineer officer and his agents

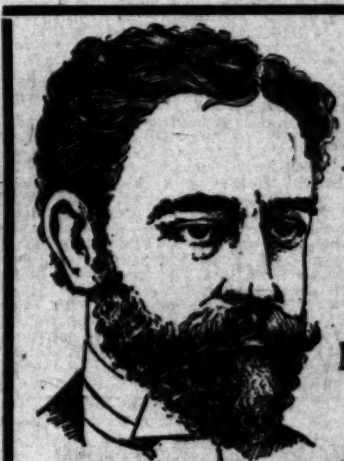


OUTER WHARF SECTION. IN CONTRACTOR'S OFFICE, LOGGING-HOUSE AND DINING-ROOM BUILDING. IN CONTRACTOR'S WATER TANK. IN GRADED LAND APPROACH AND TRESTLE, LOOKING OUT OVER BREAKWATER SITE. IN SHOWING SECTIONS OF TRESTLE EXTENDING TOWARD EACH OTHER. IN DRIVING A

## ROUTE OF SALT LAKE LINE.

How it Will Get Out of Los Angeles—It Will Tap Oranges and Oil.

H. Hawgood, the chief engineer of the Terminal under the new regime is busy these days. He has a party of men at work doing preliminary work just east of the city. On the first of the month a large party will take the field to run the lines and take levels along the northern edge of the Laguna ranch. That is as far as any definite knowledge of the route is to be obtained at this time. From the northeastern edge of the Laguna ranch there are two routes, one through San Gabriel Valley over the Garvey ranch, perhaps to the river, and by Pomona to San Bernardino. The other would cross the San Gabriel River above Rivera and pass through Whittier and over the Puente hills somewhere about La Habra Valley. This would take the road past Riverdale to San Bern-



For nearly 20 years we have been curing contracted diseases of men, including contagious blood poison; also lost vitality, general and nervous debility, varicose veins, rupture, stricture, piles, diseases of the kidneys, bladder, etc. We are specialists in curing these ailments. We cure at any stage of the disorder, and restore the patient as quickly as is consistent with a permanent cure. Our remedies, which are always effective, but are never harmful, are furnished free to our patients from our own private laboratory. Payments may be made monthly, or after a permanent cure is effected. Consultation and advice free at our office or by mail. Full information and our private book, sealed, free. Home Office a specialty.

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218 S. Broadway,  
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437-441 SOUTH BROADWAY

## Again, Tomorrow, We Prove Your Dollar Buys Most Here.

The great Underwriters' Sale closes Saturday night, Sept. 1st. Until that time our stores will be jammed to the very doors, for we have made prices that make buying here a duty. Come in the morning and stay all day. The more you spend here the more you save. We have no room to tell the whole money-saving story, but we hint at it as follows:

### Hosiery Snaps.

Greatest Values the Town Was Ever Treated to.

Women's fast black hose, regular 10c quality, 2c now, pair..... 2c

Women's regular made full fashioned hose in black or tan, regular price 15c, now, pair..... 10c

Women's full fashioned French lisle hose in colors. Regular price 40c, now, pair..... 19c

Women's gauze vests, 3c regular price 10c, sale price..... 3c

Children's jersey ribbed vests in white, sizes 24 and 26; were extra value 5c at 10c, now..... 5c

Boy's turn-down Paper Collars, linen finish, ea. 1c

Men's Paper Cuffs, 5 prs 5c to box, a box..... 5c

Windsor Ties 2c

Black Sateen Windsor Ties 5c

Teck Ties in chevrot and percales..... 5c

### Extra Specials.

Women's 4-in-hand Ties, light and medium colors. Regular price 25c, sale price..... 5c

Children's all silk Windsor Ties, hemstitched ends, new and beautiful patterns in plaids and stripes. Regular price 40c, sale price..... 19c

Women's black Taffeta and Lisle Gloves, worth 40c and 25c a pair, while they last at, per pair (no exchanges)..... 10c

Shell Side Combs. Regular price 10c, sale price..... 1c

Women's Dog Collar Belts given free with every purchase of \$1.00 or over.

Plain and fancy Silk Bows, worth 40c and 25c, sale price..... 15c

### OTHER SPECIALS.

10c Shell Hair Ornaments at..... 1c

10c Shell Side Combs at..... 1c

Curling Irons at..... 1c

Beiding Bros Speed Silk, 2 for..... 1c

Patent Hooks and Eyes, each..... 1c

No. 40 Fancy Ribbon, the yard..... 1c

Ladies' Lisle Collars..... 1c

### Shoes Almost Given Away. Look!

Less Than Cost of the Leather.

Edwin C. Burt, E. P. Reed & Co., Pingree & Smith and other leading makes

At \$1.48 a Pair.

Finest glass, vicil kid, black chrome, all hand-made and stitched, some welled soles, every style toe and tip, worth up to \$6.00 a pair. The shoe chance of your life.

All Other Shoes at Proportionate Prices.

### Special Sensation.

Summer goods must be sacrificed no matter how great the loss. We defy competition to meet this final cut. Big lot dimities, cordedettes, prints, ginghams, lawns, organdies, etc., sold in regular way at prices ranging 6 1/2c to 12 1/2c per yard. Now they are bunched on one big table and marked

Choice for 4c a yard.

Corded novelties, dimities and organdies, were 15c, 20c and 25c a yard, now..... 10c

La Belle piques in light colors and blue, worth 12 1/2c a yard, now reduced to..... 7c

### More Shoes Snaps.

Elegant line women's silk vesting top French Patent Leather Boots for full dress wear, latest style toes, worth \$4.00, \$2.98

Slippers—All colors, pink, black, white, red and tan; Children's 73c

Women's and misses' 98c

Oxford—Tan or black, for stout wear, worth \$1.25 a pair sale price 49c

Spring heels—Misses' and women's sizes. Big assortment all leathers and colors for light or heavy wear, worth up to \$2.50 a pair.

Plain toe styles at..... 73c

Tipped toe styles at..... 98c

### Clothing, Etc.

Way Below Cost.

Men's linen crash suits, regular price \$3.50, sale price..... \$1.73

Men's linen crash vests, regular price 75c, sale price..... 30c

Broken lines youths' long pants, worth from \$1 to \$3, now going at from 50c to..... \$1.50

Men's wool suits in light checks, summer weights, good linings and nicely finished, cheap at \$5.98, \$10, sale price..... \$7.48

An elegant band dress suit case free with every suit at \$12.00 and up.

Men's tan combd Egyptian derby ribbed underwear, excellent value at \$1.25, now Men's fancy balbriggan underwear, worth 90c, now..... 43c

Men's golf shirts extra value at 65c, now..... 35c

New line French persimmon shirts, just received, worth \$1.50, now..... \$1.00

1 lot men's summer vests worth up to 25c each, while they last, they go at..... 10c

## CHAPIN-TIBBOT COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

PRICE CUTTERS TO THE PEOPLE,

437-441 South Broadway. Tel. James 1721.

## BUSINESS.

### FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES, Los Angeles, August 26, 1906.

LOCAL CLEARANCES. The amount brought into the local clearinghouse last week amounted to \$1,902,541 compared with \$2,540,000 in the week ending August 19, 1905. The increase is over 100 per cent. above the business of the week of last year.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS. The following local securities are available:

Los Angeles Bank..... 110

Los Angeles Trust Co..... 110

Los Angeles Savings..... 110

Los Angeles National..... 110

Los Angeles Commercial..... 110

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Los Angeles Loan and Trust Co..... 110

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# WONDER WIND-UP SALE

mainder of our summer goods. There's only one way open, no use trying to mince matters, everything in our store that savors of summer will come under the ban, and will be strictly prohibited from occupying a place here after two weeks from today. You, who know our stern methods of doing business, will understand what this flat means. Others may fully realize our meaning by a careful reading of this page and comparing what is with what has been. Let it be fully understood that with all classes of summer goods now on hand

## You've no Idea

Until you read this, what we have determined to do for you in shirt waists, and you will have very little idea about it then, unless you come in. These cuts, showing pictures of shirt waists, may cut very little figure with you, but the prices shown are bound to cut a great big swath in the stock, and that's just what we intend shall happen.



### 75c Shirt Waists 29c

A line of waists any dealer would open up and mark 75c. We did. Then a little later they reduce them to 50c. We did that also, but no one has ever before taken such goods and marked them at 29c. We have, and out they go.

#### Pure White Ones.

These are the gems in our White Waists, as you will notice. The figures to the left indicate the choicest makes, but the prices at the right hand, which is about half, brings them down to the price of a common, everyday waist. You'll buy one or more.

**\$3.00 \$1.49**  
**\$3.25 \$1.69**  
**\$3.50 \$1.89**

### White and Colored

Here are a lot of beauties that makes our heart ache to see leave us in this manner. They all bear the stamp of respectability. No cheap ones amongst them. The best makes and qualities of white and colored, lace yokes, tucked yokes, bias fronts, straight fronts; percales, madras, lawns, dimities; every conceivable shape, make and color. There is no help for it. New goods are piling in upon us, and we must find a place for them. And while this parting gives us pain we know it must bring gladness to other hearts.

**85c Ones \$1.00 Ones \$1.25 Ones \$1.50 Ones \$1.75 Ones \$2.25 Ones \$2.75 Ones**  
**For 49c For 69c For 79c For 89c For 99c For \$1.09 For \$1.29**

## 'Tis Sad But True

## Wrappers. 50c

Here is Destruction.

**Men's Bathing Suits** Just look at that row of figures on top. Yes, you bet, they do look all right, and they were all right, until we took it into our heads to chip off several chunks, and it's left such a looking row as you see below, but that's the way we're doing business this week. These two rows of figures represent the price we have been, and the price we're going to sell, our stock of clean, fresh, new bathing suits for men. These prices will make good this little talk.

**\$1, \$1.25, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50.**

### SUITS

**73c, 83c, \$1.53, \$1.73, \$2.03, \$2.13, \$2.33, \$2.53.**

## It's a Disgrace

To the hose, the way we are going to sell them this week, but this department is under a new management, and he says certain lines must go, no matter if it's only one-fourth their value.

### \$2.25 Hosiery

Is a line of the finest things in silk and lace hose that is sold from \$1.25 up to \$2.75 a pair, but there are only a few pairs of each kind, but over 40 kinds. It will interest buyers of fine hose, but they'll have to hurry.

**79c**  
Ladies' fancy lace top in pink, blue, lavender and red, black foot, also lace black with extra color, gold dots, both big size sellers.  
A large line of fine and the hose in best of cotton and lace, odd lots in plain and fancy colors, plaid, 49c, stripes, on's and dots, beautiful.  
Boys' extra heavy school hose, double knee, reinforced foot, lace colors and very durable.  
Misses' fine ribbed, double knee and sole, all sizes; an extra good line at 50c, for

Our leader in children's school hose, because they are perfectly fast black, and so very cheap at  
Children's heavy ribbed black, double knee and sole, fast color, and a very good line stockings.  
An odd lot of children's very fine Scotch plaid and stripe hose, this stock has been on sale at 50c, now.  
Infant's fine Chevreton hose in black, white, tan, red, pink, and blue with colored silk toe, these are extra fine.

## Jimminy Crickets.

The regular order of things seems to be reversed, instead of you going out bargain hunting they come hunting you. We have turned on the current and it's bound to take hold of thousands of people.

**1000 Pairs Lace Curtains 25 % off.**

**150 Pairs \$5.00 Irish Point Curtains \$3.00.**

Out of all the curtain bargains offered below we consider this the best; 3 1/2 yards long, full width, in ecru only, handsome designs, were sold at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

**300 Pairs 75c Nottingham.** For 50c  
**200 Pairs \$1.75** For \$1.25  
**150 Pairs \$2.25** For \$1.75  
**100 Pairs \$3.50** For \$2.50  
**100 Pairs \$4.00** For \$3.25

**Towels.**  
71c For a first class, good 17x38 inch unbleached bath towel.  
20c buys a larger, thicker one, size 24x48, unbleached.  
121c A heavy 19x40 inch bleached bath towel, good.  
25c Our best 35x44 inch bleached bath towel.  
19c All linen bath towels, sizes 23x42 hemmed or fringed.  
7c Absorbent cotton crash, 18 inch wide and a bargain at 10c.  
\$1.00 A 2-yard long fringed cloth in pink, blue or yellow.  
\$1.00 A 2 1/2-yard long, white cloth, fringed, and colored borders.  
45c All linen, 56-inch bleached or cream damask, worth full 55c.

## Great Scott

If what you read about here does not bulge your eyes out, then we've got off at the wrong landing.

## 10c Outing Flannels 5 1/2c

This is a large line of fine quality, heavily fleeced, best of patterns; it's so good that in order to divide it among the many, we have to limit 12 yds. to each customer.

### Sleeping Apparatus.

**35c** These sheets are made from the best grade of bleached muslin, all 54 yards long by 6-4, 6-4 and 10-4, and are worth respectively 50c, 60c and 70c. What do you think of that?  
**50c** This one is a 24x36, made from the finest quality of brown muslin. Two washings will bleach it.  
**57c**

**Pillow Cases.**  
121c This is our 10x16 double wash, a money-saver in wear and price.  
15c Buy this hemstitched, double wash, torn and ironed, and a bargain at 20c.

**PILLOWS.**  
Our bargain 8x10 pillow, filled with goose feathers, cleaned, with best of coverings, 41 to 42 to the pair. Our \$1.50 best filled, best covered, 34 to 36 inch 11x17 inch pillow, during the wind up sale for \$1.  
**SPREADS.**  
A cheap spread is never cheap. This is a good one, size 11x17, sold for \$1.25. Material and crocheted patterns and crocheted. A regular \$2.50 quality. You won't hesitate over this if you want a spread within the year. Extra size, 11x17, \$1.50. It's a bummer.  
**BLANKETS.**  
A \$1.75 one, 11-4 gray, soft and fleecy, pink, red or blue border. It's a warm member. We'll see if you appreciate this. We bought 100 pairs to sell at \$4.50. Pure white, fine wool, extra large size. Well, look at it. \$3.25.

## Extenuating Circumstances.

We will not ask anybody's pardon for the miserable low prices quoted on these goods. The conditions are such that the end justifies the means. We've got to put fall goods in this stock, and the summer goods must get out.



Muslin Drawers with five cambric ruffles, trimmed with lace edge. 25c  
Muslin Drawers, with cambric ruffles, two rows torchon insertion, lace edge to match, also with hemstitched tucks, embroidery edge. 50c  
Muslin Drawers, finest goods, torchon and val lace, trimmed with lace edge to match. 75c  
Muslin Gown, Mother Hubbard, cluster of tucks, embroidery and lace insertion. 50c  
Muslin Gown, Empire and Mother Hubbard styles, embroidery and lace trim. 75c  
Muslin Skirts, wide ruffle, cluster of tucks, embroidery and lace edge. 75c  
Muslin Skirts, three hemstitched ruffles, extra wide and fine. \$1.00

Ladies' vests, cotton ribbed, low neck, no sleeves, taped. 7c  
Ladies' vests, fine cotton ribbed, low neck, no sleeves, ecru, and silk taped. 10c  
Same as above, only high neck. They are both considered and good 25c vests. 10c  
Ladies' Lace Vests, v-shaped neck, no sleeves, lace edge trimmed, colors assorted, an extra fine garment for. 30c  
Ladies' Jersey Vest, v-shaped neck, no sleeves, and large sizes. 15c  
Ladies' fine china silk, plain or fancy colored hemstitched borders, with rustic handles, beautiful \$1.50 goods. \$1.13  
Ladies' fine china silk, plain or fancy colored hemstitched borders. Never shows for less than \$2.95. \$1.50  
Ladies' fancy striped taffeta silk, with plain colors hemstitched borders, heavy natural wood handles; our \$3.00 ones. \$1.50  
Ladies' fancy colored, extra heavy taffeta silk, striped, natural wood handles, of the finest, \$4.50 parasols. \$2.25

## We See Their Finish.

Parasols will come and go in this climate the whole year around, but here are some good ones that came to us quite recently and must go quite suddenly. The price will do the act, at actually just half their value.

Children's extra size, in mercerized foulardines, with polka dots and fancy china silk; rustic handles. 45c



Children's extra large size, china silk, fine quality, lace trimmed and fancy colored hemstitched borders, with rustic handles, beautiful \$1.50 goods. \$1.13  
Ladies' fine china silk, plain or fancy colored hemstitched borders. Never shows for less than \$2.95. \$1.50  
Ladies' fancy striped taffeta silk, with plain colors hemstitched borders, heavy natural wood handles; our \$3.00 ones. \$1.50  
Ladies' fancy colored, extra heavy taffeta silk, striped, natural wood handles, of the finest, \$4.50 parasols. \$2.25

**Let's go to Hales**  
107-109 North Spring St.

## Here's How We Make Room

**2c Dimities** The remainder of our 8 1/2c and 10c light and dark dimities, 10 yard limit. They'll last about ten minutes.  
**3c Piques** Only 200 yards, good raised welt, 10c pique. Only one skirt pattern to each customer.  
**3c Calicoes** All standard makes, in light and dark colors, 12 yard limit. No coarsing needed.  
**3 1/2c Red Prints** Best quality turkey reds, never less than 6 1/2c; stripes and figures. 12 yard limit.  
**4c Nainsooks** Our 7c white check and plaid nainsook. Only about 300 yards. Better call early.  
**5c Percalines** A full yard wide, fine quality 10c percaline, in light colors only. 10 yard limit.

## Perfectly Appalling!

Little did we think, three short months ago, that it would be possible to make reductions as we here quote, but we are acting under the law of necessity, in view of the old saying, that "Necessity knows no law." These are summer goods, they may not have an abiding place here.

## Summer Skirts

These include our crash wash skirts, that had been reduced to 50c. Also those new fine black skirts, with fancy colored ruffles. 25c  
**50c** This lot comprises crash skirts trimmed in white, that sold for 85c. A lot of covert cloth, white duck and blue duck with polka dots that sold for \$1.00; white pique and blue duck, braided trimmed that sold for \$1.50. Blue and white duck, striped and trimmed, linen trimmed with linen lace that sold for \$2.25. Crash with bands of white trimming and blue galatea, embroidery trimmed, that sold for \$2.50. Fine check ducks, and white pique, embroidery trimmed that sold for \$3.00.  
**75c**  
**\$1.13**  
**\$1.25**  
**\$1.50**

## Concerning Men.

Men's fancy half hose, fine gauge, extra firm, best Egyptian yarn, applied heels and toes, colors blue and red. 13c  
Men's fancy half hose, assorted plaids and stripes, an odd line of fine cotton and blue, we've sold at 35c to 50c. What's left 25c  
Men's bows, in fine quality of mail; they are in values ranging from 10c to 15c. We close them all at 5c  
Men's night shirts, of an extra 8 1/2c quality muslin, fancy trimmed, have only two sizes in this lot, 14 and 14 1/2, they go at 36c

## Suits.

**\$2.25 ONES**—a pretty lot of linen suits well made, nicely trimmed with blazer jackets, made to fit, and look well till they're gone. 75c  
**\$4.00 ONES**—are made of heavy quality white pique. Also blue pique, stylishly put up and were very cheap at the original price. \$1.00

## Jackets

Buy our \$4.00 cloth jacket, by a half fall wear. \$3.  
Get our \$5.00 cloth or tan jackets. These made and very new cost only more than a shirt.

## Regarding Corsets.

**25c** Will buy a perfect fitting white corset, ventilated. Will make it a fine corset that we have heretofore been selling for 30c.  
**50c** Is the price of our colored braided summer corsets in white, cream, pink or blue, long or medium waist. This quality cannot be duplicated at this price.  
**50c** For an extra good fine satin corset, medium or long waist, in black or dark. Our corset lady says it's as good as most \$1 corsets.

## Fancies Follies.

**63c Rugs** Best body Brussels, 45x77 in.; 50 different patterns to pick from; we've sold hundreds of them at \$1.  
**18c Stand Covers** A beautiful art denims cover, size 1 yard square, fringed all around; four colorings.  
**75c Table Covers** These are best quality art denims, plain colors, handsomely embroidered; size 6-4, and were good values at \$1.25.  
**3c Scrim** In ecru, 40 in. wide; if you all know what it is, and that it is sold at 6 1/2c.  
**4c Pearls** A line of pearl buttons, fine quality, usually sold at 10c; assorted sizes.  
**7c Shields** For dresses, made of good rubber, fresh stock, one that sells for 15c.  
Finest quality enameled corset steels. If you want any this is cheap.  
A full large piece of bone casing in pink, blue, black or white.  
Children's slide supports for stockings, all sizes, rubber tips.  
For ladies' stock, extra heavy, extra large, extra wide, extra long, extra elastic, fancy corded elastic, fancy corded elastic.  
Chateaus bags, made from fine fancy leather, with gilt frames and chains.  
A fine line of leather belts, in black and colors, with gilt and colored buckles.

## A Golden Opportunity

Early in the season as it is to talk new dress goods, we devote this corner to some things never before on market. There are always a few ladies who like to know what's new in dress goods. It will satisfy their curiosity and gratify us, if they come in and look at these.

**Black.**  
**Perola** The new black goods that is winning its way to the front and fast becoming very popular. 75c  
**Mercerette** A black goods called Mercerette, goods called Mercerette, goods called Mercerette. New to us, it will be new to you, very pretty, 4 1/2 inches wide and worth to sell. \$1.00  
**Matalasse** A new black goods called Matalasse, goods called Matalasse, goods called Matalasse. New to us, it will be new to you, very pretty, 4 1/2 inches wide and worth to sell. \$1.25  
**Silks** All shades taffeta line, including blacks, 25 in. wide. We put in about 50 pieces to sell at 50c



**Silk Remnants**  
We have a mass of silk, black and colors, variety. Whenever you see these that please you, be sure to buy.



**Los Angeles Sunday Times**

**DEMOCRAT**

**Los Angeles Sunday Times**

**Los Angeles Sunday Times**

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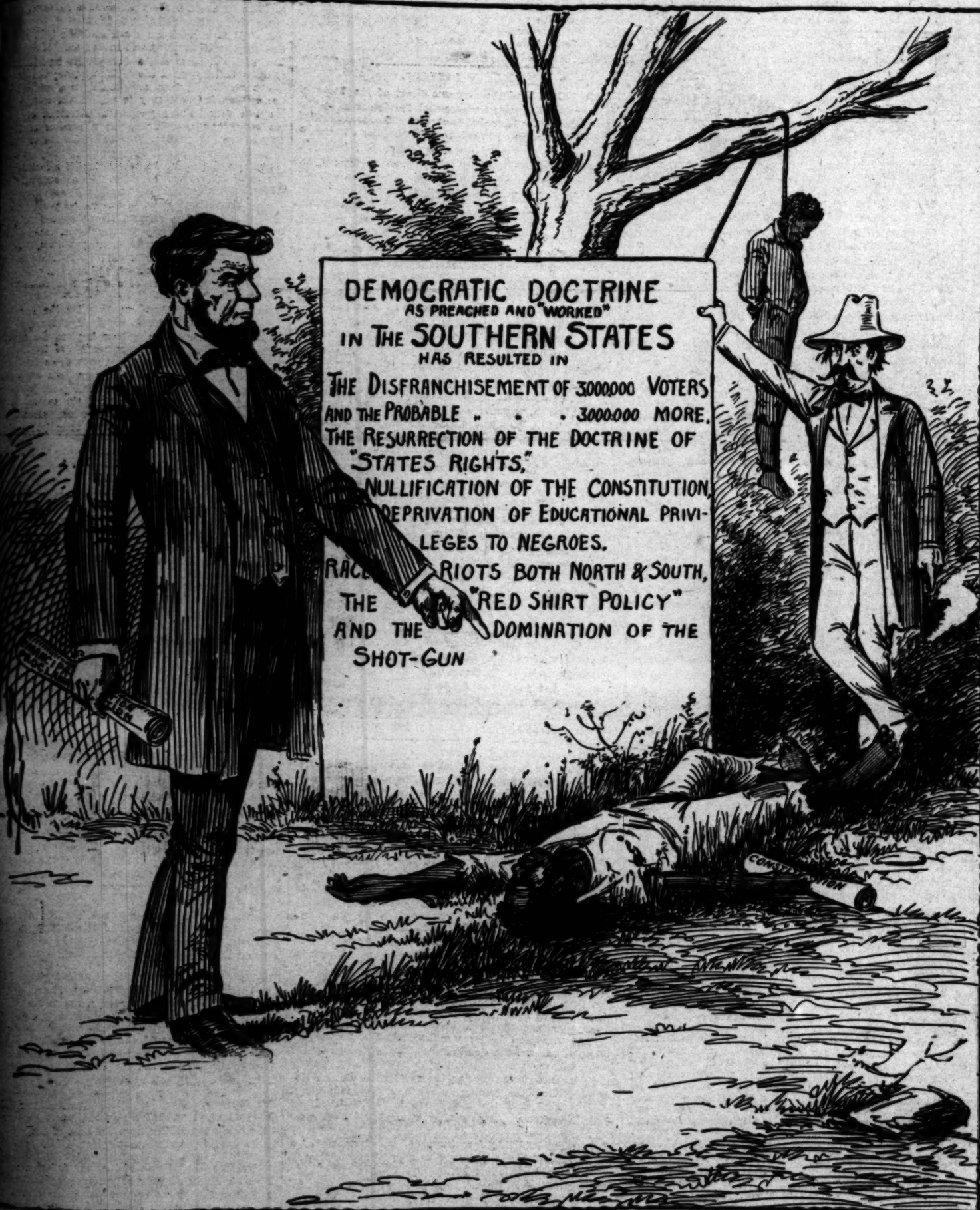
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

AUGUST 26, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR... \$4.50  
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS

DEMOCRACY "AS SHE IS TAUGHT" IN THE SOUTH.



The Spirit of Lincoln: "And did I die for this?"



## SCOPE AND CHARACTER

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.  
**THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,**  
 Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



## OUR POLICY IN CHINA

"II. We should stand first for the integrity of China, because we have much to lose and nothing to gain by its breaking up. No sphere of influence or area of development is coming to us, and our greatest fields for exploitation, and largest and most potential markets, are in those sections that will come under the control of powers as to whose future policy we are not certain. England will be supreme in the mighty Yang Tse Valley, but at present our major interests are not there, nor are they ever likely

"IV. If China is to be divided, and not even ourselves stand prepared to step it, there is one step, the advisability of taking which must be seriously considered by our government, and by our people—for government can do nothing without public support—and that is the possession of a port for a naval rendezvous and commercial base in the north of China. If we are to remain in possession of the Philippines, we will be strong in the south, but we must have, under the conditions of China divided, a port in the north if we would properly maintain and protect our interests. I hope sincerely that this may not be necessary, but it is a contingency which must be seriously considered, possibly, in the near future. The United States should not seize wantonly any such port, but should obtain it by legitimate treaty or purchase—and then only after having exhausted all moral and political influence to save China from partition."

### RIGHT OF PRIVACY.

**TWO SCOTS AND A JOKE.**

## TWO SCOTS AND A JOKE.

"Ah, yea," he said, but no smile lighted up his countenance. Then he said suddenly: "Til bat Horace can't

## EXHIBITIONS OF INSTINCT AS IN ANIMALS.

**MORNING OUT OF DOORS**

And such a blessed rain of birdsong falleth  
From the leafy chamber of yonder swaying tree  
O, Father, I do feel Thy watchful presence  
Thy unseen footsteps tread this golden dew

August 22, 1899.



# The Merry-go-round. By Robert J. Burdette.

August 26, 1900.]

The thing that is, is the thing that's been,  
And the things you see are the things you've seen;  
And the things that thrill and fill with awe,  
Are the same old things you have always saw.

What can you see when at home you lie?  
People and things and land and sky;  
What from the eagle's restless wings?  
Sky and people, and land and things.

If you had one wish, little boy, what then?  
"I'd be a man, like other men;"  
What, oh man, is your chiefest joy?  
"Wishing that I could be a boy."

So, the fellow who stays and the man who goes,  
Only exchange their joys and woes;  
And the fellow who goes and the man who stays,  
Meet at last at the end of the ways.  
The Memory of England.

"At last," I said, "having been a native for more than  
ten years, I will know how it feels to be a foreigner!"  
And as I set my American foot upon English soil I had a  
long-remembered tremor thrill.

What hope! This appears to be a voyage of unexpected  
adventure. I have left unseen the things I expected to  
see, and have felt the things I never expected to feel. For  
though I tried honestly and tried again and again, on three  
or four different trips, I couldn't feel a foreigner in Eng-  
land. For everything I saw belonged to me. I was a part  
of it all. The last week in America we spent in Cambridge,  
Massachusetts, Concord, birthplaces of American liberty. Sailed  
over saturated with half a century of "home living" and  
"home loving," lingered at the last in the footprints of the  
founders and patriots who died that our country might be,  
and when we landed in England, why, that was part of  
the homeland. The love of country that poured out blood  
for water at Concord—why, our fathers who died there  
were smothered at the breasts of English mothers. England's  
greatest wars were ever her civil wars—centuries of fight-  
ing through night to light. This is a part of the home-  
land. "I have a birthright here. How do you like it?" I  
said to the Old Boy. "Don't know," he said; "I haven't  
yet." This is no more London to me than it is New  
York. So I know then it wasn't the fault of my dull  
eye that prohibited the foreign feeling. It must be my  
long and intense Americanism.

"Sunny England."

First place, it wasn't the London welcome I had on the  
programme. For sunny England put on her brightest smiles  
for us. California couldn't have done better. London, under  
a cloudless sky for a whole week! And one day the  
thermometer at Greenwich, just to show the American tour-  
ists what "way up" English weather is, got out into the  
sun and gasped, "156." How's that for an effete monarchy?  
Can we do any better than that in America? I trow not.  
It was a greeting of superlative home weather. Our wel-  
come was pleasant all round. Customs-officer looked into  
our boxes as a fond mother looks into her boy's trunk to  
be lovingly sure that he has everything he needs before she  
sends it, and sends him away with a "God bless you."  
Asked man for my train, and he told me to ask the guard.  
Didn't see any guard, but braced a brakeman. "Guessed  
right the very first time." Asked him way to my  
place in the train, and he told me to "walk right  
down the aisle." Didn't see any "aisle," but walked down  
the platform, and ran into the arms of my family, waiting  
and waving for me. Guessed right the very next time.  
Asked for my baggage, and man said my luggage was in  
the van. Didn't see any van, but walked along the train  
and found the baggage car. Man assured me that my boxes  
and bags were in there all right. Could make affidavit  
that I didn't have bag or box in the world, but took his  
word for it, and sure enough, got my trunks and valises  
when the time came without a particle of trouble. Threw  
away my French phrase book and German grammar book,  
and said I was going to learn English instead, it was so  
much easier, and I can now say, "Have you pens, ink and  
paper?" without a stammer.

"Atrophied Humor."

He abused English railway system of handling luggage  
during the past twenty-five years, every time I needed a  
paragraph to fill up a column. Wonderful, isn't it, how  
dumb and how cleverly inarticulate a man can be about  
something he doesn't know anything about. That's why a  
man's humor is said to play out, and run flat. As he  
grows older, and a little wiser, and sees a little deeper and  
knows a little more, things don't seem so "funny" to him  
as they did twenty or thirty years before. Things that I  
made merry over twenty-five years ago I now bare my  
head and bow my heart to. I once wrote the funniest kind  
of a story about a sticky old horse and a pair of raw-  
boned horses and a rusty old driver. Make you laugh till  
you cried for help. Can't see anything funny even in the  
suggestion now. Some of humor has atrophied, maybe.  
Will do that, sometimes. Some things that used to make  
me roar with merriment, now give me the heartache. Used  
to have so much fun at a funeral as a congressman. But  
now, do you know, a funeral nowadays is rather a  
sad and thoughtful affair to me. Want to be that they don't  
have such jolly funerals as they used to. Or else I've lost  
my faculty for seeing funny side of things. Frequently  
hear the pompous say that I have. Believe I'll wait  
twenty-five or thirty years to hear the boys review their own  
doings. That isn't very long for a man to wait, at my  
time of life.

"Grippe With You Well."

Oh, about my luggage? Well, nothing much. We had  
only two trunks and four pieces of hand baggage, all in  
the van, as these poor people call the baggage car.

Picked them out of a pile on the platform—baggage of  
the whole ship, brought up on special train. Porter piled  
"boxes" on top of two "four-wheelers"—looked like Noah's  
ark going along Waterloo road—and in thirty minutes  
family and baggage were in their rooms, unpacking. And  
it cost, including "tips," \$1.24.

Now in New York the trunks would have followed us in  
from three to six hours. And the cost would have been  
\$3.85, minimum. Begins to dawn upon me that boy's  
grandmother really knew how to suck eggs before the boy  
was born. Must amuse the old lady occasionally, when the  
boy brings in an egg from the barn, and tells how it is  
done. Can't understand, however, why English passenger  
cars should be coupled with old-fashioned three-link chain,  
such as we used in America thirty years ago on freight  
trains. Must be some reason for it, however. Some reason  
for appendix vermiciformis making human seed pod of  
itself, too, but the reason doesn't reconcile me to the fact.  
"Not Lost, but Left Behind."

Man says, "Baggage very apt to get lost under English  
system. American system perfectly safe; baggage check  
good as a bank check." Just about. Have a bank check  
now, in glass frame at home, face value \$150. Sell it for  
soda check on reliable fountain. Souvenir of \$1200 lecture  
course in \$300 town. Two years ago met F. Hopkinson  
Smith in Charleston, S. C. The creator of "Col. Carter"  
was giving lectures and attending receptions and other  
society functions in brown traveling suit. Trunk lost,  
with American check on it. Went on down to Jacksonville,  
Fla. Met Col. Henry Watterson, trying to borrow dress  
suit to lecture in. Trunk lost with American check on it.  
My own trunk I had not seen or heard of for a week. When  
I went before audience nightly, wore my baggage check—  
41144—on my neck. Check bore same relation to my lost  
dress suit that bank check does to man's balance in bank.  
But baggage check wasn't clothes, and bank check isn't  
money. All depends. Only lecture on finance I ever deliv-  
ered. When you see heap of baggage on English platform  
and say to porter, "That's mine," and he unhesitatingly  
gives you what you designate, seems to you easiest thing  
on earth to claim everything and get away with anybody's  
boxes. But, somehow or other, it doesn't happen that way.  
American system may be safer. It is certainly hours and  
hours slower, in spite of the unquestioned fact that we  
are the liveliest, hustlingest, speediest, up-to-datest nation  
on earth. Even the most sensitive American admits that  
we are all that. "An' the best or it is," said Mr. Dooley,  
"we know we are." However, no one man and no one nation  
knows it all. Not even the youngest.

Anglo-American Advertising.

Learned another thing—advertising in public places isn't  
exclusively an American abomination. Must have caught  
that of our mother. More advertisements on one London  
omnibus than you can find in two miles of Hudson River  
scenery, illustrated by New York merchants. On front  
of prominent church full-sheet bills pasted, half a dozen  
of 'em, advertising the parson's books. Good place; all  
parson's friends sure to see it; no advertising agent find  
fault with that scheme; don't find fault with it myself;  
merely mention it that you may remember it next time  
anybody without an H in his system finds fault with  
American custom of advertising. Saw more billboard ad-  
vertisements of "candles" between Southampton and Lon-  
don than I ever saw in the same number of miles of "Bat-  
tle Ax Plug." Candles! Haven't seen one since I was a  
boy until I came to London. Have tried to buy some, on  
two or three occasions, but couldn't find any in the town.  
American hotels are lighted by electricity. That's why I  
tried to buy candles. Wanted to read. Landlord of aver-  
age hotel has deep-rooted objection to guest-reading in  
room. Fearful of injuring guest's eyes, likely. If man  
went blind would demand reduced rates because couldn't  
see the dining-room girls. And landlord would charge  
convention rates because man couldn't see what he was  
eating. And consequently would eat it. And hotel loses  
everything guest eats. Blindness never a  
real help to hotels. Sometimes sight of dining-room girl  
takes away appetite. Spectacle of waiter who cleans  
lamps and assists porter between meals coming down  
dining-room with thumb in soup has also effect of paralyz-  
ing swallowing thing. Well, anyhow, "hotel newly refur-  
nished and refitted throughout, and brilliantly lighted with  
electricity," puts electric light of three-quarter-candle  
power in guest's room. Puts it away up in ceiling like  
distant planet. Man wants to read, hauls washstand un-  
der planet, puts chair on top, and sits there, as though  
he was reading to invisible audience. Was reading thrill-  
ing novel in such position one night; just as got to where  
he was going to kill the duke, chair slipped; fell off in se-  
veral directions and jammed foot in water pitcher so tightly  
couldn't get it out. Landlord and clerk came up. Wanted  
them to get hammer and smash pitcher. Landlord refused;  
said it would break set, and he couldn't get it duplicated,  
and suggested that instead of hammer they get ax and  
amputate foot. Scared me so that got cold feet; foot  
shrank, pitcher dropped off, and landlord put item in bill  
"for medical attendance" and \$1 for "misuse of furni-  
ture." Electric light way up in ceiling, no improvement  
on candle on table. Another favorite way of placing electric  
light in hotel-guest room is to hang it on string, just about  
three inches higher than man can reach. Guest comes into  
room in dark. Remembers to have seen electric pendant  
in room. Gropes around room with outspread fingers and  
uplifted hands, and promiscuous language, steps in open  
valise. Knocks everything off bureau feeling for matches.  
Feels all over the grimy wall paper for bell button, which  
is cleverly concealed behind head of bed, and finally goes  
downstairs for matches. Clerk gives him just one. Man  
lights it, sees where lamp is, reaches for it, falls short; goes  
across room for chair. On his way back match burns down  
to thumb and finger. Swears at it, and loses bearings,  
can't find lamp again; climbs on chair and delivers impres-

sive and impassioned address in pantomime, feeling round  
for bulb, gets down and gropes to bed in dark. Candles  
may be semi-obsolete, but they don't belong to dark ages  
like swinging bulb.

One thing impressed me about candle in London, is great  
abundance in room. Every time I come in, want to cele-  
brate high mass, and for life of me can't help bowing when  
I pass before mantelpiece. Feel that I am drifting toward  
Rome. Know I am in fact. Going there next winter.  
Grand, Gloomy and Peculiar.

Near terminus of run railway official entered our com-  
partment. Think he was a duke. Wore blue uniform of  
conventional railway pattern, bright brass buttons, and  
high, slick, shiny silk hat. Took up our tickets. Guess he  
was an archbishop. Or dean. That's it; he was a dean. Never  
but once before did I see such a uniform, and that was at  
Harvard University at commencement. A glorious creature,  
in just such a uniform, with the addition of a gilt belt and  
a gorgeous sword, wearing just such a hat—the highest,  
stickest, shiniest, glossiest silk hat that ever crowned a  
human being—came on the platform, and I fell down dead  
on the floor. Wouldn't that kill you? Then another  
man—if mortal men they were—arrayed like unto him,  
came in and stood beside him, and I got up again. Such an  
apparition would make any corpse get upon his feet. So I  
think the English railway train man in a high, slick,  
shiny hat, who collected our tickets, must have been a  
dean, he took up the collection so naturally. The next  
time I see one I am going to speak to it, if I go to the  
Tower for it. Want to go there, anyhow. Have been up  
Washington Monument and Bunker Hill, and if Tower is  
any higher, be afraid to climb up without parachute.  
Haven't very strong head for high places. On that account  
never stood very high in class at school. Too giddy. Or  
perhaps, as the boys say in these degenerate days, too  
gay. Same thing, I reckon. Only different.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

## SIMPLEST PLOT IN THE WORLD.

[New York Sun:] They were sitting in the club and  
discussing plays and plots and actors and actresses and  
hoc genus omne. Said he, "I rather like these ingenious,  
intricate plots. Now, for instance, I have a great idea for  
a plot. Two men are in love with two girls. Charlie is in  
love with Edith, and Jack is enamoured of Nellie, but Nel-  
lie loves Charlie and Edith loves Jack. This is simple, isn't  
it?"

The friend said it was.

"Well, they all go to a masked ball, Charlie to wear  
the disguise of a harlequin, Jack that of a Boer; Edith  
will appear as Spring, and Nellie as Mary, Queen of Scots.  
Before the ball they all get to know somehow what the  
disguises of the others will be. Then at the last moment  
they reverse the characters, each couple exchanging their  
dresses. Do you follow?"

The friend gasped a reply.

"This means to say that Charley, who was going as a  
harlequin, really goes as a Boer, and so on. Well, Charlie,  
as a Boer, makes love to Nellie, who was going as Mary,  
Queen of Scots, but who is masquerading as Spring; while  
Jack, who was going as a Boer, but who now takes the  
part of a harlequin, devotes himself to Edith, who should  
have gone as Spring, but who has taken Nellie's part of  
Mary, Queen of Scots. Now, to make this plain, you will  
see that I have drawn all the characters on paper, and  
if you will follow these lines which I have made, you will  
see also that, supposing they change dresses before the  
time of unmasking, everything will appear to be right  
when they come face to face. Isn't that so?"

No answer came.

"So that Charlie, who was in the disguise of a Boer,  
now appears as a harlequin, and makes love to Edith, who  
was Mary, Queen of Scots, but is now Spring, while Jack,  
who was a harlequin, is now a Boer, and spoons with Nel-  
lie, who was Spring, but now has taken her right cos-  
tume of Mary, Queen of Scots. Well, when they unmask,  
Charlie, who was a Boer, and who is now a harlequin, can't  
make out why or how Edith, who was to appear as Spring,  
appeared as Mary, Queen of Scots—why, where on earth  
has he gone to?"

The friend had fled from the simplest plot in the world,  
but he may be seen in a certain ward, muttering to him-  
self:

"Now, Charlie went as a Boer, and Jack ought to have  
gone as a harlequin, and Edith went as Spring, and—oh,  
my poor head."

## THE NEIGHBORLY WAY IN WASHINGTON.

[Washington Post:] A young woman of Washington  
birth and rearing, who has made her home for these three  
years past in a small Indiana town, says that for tact  
and diplomacy she knows nobody to equal her neighbors  
out there. She had scarcely settled herself in her new  
home when one day she heard a hen proudly cackling in  
her back yard. She went out to see what could have  
brought a strange hen into her yard, and found that the  
fowl had just laid an egg in the wood-box outside the kitchen  
door. While she was still wondering where on earth the  
creature had come from, the shock head of a thin and tall  
girl of 12 rose over the fence which divided the yard from  
the yard of the house next door.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good morning," answered the Washingtonian.

"We got plenty o' eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw  
says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that wood-  
box o' yours."

"Thank you, very much," said the Washingtonian.

The girl still hung on the fence.

"We ain't goin' to charge you nothin' fer it," she went  
on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few moments. The girl  
still clung to her side of the fence.

"Say," she said finally, "maw says now you're acquainted  
with us folks she'd like to borrow a tack hammer."



# The Garden Spot of the Flowery Kingdom.

**ENGLAND'S GRAB—THE YANGTSE.**  
**ITS STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND**  
**RICH SOURCES OF WEALTH.**  
*By a Special Contributor.*

THE valley of the Yangtse Kiang is well called the Paradise of China. England recognizes that the trunk of a tree is always better than the branches, and while Russia is chopping off the northern limbs of the great falling tree of Cathay and France the southern, England is content that her piece or "sphere of influence" shall be the heart; that part which contains the richest provinces of the empire and the grandest waterway in the world, with perhaps one exception, the mighty Amazon.

The sphere of influence England aims at extends naturally south to Hongkong, embracing the rich tea districts of Fu Kien and Che Kiang, with the two influential and rich cities of Ningpo and Hangchow. The latter city is the terminal of the Grand Canal, and also has direct connection with the island of Chusan.

The valley of the Yangtse comprises at least 800,000

square miles; and the river is navigable for steamers 1050 miles from the sea, while large junks can continue nearly five hundred miles farther, where the rapids above Ichang make it impossible for any but small craft to proceed farther.

The length of this magnificent river is nearly three thousand five hundred miles, with about two thousand miles of its length open to navigation. It taps the interior of this vast empire, and is refreshed and replenished by numerous tributaries and lakes throughout its entire course. Near the coast it intersects the Grand Canal. The canal is of little importance in its present condition, but in the hands of western engineers, with money, it may prove a great factor in the future. The Chinese claim that the source of the Yangtse Kiang River lies in the Tung Ting Lake. This very fact may locate, in the future, the point where the British sphere of influence terminates and where the French begins. The Celestials frequently call the Yangtse, as far west as the lake, the "Tacking," or Great River, but beyond the lake it is entirely known to them as the Chingchow River. The French claim the sphere beyond the lake.

infrequently staves in the battered-down junk and endangers the persistent sightseer and hardened crew. The junks used for traversing these rapids are of a peculiar make and style, differing from all others used on the Chinese waters. They have water-tight compartments that to a measure insure the safety of the people and the cargo, and while the crafts are sometimes damaged, the loss of life is small. The dangers of these passes have been greatly exaggerated.

An estimate of \$60,000 has been given by a British engineer as representing a sufficient amount permanently to improve the New Rapid, one of the most trying places encountered; and the English consider that an expenditure of \$250,000 would be sufficient to clear the rapids so that steamers could pass through the gorges at any time of the year. Steamers could successfully grapple with the current that at present proves a dangerous factor to the Chinese junk. The narrowness of the gorges at many places, together with the abrupt turnings, make the navigation one of difficulty, but not necessarily dangerous.

The towering peaks seem to pierce the clouds as they rise on either side, dressed sometimes in verdure and again

saved. At Biwa boats are floated into a canal up an incline of 120 feet by means of a steam engine worked by an electric motor. This tramway is wholly an American invention, and was placed in order at Biwa by Americans.

A few improvements such as this would make the safe for navigation.

The trip through the gorges is made more interesting by the winding of the river through varied and picturesque portions of open scenery and then suddenly into the ravines that appear more like a tunnel than else. The Lukian gorge is the most striking of this tunnel-like effect, with its vertical walls pressed, pinched-in stream. The other gorges, Wu-shan and Ichang, are longer, but none so impressive as Lukian.

The Yangtse is not provided with channels or permanent buoys. One reason for the neglect of this is the ever-shifting and changing channels. There may be eight to twelve feet deep going up and down each vessel sounds for itself, every trip; and the only permanent buoy placed by the navigation bureau is at E-teo, 350 miles above Hankow, on the Ichang. This section of the Yangtse is far the most interesting; but still there is beautiful and striking scenery throughout the entire length. Much of the beauty is its own, but much is accentuated by the Chinese, who were certainly left as an inheritance the true picturesque. Frequently a high crag is crowned by a pagoda or a sloping hill, terraced and beautified by a magnificent temple, and the scene is enhanced by many flowers.

One of the most striking examples of the ability in the beautifying of landscape is the Imperial Palace, erected at Iseu-Shan, near the Yangtse River. The situation is a high, rocky cliff, where can be effected at one point only, and where the palace, temples, and different buildings are reached by countless steps. Yet it has been turned into one of the most picturesque and charming retreats in the world. An artistic pavilion hangs upon the very precipitous rock, the crags terraced and carved into roundings of beauty, with a graceful pagoda against the blue sky as a crowning effect. Nothing more romantic, artistic, graceful and picturesque than this residence of the imperial ruler of the Chinese. The effort was made to convert this island into a beauty and with unparalleled success.

Another remarkable instance where the Chinese picturesqueness with utility was in the construction of a bridge at the West Gate of Ching-Keang-Foo. The Imperial Canal enters the Yangtse Kiang. Here, on a one-arched noble structure, was crowned by thatched cottages, gracefully moored to the land, creating a picture so charming and perfect that the holder must recognize the artistic effect.

In the capture of Nanking, the west gate was destroyed by fire, and the close proximity of this bridge made it impossible not to damage it.

The vast volume of water within the banks of the Yangtse and its tributaries would enable enterprise to turn this already productive valley into a valuable limited bank account. At the mouth of this grand river is Shanghai, the London of China. Here the merchant is in the ascendancy and British trade is in the ascendency. From a total tonnage of 7,569,000 tons of goods over 4,590,000 was English. Little wonder that Britain is so keen to obtain supreme control of the already within her grasp. Shanghai, with a population of 500,000, is the most important trading port in China, as it is the leading emporium. It does not sit on the sea, nor directly at the mouth of the river, but is connected by both through the Wusong. It is situated fourteen miles from the mouth of the river, and at the conflux of that river with the Yangtse. By means of both streams it is connected with the Grand Canal. Its position is frequently compared with



IMPERIAL PALACE AT TSEAO-U-SHAN.

presenting glistening, snowy, marble-like effects or showing a soft, tinted limestone that reflects every hue of the departing sun.

Entering the gorges for the first time, the traveler almost fears to place his life in the hands of the pilot. The narrow walls of the deep, dark ravine are filled with a humid and strange atmosphere, made muggy by the splashing water and strange by the beetling cliffs that tower above the roaring, tumbling torrent which fills the entire passage and dashes against each projecting rock with such violent energy as to inspire the beholder with a feeling of thankfulness that it is not the junk that is being thus tried against nature's strength.

Where the rapids are encountered there is sometimes a fall of from five to six feet in a distance of 800 feet. The daily rise and fall of the river at Ichang ranges from 59 to 132 inches in twenty-four hours. If a system of navigation similar to that used on Lake Biwa in Japan were instituted at these rapids much time and labor would be

presenting glistening, snowy, marble-like effects or showing a soft, tinted limestone that reflects every hue of the departing sun.

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Naturally many large and important towns are located on the shores of this mighty river. At the mouth of it is situated Shanghai, the commercial doorway of China. About two hundred miles up the river lies Nanking, the ancient capital, and the city that may receive the honor of housing the Son of Heaven a second time, if reports prove true. Chinkiang, Wuhu, Kiukiang, are all important towns on the Yangtse; but perhaps the one that will prove the most important in the future is Hankow, owing to its advantageous position. Situated at the conflux of the Yangtse and the Han rivers, and in direct and close communication with Tung Ting Lake, which is the gateway to the rich province of Hunan, Hankow, together with the two smaller towns of Hanyang and Wuchang that lie opposite it, may already be considered as carrying the keys to nine provinces of China. The connecting waterways and the direction that trade has taken give foundation for this belief.

The anticipation of the English is to control the influence as far as Ichang, thus including the Tung Ting Lake; but as the French and Russian are already comfortably located in Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang, and not infrequently upon the homestead of some Britisher, therefore the anticipated contention of ground between Hankow and Ichang.

Between Ichang and Kui Chau, a distance of 150 miles, lie the famous gorges or rapids of the Yangtse. There is perhaps no grander scenery in the world than is here presented, the river flowing between lofty peaks that ascend heavenward one thousand feet or more, in perpendicular ascent. For miles the contracted channel allows room for only small junks carefully to pick a precarious way through volumes of water gushing with violent energy that not



WEST GATE OF CHING-KEANG-FOO.



Shanghai. It stands in the midst of a fertile plain, surrounded by three miles of wall, pierced by six gates leading into the suburbs, where many of the wealthy natives live. The quarters are guarded by a ditch twenty feet wide. The European quarters at Shanghai are the most modern and the native town the dirtiest, in all the Orient. The narrow, dark alleys, barely eight feet wide, swarming with unsavory-looking Chinamen, appear foreboding to the foreigner and cause him to hesitate before taking the Chinaman's word that "he is all right." Many timid persons remain in the foreign quarters, and see only the real commercial part of this important city. Others are braver, and under the close passages, to find tiny shops filled with rich goods and commodities, porcelain, tea, ready-made clothes, umbrellas, brooms, expensive furs, and bamboo pipes of all kinds and shapes. All people must travel through these alleys in Indian style, single file, for more frequently than not the vendor has appropriated the entire street for his stall, fruit, pork and vegetables, leaving you to pick your way through a mass of filth, and on these articles; with a feeling of relief if your stomach is able to endure the test. The class of cookery are with you always; for the poor man carries his kitchen with him, and at every step dining-rooms, tea-houses and baki shops thrust their attention upon you.

The Chinese storehouses, warehouses, granaries and general wholesale departments are in larger and better buildings than the general quarters for all Chinese. The first row along the water front and accessible, while the latter are crowded together and are of mean appearance. They are built of blue mud brick, improperly burnt and unfinished, dirty, gloomy, and wholly unattractive. The inhabitants are not a whit from our own Chinese; courteous, indolent, but kind.

The trade of Shanghai is in the hands of the British, American, German and Japanese. But, as before mentioned, more than one-half of it passes through the hands of the Chinese. However, America cannot be indifferent to this market for her exports. One of the principal items of trade to this mart is cotton goods and yarn. In the last ten years the United States has increased her interest in the importation of cotton goods into China by 131 per cent. in quantity and 59 1-2 per cent. in value; while, on the other hand, the interest of Great Britain and India in similar goods has decreased 13 3-4 per cent. in quantity and 8 per cent. in value. This one item alone proves the value of the Chinese trade to us.

South of Shanghai and within the sphere of influence claimed by the English lie the rich districts of Che Kiang and Pu Kien. In the former lie the stirring and important towns of Hang Chow and Ningpo; while Pu Kien is one of the richest tea provinces of China. Coal abounds in the Valley of the Yangtze, and a great portion of it is the best, shining anthracite so prized by Americans. Iron is also found in quantities, and it frequently runs 75 per cent. on. The persistence with which the Chinese have pushed foreigners from working mines of any kind in China has kept this resource of their kingdom to a great degree shrouded in uncertainty. However, the fact is well known that great beds of coal, iron, copper, zinc, and even some ordinary and mercury, are found in many provinces of the empire. Many of these minerals, together with some gold, have been found in the Yangtze Kiang Valley, especially in the province of Hunan. Unfortunately, this province is the most anti-foreign in all China. A circumstance that occurred two years ago shows the feeling of the inhabitants. In June, 1898, a gold-mining company of Hunanese Chinese bought from the Huntington Milling Company (American) several mills completely outfitted for gold milling, at a cost of \$200,000. Naturally the company wanted to send men out to put up the mills and adjust them. But the Chinese absolutely refused to have the foreigners come to the mines, preferring to work out the adjustment of this intricate machinery rather than permit a white man to visit their gold diggings. The following year the Huntington firm sent out a representative to learn how the mills were doing. He was assured by the Chinese that everything was working satisfactorily, but they would not allow him to go and see.

The Americans have obtained the concession to build 600 miles of railway, running through this province of Hunan south to Canton, but just what good this concession is can hardly be apparent at present; more than that it joins the 100 miles of concession on the way to Hankow obtained by the English. It is known as the Hankow-Canton Railway concession, and considered an Anglo-American syndicate. It will pass through Changsha, the capital of Hunan, and will certainly be very valuable when built.

Besides the minerals of this district there is an extensive trade in wool and feathers, matches, silk, gull nuts and "muck and truck"—the seamen's name for "hides, bristles and bone." The business is very lucrative and largely engaged in throughout China.

It is interesting to know that the "bristle" business in China was first started by a Protestant missionary in order to afford employment for his converts. The bristles were shipped to England and other western ports.

Wheat can be grown in the Upper Yangtze Valley by sowing the seed on the receding water during the summer floods, and without tillage or fertilizing immense crops are harvested, owing to the rich alluvial soil deposited by the flood. The Chinese government prohibits the exportation of grain; but should England gain control of this country, the wheat industry would spring up like a mushroom and unfairly compete with the American flour trade in China. England has 64 per cent. of all the foreign trade of China, while America has but 8 per cent., although she leads in the exportation of flour, kerosene and machinery. Our present trade with China is but a foretaste of what the future would be with the "open-door" policy established, instead of the "sphere of influence"—or literal dismemberment of China—that seems so imminent.

Should the capital of China be transferred to the beautiful old site of Nanking, it would but add the crowning link to the Yangtze's chain of wealth, as trade and luxury exist and increase where royalty abides. Nanking seems the natural place for the imperial court, for it is accessible by land and water from all quarters; it is centrally located, and is susceptible of perfect defense. It is not located directly on the banks of the Yangtze Kiang, but is connected with it by a long canal that runs directly

under the walls of the city. It is laid out somewhat like the city of Peking. It has four rather wide parallel avenues, intersected by other narrow ones. The avenues are well paved and clean; but the city as a whole gives the impression of departed glory. Much of the land inside the city walls is cultivated pasture, with tumble-down ruins strewn over the fields. Despite this melancholy appearance Nanking has extensive manufactories of fine satin and crape, nankeen cloth, paper, and an exceptionally fine quality of ink. The making of artificial flowers is a lucrative trade in this ancient capital—and, in fact, Nanking may be called the Paris of China, for whenever an article is pronounced superior it is at once said to be from Nanking. The city is also noted for its literary proclivities.

However, Suchau, a city but a short distance from Nanking, exceeds the latter in size and wealth. Its fine manufactories of silk, cotton and linen, its workshops of ivory, iron, horn, wood and glass, are some of the sources of its wealth. Its people are prosperous and happy, and they regard their city as the richest and most beautiful in the kingdom. There is an old saying, "That to be happy on earth one must be born in Suchau, live in Canton and die in Lianchau, for in the first city are the handsomest people, in the second the most costly luxuries, and in the third the best coffins."

HARRY FORBES.

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## JAPAN IN THE CHINESE CRISIS.

THROUGH THE JAPANESE EYE.

By Adachi Kinnosuke.

"THE WILLINGNESS of Japan"—so runs a wise line of a witty American weekly—"to do the main fighting in China and the willingness of the other powers to have her do it are significant." But significant things are getting rather too common in these, our latter days. For example: There came from an enlightened source, and therefore, not Japanese, a report to the effect that the forces of the Western powers looked thoroughly trained and well-appointed and well-equipped—before the Japanese army came upon the field. I have said that the report did not come from a Japanese source. Significant thing No. 1. Brave, gallant, with the adjective-starred history stretching away into the much-storied past, those European armies were at the capture of Taku forts. And they did a good work that gave rich and thrilling colors to the newspapers of the world. But somehow the first who were over the walls of the forts were the army uniform of the "little island heathendom" they say. And they tell me also that there was no adamantine pre-arrangement and understanding among the soldiers of many lands that the Japanese should be the first to enter the forts and capture them. Significant thing No. 2. Have you read of the capture of the Tien-Tsin castle? That most elaborate and extensive account of it that was read before the House of Commons by the Parliamentary Secretary for the Foreign Office, which runs its wordy way something like the following:

"On the morning of July 14, the Japanese blew up the gate and entered the city, the others following." The special correspondent of Jiji-Shimbo (Tokio, Japan), could have condensed his stuff into two lines. As a matter of fact, however, he did not. And the following is his story of the fall of the Tien-Tsin Castle—only, I have tried to condense it with more or less success:

The allies were a bird of many colors. The Japanese in the center, British as to the left wing, and as to the right, French. It flew, nevertheless, with a will. The mad and muddy march of the allies, on the 13th of July, however, got chilled, lost its enthusiasm, and halted all of a sudden at the cold, slimy grin of a deep castle moat, fifty meters in width. And the Chinese on the other side of the muddy deep mistook the allies wading through the mud for so many ugly herons. It is a mistake that they lack the dash of the sportsman, those Chinese; and it was made manifest that the heathen bullets could be made very annoying to the Christian wading parties. On the morning of the 14th the allies in general and the Japanese in particular, were very nervous. They thought that the dawn was a slow-footed vagabond and despaired to wait for it. At about 3 a.m. the Chinese bullets were searching a band of Japanese engineers in the shadow of the south gate of the castle. The engineers were there with the instruction to blow open the gate; and thinking very seriously of their mission, they forgot to think of such trifling and altogether too common annoyances as bullets and death. The gate was dynamited and all was ready. That is, as man looked at it. But a tantalizing divinity thought otherwise and he rode a stray bullet and cut his humorless way through the wire of the electric fuse. Meanwhile the Chinese bullets were becoming too thick for any gambler to take chances with them. Men were falling all around. From behind the army was pressing forward to enter the castle; and why should it expect to see a formidable gate locked and barred in front of them? Has it not sent ahead a band of Japanese engineers? No time to waste, and there was no telling how many more lives it would have cost to arrange the wire again in the shower of demented bullets. "Set fire to it with matches!" cried a voice. I see the Tokio Jiji-Shimbo prints the name of Takamori Torakichi in a large type, the private soldier who blew the ruin of the south gate of the Tien-Tsin castle into history and himself into a heroic memory, had answered to that. Takamori ought to have been an American; in that case he most securely insured against the Hobsonian calamity of having his fame kissed off. When the sun-round flag waved at top of the castle gate, and Japanese national anthem thundered down upon the ruin and the blood, the British, American, and French soldiers swarmed to shake the hands of the Japanese soldiers—that was a beautifully touching thing for them to do. But, again, so far as I can gather from the

anything that forbade the other powers to blow open the gate and enter the castle ahead of the Japanese. Significant thing No. 3.

And the following is a dispatch to the New York Herald, reporting the march of August 5:

"The plan was that the Japanese should occupy the extreme left, supported by the British and Americans on the right, and the Russians across the river. The British and Americans came up late, remaining in the rear.

"The Japanese firing line spread from our extreme left to the river. They carried three series of Chinese trenches, killing several hundred Chinese troops. About 150 Japanese were killed or wounded.

"With the Japanese still leading and advancing beyond the village of Peitsan, the other troops were unable to catch up. Four thousand Japanese were in the fight yesterday, and nine guns were captured. In the advance Gen. Fukushima's plan was followed."

What! the newspaper brave and bugle-blatant Western forces "came up late, remaining in the rear!" And is it possible, oh, ye gods! that when the Japanese did the fighting and the clearing of the way, and leading and marching, the "other troops were unable to catch up?" I may be wrong, but I count this as significant thing No. 4.

In the face of all these things the London Spectator becomes beautifully wise:

"Russia would like to wait until her trans-Siberian line is complete, but that is the very reason why Japan will avoid waiting, and may regard a quarrel between Russia and China as her best opportunity. Her preparations are very nearly complete. Her new fleet is ready, and her army, which observers reckon at one-half million men, is as well prepared as it is likely to become. What the real worth of that army is no European accurately knows. It is numerous. It is composed of brave men, and it is sure to be well supplied, but whether it has the energy and persistence necessary for a successful conflict with a European state is still uncertain. The result of the war with China is an unsafe guide, for China was hopelessly disorganized, and her army worm-eaten with corruption, while the Japanese had probably been preparing for years. The statesmen of Tokio may find that there is some quality in Europeans, with which their own men are unable to contend, and may learn too late the value of Marshal von Moltke's saying, 'That discipline can only be fully tested by defeat.'"

And so, let me put the European self-complacency as significant thing No. 5.

### A SECRETARY WITH A SINECURE.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "But how about fellows who can't write?" asked a guest who had listened to the clerk's little homily; "don't they sometimes make a scrawl just for a bluff?" "Yes, I've known that to be done," replied the clerk, smilingly, "but not often. A man who can't write finds it very difficult to make even a scrawl, and he generally gets out of registering by throwing the blame on the pen. 'I can't use a thing like this,' he will say; 'haven't you got a broad stub?' Nothing in the rack will answer, and knowing by that time how the land lays I volunteer to register for him. Hotels entertain a good many people who can't write, and the bad-pen comedy is engaged quite frequently. Of course, the clerk has to be very careful not to let the guest suspect that he is on to the dodge, for such folks are very sensitive about their educational infirmities. I once knew a man who paid \$2000 a year solely to keep hotel clerks from knowing that he couldn't write his own name. He began life as a day laborer, drifted out West and made a fortune through leasing a supposed worthless mine in Montana. When he accumulated about \$150,000 he sold out and started to travel and have a good time. He was naturally shrewd, but he had never had a particle of schooling, and dodging registers at new hotels became the chief worry of his life. At first he used to tie up his hand in a handkerchief and pretend it was hurt, but he realized that the trick was pretty transparent, and at last he employed a young newspaper man at \$100 a month to travel with him as his 'secretary.' The ex-miner never sent or received any letters, he didn't care for reading, and the secretary's one and only duty was to sign hotel registers. They would walk in together and the young chap would say, deferentially, 'Shall I do the registering for us both, colonel?' 'If you please,' his boss would reply, and he would thereupon write 'Col. — and secretary, Montana.' Then he could go off and play until they got ready to leave town. It was the softest job in the universe. He held it for several years—in fact, until his patron succeeded in drinking himself to death."

### NEW ENGLAND'S "OLD HOME WEEK."

[New York World:] Initiated by New Hampshire and seconded by Maine, the "Old Home Week" seems to be taking firm root as an annual observance in the New England States.

Those States have been in a conspicuous degree the seed States of Greater America. The West and the Far West are their children and grandchildren. Beginning far back in the days when the prairies were first tracked by their canvas-covered trains of emigrant wagons, the sons and daughters of New England have poured steadily westward for sixty years. They have taken with them wherever they have gone, the honest, sturdy, intelligent, liberty-loving and law-abiding ideas of their Yankee forefathers. All over Ohio and the Middle West, across the Rockies and clear to the Golden Gate, they have carried the principles, the habits, the laws and the customs of "the land of the Pilgrim's pride." Thus the whole continent, from ocean to ocean, has been leavened with the leaven of the six old States where the first town meeting was held and the first schoolhouse built in America.

As a nation we cultivate the material side of things too much, the sentimental side too little. The example set by New Hampshire and Maine of holding an "Old Home Week" once a year, and calling home their emigrant people from every corner of the Union to join in celebrating the ancestral memories as well as the present glories of the mother commonwealth, is worthy of general adoption. Every one of the original thirteen States should have its



# Staging in the Heart of the Sierras.

**T**HE stage coach is a vanishing factor in the West. It has climbed the height, gone over the edge, and in a few years will exist only in fiction. It is unknown in the fertile valleys, pulsing with life and commerce, that are bound together by the telegraph. Far away in the mountains, remote from cities, the stage coach still exists, and those who wish to enjoy the romance of summer travel, eschew the moving railway train and learn to appreciate the nature and constructive art by a season of stage riding. The stage roads of the Sierras are the most beautiful in the world, and the drivers of the California stage are the survivors of the Argonauts. Clean-cut, intelligent, they handle their four or six-horse teams with



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skill. They make hair-raising turns around cliffs where a miscalculation would mean fatality; they are plucky and muscular heroes, fine types of manly and intelligent men.

The Yosemite Valley is the Mecca of the California summer stager. From all parts of this great State, indeed, from all parts of the world, thousands of people travel every summer over the stage roads of the Sierras, this far-famed gorge. From Northern California most of the tourists enter the Yosemite over the Big Oak Flat and the Tioga roads, but nearly all go out by the Wawona and the Tioga roads, and one of the loveliest roads of the Sierras. It seems a strange thing that the government should permit private ownership of this road into the national park, but such is the case. It is to be hoped that in the near future some steps will be taken by the government to purchase this private interest in the public main and maintain it free to all.

To many persons the idea of a seventy-mile stage ride is appalling, yet the seventy miles stretching from Raymond station, the railway terminus, and the Yosemite are full of inspiration and pleasure. Those who love the

(1) "BOWLING ALONG." (2) ON SIGNAL PEAK. (3) A CHANGE OF HORSES. (4) A DUST-ENVELOPED STAGECOACH. (5) THROUGH "WAWONA" BIG TREE. (6) THE START FROM



the silver remains in the memory as a priceless treasure.

Leaving Los Angeles in the evening, the arrival is made only in the afternoon of the following day. The journey is through the San Fernando valley, across the Tehachas, into the San Joaquin valley, whence a short line diverges northward to Raymond, a rich mining region of the State.

At Raymond at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in a stage drawn by four horses—which bend to their work with such spirit that it is a pleasure to ride behind them—the journey into wonderland is begun. The stage is a comfortable, covered vehicle, with four seats, capable of accommodating twelve or fourteen persons.

At an elevation of about nine hundred feet above the level, and the road to the National Park winds through the hills, that are covered with grass and chaparral, and the mountain valleys starred with wild flowers and wild oaks. As we advance the hills become steeper, the oaks thicker, and the oaks are mingled with pines, and again we hear the brawling of a stream.

At a high canon, from which it emerges muddy and stained with "chocolate," and upon the hillsides we see other signs of the gold country. Here and there are mills and small mining towns of the "49" kind, Grub Gulch.

Coming on through the foothills we leave them at last and enter the pine woods. The late afternoon sun is shining through the dark branches, scatters fairy gold upon the ground, and touches with splendor the coronals of the pines, that tower proudly from the cañons in the shape of sentinels, like a guarding army. Up and up, through the pines and oaklands and chaparral we toil, then down the base of hills, through almost level stretches of meadow, then up again and down and round and round, over many a mile, until we see below us in the evening the broad, level meadow where the hay lies piled in long bays, and the white walls of the inn of Ahwahnee.

We have changed horses twice upon this twenty-two-mile drive, and have come at a pace that has kept our spirits glowing with delight. We have seen ahead of us, on every ridge and open glade, range upon range of mountains, rising upon one another like waves of the sea. And then the crests of these Titanic blue waves are crowned with foam, the perpetual snows of the high Sierras. The snow slopes are so tufted with pines that we have the feeling that we might cast ourselves outward into space and float into these feathery plumes as into a bed of down. Beauty and beauty are upon every side, and in their midst the humble life of bird and weed and flower, the lowly things without which the world, with all its sublimity of grand scenery would lack completeness. Cotton-tail rabbits cross the road and scurry to cover, quail which in and out among the rocks, a long-tailed wood-creeper crosses the road before us, quail call from the thickets, making their love trysts, and far away a robin tells his farewell to the setting sun.

With these sights and sounds fresh in our consciousness, Ahwahnee comes upon our vision as a pleasant picture for the end of this day's chapter of joy. The driver cracks the whip, the horses fling up their heads, and we roll up to the windows of the little hotel in fine style, hardly comprehending that we have accomplished nearly one-third of our journey. Ahwahnee, "Deep Valley," is so surrounded by heights and walled in with mountains that only the pure pine-scented air and sense of invigorating freshness make us realize that it is 3700 feet above sea level.

"Ah-wah-nee," the name lingers upon the tongue, the most Indian syllables breathing music. Such speckled loveliness and beautiful order as reign in that little hotel. Roses bloom about the door, roses glow on every table-draped table in the dining-room. Roses smile from the set in rare Indian baskets in parlors and halls, and the blush on the cheeks and lips of the fair-faced landlady who bids us welcome, and dusts us carefully with a feather duster before we enter.

Early in the morning we are awakened by what we at first think is the sound of innumerable hammers, tapping carpets, but listening more closely we find it is made by woodpeckers upon the roof. We remember that we must be ready to resume our "career upon the stage" at 7 o'clock, yet the windows lure us, the morning light upon the peaks of the woods, the shady road stretching away into the distance charm the eye, and refreshed by the sleep that is found only in the pure air of the mountains, we don our clothes, absorb certain creature comforts, and clamber to our box seat. At 7 o'clock promptly all are ready. The driver flourishes his whip and chirrup to his horses, we wave adieu to the landlady, and make the start, congratulating ourselves upon a certain fat hamper of good things that is stowed beneath the back seat, for we are to lunch at frisco and to reach Wawona by dinner time.

Such radiant gardens of bloom and beauty, shaded by pines, do we pass through on our way to Wawona. There are miles and miles of azuleas, perfuming the wood, growing golden yellow in the sunlight and snow-white in the shade. The bear clover covers the ground with its fern-like leaves and delicate white blossoms. The fringed gentian nods by the roadside like an imprisoned bit of the sky. The Indian paint brush, with its green spikes dabbled with scarlet, flaunts itself everywhere. The "blue bell," the blue deer brush, the white-flowered dogwood, the dark-stemmed manzanita, the yellow-blossomed grasswood, all are here in their full glory, for it is early July. Columbine and fuchsia, clematis and brodiaea, lupinus, lilies, and a thousand gay vagrants of the floral world mingle here and riot in a feast of color and odor that makes the Sierra-woods a paradise for the botanist.

Now we sing and shout in pure exuberance of spirit as we dash around curves and labor up steep, and how we speculate what would happen should we meet at certain dangerous places in the road such great "freighter" wagons, heavily laden with staves, as we have met at other portions of the road not so dangerous and passed always in safety because of the skill of our driver, who knows how to estimate the space on the road to an inch, how to back our four horses until a broader spot is reached, how to

turn so just to avoid the hubs of the passing wagon, which hug the mountain side so closely that its wheels grind against it. At these times we feel little thrills as we look over precipices down into fearsome cañons, and wonder how far we would fall should the turn prove a failure. But it never does, and we keep secret our shivers.

Our spirits are at their height as our stage sweeps down around a curve, and at the bottom comes suddenly upon a six-horse freighter drawn close up against the side of the hill waiting for us to pass. "Now you will see some hair-splitting driving," we say. The driver calculates the road nicely, speaks to his horses, bends forward and deftly turns out so that our outer wheels are but an inch from the edge of the grade. We are perfectly confident, for a better "whip" never held the lines. He, too, is confident, but cautious as usual. Our "near" leader, a beautiful gray mare that has been in high fettle all the morning, shies suddenly, bringing the end of the whistle bar against the inner circle of the hub of the loaded wagon, where it sticks fast. Then she jumps backward, feeling the bar against her legs, and begins to kick. How her heels do fly! The driver speaks soothingly, but it is of no use. The coach sways upon the brink. "Jump ladies at once to the left!" the driver says in a low even tone. The men are already out, and are attempting to get round to the heads of the new maddened horse. We wait no second bidding but spring over the wheels to the ground and can back a few paces to be out of the way. The driver jumps too, just as the "off" leader loses his balance; and as the coach topples he swings the wheelers sidewise as they too, go over, unable by bracing themselves and digging their hoofs into the road to prevent the catastrophe. The vehicle falls upon its side, breaking somewhat the force of their descent.

Never for a moment losing his hold upon the lines the driver falls, scrambles and is dragged down twenty feet or so to the little terrace where the horses lie, and in some inexplicable manner gets the lead team again on its feet almost before the wheelers have time to groan or move a leg where they lie. He realizes that the terrace shelves down into a deep cañon, and should the horses get to their feet and attempt to run, the coach, dragging on its side, would strike against the trees, the horses would inevitably fall again and be killed or maimed.

There is a newspaper man of the party. He is first on his feet when the danger threatens, but at the instant of the simultaneous jump of the passengers he sees that the coach must go and that we are in the presence of what may prove a tragedy. He carries his camera always ready for anything that may turn up, and now snaps it on the struggling horses and falling coach, flings it from him upon a bank, rushes to the rescue—and is down the slope, working with might and main to extricate the horses from their peril, before the rest of us have really "sensed" what has happened.

A couple of herdsmen with a drove of cattle now come upon the scene, and with the aid of their lariats, the united efforts of the gentlemen of our party, the driver of the loaded wagon and our own driver, a successful attempt is made to lift the coach back to the road. The newspaper man confides to us afterward that he has always had an ambition to "elevate the stage," and is convinced that nothing but ropes, used where they will do the most good, will ultimately succeed.

At last our vehicle, with a new king-bolt replacing that broken by the accident and with a rope binding a bent spring, is ready for a new start. Our hamper of lunch, a shapeless ruin, is left behind, but everything else is safe and sound, though the top of the stage looks tipsy and battered. The gray mare hangs her head as if she knew that she is eternally disgraced, as she is, for when we change horses, a few miles farther on, she is retired forever from the road, her career blighted by her own folly.

The road grows more enchanting as we proceed, the trees more Cyclopean in size, the flowers lovelier in hue and of greater variety. The Mariposa lily begins to appear, and the butterfly-winged lily of the Sierra woods that John Muir, the high priest of the California mountains, calls "a flower saint." At Fish Camp we come upon a glorious trout stream, bubbling over boulders and rushing down a cañon. There are campers in the woods near by, and whipping the stream with his fly is a fisherman who knows sport and is enjoying it to the full. Here we purchase some canned meats and a loaf of bread for our luncheon, which we take at Four Mile, where we change horses and vehicles for the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

We are now so accustomed to the sight of huge trees that we are hardly as much astounded as we should be when we come upon the famous "Big Trees" of the Mariposa Grove, the giants of the Sierra wilderness. On this day's drive, which has been through the noblest forests in the world, we have seen junipers, cedars, pines, silver fir, every variety of Sierra conifer. At "Four Mile," which is 5000 feet above the sea, we are surrounded by gigantic pines and cedars, any one of them alone making a notable feature in any landscape. Standing together by the hundreds and thousands, yet never crowded, with spaces of many feet between them, seen from a little distance or from above, the trees of these forests seem almost to touch one another, and their beauty and dignity rouse a peculiar feeling of awe in the beholder.

What shall we say of the great sequoias, the trees that were growing when Jerusalem was being built, the trees that were growing when Troy and Uruah and Babylon were in their glory? What shall we say, too, condemnatory enough of those who would cut up for lumber such patriarchs of a vanished world, the sole survivors upon the earth of the giant forests that were before man was earth of the giant forests that were before man was created? As we sit beneath the shade of "The Grizzly Giant," we brood silently upon the changes in the world of men since this tree first raised its crown to the sun.

"Why?" is the question we involuntarily ask in the presence of nature, feeling our own littleness.

Thou madest man, I know not why.  
I know he was not made to die,  
And Thou hast made him. Then art just.

To see the view from Wawona point we ascend the mountain upon which the sequoias grow and look out upon a glory of woods and peaks, of tree-clad heights and sun-

lit valleys. Here we catch the first full prospect of the Sierras and the Yosemite summits. The varying greens of the foliage and the lovely Wawona meadows and intervening slopes could not be depicted on canvas by the world's most clever artists. Mountains dark with pines form the guarding walls of Wawona, the "Valley of the Big Trees," that lies far below us, the Merced, shimmering on its emerald breast like a silver chain.

The Merced, the River of Mercy, a broad, clear, cold stream, born in the snows of the high Sierras, cradled in beauty and singing from very gladness thereof, leaps into Wawona by a double plunge from lofty precipices, forming the upper and lower Chinualina falls, and makes its tuneful way through the valley.

It is twilight when our stage draws up to the Wawona Hotel, and covered with dust, tired, hungry and happy, we check off forty-four miles of our ride ere we take the bath that makes us as good as new. After a delicious dinner we seat ourselves upon the broad veranda and give ourselves up to content. The moon is rising above the pines and silencing the fountain playing in the little park in front of the hotel. The song of the Merced is borne to us upon cool balsamic breezes. As we turn our eyes to the forest and incline our ear to the monotone of the river we murmur, "Oh, rest ye, brother traveler, why should we wander more?"

Yet early morning finds us again climbing. We have temporarily abandoned the stage for a stout mountain "spring wagon," for there is no stage going to Signal Peak today, and for Signal Peak we are bound, for we are told that nowhere in the Sierras is there a more extended and satisfying prospect, nowhere in these mountains such a panorama as may be seen as from this point.

We pass through ferny solitudes, over rippling streams, through magnificent woods. On the government reserves these woods clothe the mountains thickly, but we are reckless of our forest wealth, and it is rapidly being destroyed. Thousands of acres might now be purchased by the government from private owners, where, in a few years, not a tree will be left standing that is fit for lumber. These mountains are natural reservoirs, and it can easily be foreseen what will happen when they are denuded of timber, how their death will be death also to the fertile valleys of the interior. There are hundreds of slopes in the Sierras that bear witness of what may be expected on the borders of our National Park if this forest destruction is continued. Regions of great natural beauty that owe their attractiveness to forest growth should be protected by national ownership, and Signal Peak deserves the consideration that has been extended to our public domain.

Our way leads us through nine miles of varied loveliness, until we are nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Two hundred feet from the summit we alight to complete the ascent on foot. On the way we step into a cleft in a huge rock overhanging a wild gorge and listen to the hymn of the pines. Nowhere in the Sierras is this music grander. It is as if all the pine songs of the range were gathered into a mighty anthem. Swelling and rolling, now soft as a sigh, now like the shout of charging thousands, it comes upon the ear, rising into a crashing crescendo, diminishing to a mournful whisper. Standing here in the fresh sweet summer morning, we can yet imagine what that music must be when fierce winter reigns upon these heights, when rain and tempest lash the pines to frenzy. It would be worth a year of calm weather to hear the voice of the storm god from this pinnacle on some angry winter night.

Climbing to the summit we resolutely keep our eyes upon the trail. We want all the view at once, so will not nibble at it. Arrived at the top we look up and out, and involuntarily say, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him!" We are standing upon the rim of the universe. The world is literally at our feet. A circle of mountain crests, complete to where the coast range fades into the blue distance, forms the edge of the concave of the over-arching blue of the sky. Half of that circle of peaks is tipped with snow, and above them white clouds float, their shapes reflected in shadow on the slopes. Cloud's Rest, Glacier Point, El Capitan, Liberty Cap, all the Yosemite Titans are plainly distinguishable. Mt. Whitney stands pale and ghostly against the sky, every summit of the high Sierras is in view, and away to the west the phantom mountains of the coast emerge from the haze beyond the golden gray of the San Joaquin Valley, whose rivers show upon its surface like delicate blue veins.

The distant view, with its indescribable majesty, long claims us. Here we see the National Park in its comprehensiveness, and for the first time realize how stupendous are its mountains. No other prospect we see afterward on this never-to-be-forgotten journey is like this. We look, afterward, over the Sierras from Inspiration Point and Glacier Point and many others, but this has a unity of view surpassing them all. Gradually we take note of the intervening distance, the forests, the green meadows, the fair vale of Wawona at our feet, with its little jewel of a lake and its silver river, its ravishing tints of verdure and foliage. Gradually we gather the meaning of this matchless landscape, and then we look at the flag floating from the Signal Peak and think of this noble State of California, of this whole wide land with its beauty and wealth and opportunity, and with swelling heart and tear-moistened eyes we say to ourselves, "Who is there who would not gladly die for such a land, or bravely live for it and serve it with his life and fortune and his sacred honor!"

A volume might be written of staging in the Sierras. I should like to relate the beauties of the ride through the National Park, of the afternoon journey from Glacier Point to Wawona through a golden forest, where the tree trunks, covered with bright, yellow-green moss, show eighteen feet upon their mighty flanks the mark of snow and winter stress. I should like to speak of the green glacial meadows where the rarest and loveliest flowers grow a few feet from the snow, of the strange, enchanting night silences and the splendors of the dawn through which the traveler in the Sierras wanders. I should grow garrulous, I fear, over trout fishing and hunting in the Wawona woods, and the restful calm of the days within their depths. If you will go staging some summer in the Sierras, you may enjoy all these for yourselves.

LOU V. CHAPIN.



## CLIFF DWELLINGS.

TRACES OF PREHISTORIC MAN IN  
NEW MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

**N**ORTHWESTERN New Mexico is becoming known as one of the most interesting sections of our country. For the student of history and archaeology it possesses peculiar charms.

The land rises in a succession of terraces. These terraces are intersected with many deep gashes, forming narrow cañons, with walls of basalt, lava, or tufa and red sandstone. The lower terrace, from a lack of water, is practically a desert, almost destitute of tree and shrub. The second terrace is of considerable extent, embracing thousands of acres, covered with pine and cedar. The third terrace is of a light, ash-colored tufa, and rises abruptly from 150 to 300 feet above the plateau. The first 100 or 150 feet is a steep slope, covered with debris of volcanic ash. The next 50 or 100 feet is nearly vertical. In the soft rock thousands of cliff or cave dwellings have been dug. The distant view shows only dark spots on the face of the gray cliffs, but on coming nearer the openings become distinct and a few show the entrance surrounded by a wall of masonry.

Of these abodes of a prehistoric people one of the largest and most interesting is found in the Pajarito Cañon, to the west of the Rio Grande, about thirty-five miles from Santa Fé. Dr. George L. Cole and Fay C. Cole have just returned from a two months' archaeological research in this section. They located several very large buildings, made a careful study of the buildings and mounds, and were rewarded by a fine collection of stone implements, pottery, skeletons, etc. We give our readers a brief account of their find in the Pajarito Cañon.

This cliff is over a mile long, and the west and south face is filled with dwellings or cavite lodges, as they are sometimes called. The doors are low and narrow; the entrance, must be made by stooping, sometimes by crawling on the hands and knees. These rooms are mostly circular in form, resembling the half of an egg-shell, the highest point being in the center. They are from 8 to 19 feet in diameter, 5 to 7 feet high. From some of the larger rooms smaller ones lead off, entered by a narrow, oval opening 3 or 4 feet high. Sometimes three or four rooms are connected by interior passages. An interesting part of these rooms is the cavities dug in the floor and covered with flat rocks. These were the graneries, bins for storing corn and seeds. In the cliff dwellings in the Verde were found similar cavities in the side walls, so carefully closed and plastered over that it was difficult to locate them. Some of these cavities were found to contain bones of children, ears of corn, and two or three varieties of beans, together with beads and other trinkets; but few relics are found in these rooms. At several points along the cliff are stairways, places for the fingers and toes, leading to the top.

On the top of the cliff above the cavite lodges are the remains of a large, communal dwelling. This building is 35x78 feet, built on the three sides of a court, which conforms to the contour of the cliff and extends to the very edge. The walls of this, as of nearly all of the great buildings on the top of the cliff, lie north and south, and in the absence of the compass it is a matter of surprise that they should be so exact. The main court is 18x35 feet. On the west side is a large burial mound, cornering on one of the two kivas located in the court. This mound was carefully excavated by Dr. Cole's party, and a number of skeletons were taken out. These skeletons were not as well preserved as those found in the Santa Clara ruins, owing to the fact that the bottom of the mound, where they had been, was cemented, and thus held moisture. This mound was especially rich in pottery, some two or three pieces being buried with each body. Over fifty pieces of pottery were secured from it, besides several pipes and flutes. There are four passageways or hallways leading out from the court—one on the east, one on the north and two on the west side. One of those on the west leads to a smaller court in the center of the main building. Around the court, as well as on the outside, the walls are double. The building was put up in pyramidal form, being two and three stories high, and must have contained from 1200 to 1500 rooms. There are over six hundred rooms on the ground floor. These rooms are of good size, being 9x12, 9x14 and 9x15 feet and 7 feet high. They were nicely plastered, sometimes tinted. In some places finger prints are found in the plaster, showing that travelers were unknown to the builders. Evidence that rooms were used for different purposes still remain. In one the inhabitants made their metates and las manas; the marks of the stone hammer are still visible on pieces in process of construction. In another they fashioned their arrows; instruments for chipping the obsidian and grooves for the polishing of the arrows were found here. In still another their musical instruments were manufactured; some finished flutes and others partly finished were secured. Another room was doubtless a sleeping apartment, another a storeroom, and yet another was the kitchen or living-room. In the well-constructed fireplaces in this last room, half buried in ashes, were cooking vessels; some containing what seemed to be dough, others the bones of birds. It would appear as if the owners left this building unexpectedly and hurriedly, even while the meal was being prepared.

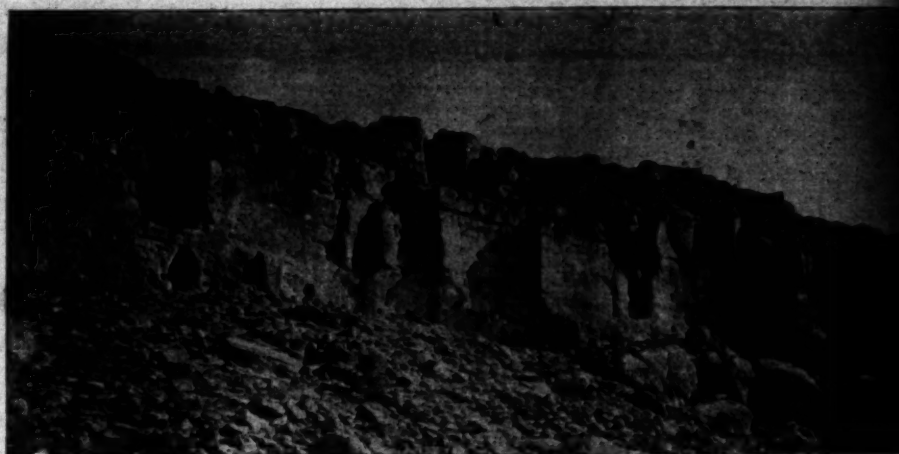
To the northwest, about one hundred yards from this building, is a large reservoir, with cedar trees of considerable size growing out of the bottom, testifying to the great age of the ruins. There are also two kivas on the west. These kivas, or estufas, were council chambers and lodge rooms, places where the men assembled to discuss the affairs of the town. Some of them were used for religious purposes, others as places of social resort and lounging places for the idle. Besides the usual stone implements, such as metates, las manas, portilla stones, mortars and pestles, polishing stones, axes, hammers, knives, etc., many curious relics were found here. Among these was a phos-

phorescent stone, used to reproduce and represent the lightning in night dances in the kivas. Bone awls and needles, drills made of something like a flint rock, bits of basket work, cloth, strings made of a sort of hemp fiber, and from the yucca, and over fifty pieces of pottery of the more ancient type, white and black, red, with geometrical figures, were also found.

The question naturally arises who these who constructed such great buildings, and who came. A great many theories have been advanced, but the question is far from being settled. Some who ascribe to the cliff dwellings a native origin. Others regard them as quite modern. The line between the two extremes.



(1.) DWELLINGS ON THE TOP. (2.) THE EXCAVATORS AT WORK. (3.) GROUND FLOOR OF BUILDING SHOWING EXCAVATIONS. (4.) CLIMBING TO THE TOP. (5.) THE RESULT OF EXCAVATIONS.



VIEW SHOWING DWELLINGS IN THE SIDE.



# HOMES MADE HAPPY.

## THE PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY OF AN OHIO EMPLOYER.

By a Special Contributor.

John E. Patterson, Ohio's "Prince of Philanthropy," gave his stereopticon lecture recently at the Art Institute, Chicago, before the American Industrial Art Association, much pleasure and surprise was expressed at the many improvements he had made in bringing about in the conditions of the working men employed by the company he represents.

Accepting the invitation extended by Mr. Patterson at Dayton, I went there early in July for the purpose of studying the factory set, the improved social conditions, and the better life of the people employed by the National Cash Register Company.

It was a revelation! No wonder this man has been called in every imaginable way, even as to his sanity, for he is in opposition—men sordid and selfish—for where he is to be found one who has worked out so many useful things for the advancement and growth, spiritual and material, of the men, women and children with whom he is associated.

It has been accomplished that it is difficult to tell how to begin in describing it, but the improved conditions of the workmen's homes was the first step in his plan.

Mr. C. Olmstead, of Olmstead Bros., Brookline, Mass., who has held out the World's Fair grounds) was asked by Dayton and his opinion solicited as to the best way of obtaining good outdoor effects. Stereopticon lectures were given, illustrating the first principles of good landscaping, and the right and wrong way of beautifying the landscape. Seeds, bulbs and shrubs were distributed at a nominal cost, pictures taken of the different places to show their condition at that time, committees were organized to watch growth, and prizes offered for the best results obtained within the time limit. And with the result that "K" street has since been pronounced by landscape architects to be the most beautiful street in the city, one of lots and cost of dwellings considered.

Mr. Patterson did everything in his power to make the factory attractive, but for some reason the workers did not seem to care to live there. Asking one of the women one day why he resided three miles away he paid a high price for his home when he could get one near his work, he replied, "I don't like your neighborhood." Upon looking into the matter it was found that the boys gave the neighborhood its bad name. Calculating the value of the land these boys were influencing, it was found that they cost the property owners of the district \$200,000. Said Mr. Patterson, "Ten thousand dollars is a bad boy! What do you suppose a good boy would be worth? We further studied the cause of this trouble with the boys, and found it to be idleness. 'Nothing to do,' was the secret of most of this difficulty."

Realizing the necessity of interesting the boys, a short time afterward Mr. Patterson started the boys' gardens. Land was furnished, plowed and prepared, and tools supplied for forty gardens, each twenty feet. A competent foreman directed the work, each boy was entitled to what he wanted, and \$50 in prizes offered to the five best workers. The first year considerable urging was necessary to get the boys started; the next there were more applicants for the gardens. The boys were enthusiastic, the family table brightened, the mothers delighted.

But even all this did not seem to have the desired effect, it was not until Mr. Patterson, on going through the factory one morning and seeing a girl heating up for her lunch cold coffee left from the day before, instituted the free distribution of coffee—an improvement that led up to the girls' dining-room—that the employees appeared to realize that he really had their interest at heart. A dining-room was opened soon afterward, which today is one of the most attractive spots about the factory. Situated on the top floor (reached by commodious elevators), cool and inviting, the room commands a splendid view of the beautiful country about. Fine table linen and pretty dishes make the tables attractive, and here every day a plain but substantial lunch is furnished at the cost of a penny. At one end stands a piano (purchased by the girls themselves), while at the other is a dainty little rest room, with cupches and easy chairs where anyone tired or indisposed can take a quiet nap. The dormer windows are curtained off into tiny nooks, and as I looked at the pretty room I thought of the many city girls, stenographers, typewriters and clerks who would be glad indeed to have such a retreat as that enjoyed by the factory girls before me.

But to further insure the comfort of the women, of whom there are over two hundred, they are allowed to go to work an hour later than the men in the morning, and to leave ten minutes earlier in the evening, thus avoiding crowded streets and crowded cars. They are furnished with aprons and overalls, laundered free of charge, and in both factory and office are given chairs with high backs and rest seats. Even more, nice bathrooms, with porcelain tubs, have been fitted up for all—men and women—and twenty minutes of the company's time, together with soap and towels, allowed to each, once a week, for a bath, so time to be chosen three days in advance. This must be a luxury, indeed, to those having no bathrooms at home.

But it is not the girls alone who have been so carefully considered. Splendid social settlement work is being done, under the direction of Miss Harvey, a sweet-faced deaconess, who was secured by the company several years ago. About thirty different clubs and societies center around the "N. C. R. House of Usefulness," where she resides, among which are the kindergarten (200 pupils), Industrial School for Girls (110 pupils), School of Mechanics (25 members), domestic economy department, cooking classes, sewing classes, dancing classes, kitchen gardens for children,

National Penny Bank (for children), Woman's Club, Boys' Club, Young People's Club, two different improvement associations, three musical clubs, a Sunday-school, conducted on unique principles, a boys' brigade (military), a relief association (nearly one thousand members), a bicycle club and two gymnasium classes, besides a library, run in conjunction with the circulating library.

All this was delightful on the surface—would it bear investigation? Did the people really appreciate what had been done for them—really care for the man who had labored so long and earnestly for their welfare? I wondered—I almost hesitated about taking the opportunity when it unexpectedly presented itself of learning the truth, for fear and dream would be dispelled.

"Are the people satisfied? Well, I should say they are! Why shouldn't they be? See their beautiful homes; see what is done for their children. We men are given ten hours' pay for nine and one-half hours' work, while the women are given extra time morning and evening, with a ten-minute recess twice a day, and full pay. Prizes are given regularly for suggestions as to improvements in machinery and the management of business, so every one has a personal interest in the success of the company, while prizes are also given for the best results obtained with plants and flowers around the homes. Why! there is hardly anything Mr. Patterson could propose that the people would not be willing to try." Further talk with employees chosen at random during the week only confirmed this mechanic's words.

The perfect cleanliness of all the factory buildings is a thing that always impresses visitors. Windows shine, while floors and walls are kept spotless by a force of twenty-seven janitors. Palms and potted plants are scattered throughout the place, and every one seems to take a special pride in keeping up the appearance of his department. Neatness, light and pure air abound everywhere, but there are no elaborately-furnished offices for high officials. All is simplicity and good taste, while the happy faces of the healthy-looking people speak louder than words for the hygiene of the surroundings.

A word more for the one who has made the ideal real. Mr. Patterson is a man who will always be young, for the youth in his heart is reflected in the bright eye and elastic step; the hand so quickly extended grasps yours with a firmness which leaves no doubt as to its owner's sincerity, and the tone used in speaking to the humblest employee has the same ring as that addressed to the most distinguished guest. Mr. Patterson is a lover of humanity, though he never poses as a philanthropist; he simply says, "It pays." Nevertheless, he has wrought a new era in manufacturing, the success of which is best evidenced by the fact that other firms are now beginning to follow his example; and the results he has achieved are aptly expressed in the words of Horace Fletcher, "An industrial symphony."

OLIVE HYDE FOSTER.

## CHINESE MUSIC.

By a Staff Writer.

TO THE Chinaman his music is the only music in the world, or at least, if he deigns to consider as music at all the, to him, utterly horrible combinations of sound that delights the European peoples and their kin, he regards it as music that is absolutely devoid of intellectual significance, that wholly disregards the philosophical significations of the 84 scales, and is a mere barbaric combination of noises, distressing to the ear.

That the Chinese view our music as they do is not surprising, considering their superficial, prosaic conception of the art. Their utter lack of sentiment and of intellectuality in their own music would in itself seem to preclude their appreciation of these qualities in ours. To us the music of the Chinese is crude, notwithstanding that they had perfected their musical theory centuries before the European had commenced to unravel the scientific truths upon which the art rests. Their best music is found in the oldest sacred music and in the songs of the people. The worst of their music is that of their theaters. They have a penchant for combining single tones in melodic progression and have no taste for such higher ideals as may be found in harmonic combinations. Their sense of rhythm is uncouth and their melodies practically formless. We know that the lower the scale of artistic culture the more strongly instruments of percussion appeal to the ear, and judging by this principal basis alone we should be obliged to refuse the Chinese any elevated position in musical art, for, like all people of barbarous or semi-barbarous instincts, they have a predilection for instruments of percussion.

### Chinese Musical Theory.

Notwithstanding the fact that Chinese musical theory was perfected long before the first beginnings of European art, Chinese music has for centuries made no practical advance, nor has it had any influence on the tonal art of Europe. Yet Gladisch, a German writer, has pointed out the undeniable and intimate connection between Chinese musical theory and the musico-philosophical conceptions of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher—a connection proved by the perfect similarity of their systems of vibrations and intervals.

The old Chinese scale consisted of but five tones, corresponding to our f, g, a, c and d, the different notes having such dignified titles as "emperor" (f), "prime minister" (g), "loyal subject" (a), "affairs of state" (c), and "mirror of the world" (d). Fourth and seventh degrees were added to the root of this scale, and the whole tones were divided into semi-tones, thus forming their present "Lud" scale, making, curiously enough, the Chinese chromatic scale identical with their own, and giving them a diatonic scale of the same number and kind of intervals as our own major scale, though they commence their scale on what would be the fourth degree of ours. They recognize the character of the added tones that, with the interval above, form the

two semi-tones of the scale and appropriately—even from our point of view—term them "mediators" or "leaders." Their theories are based on an infinite variety of rules, completely fettering artistic conception. They have their circles of fourths and fifths, not unlike our own.

To the Chinese the whole tones of their scale, ascribed to the inventive genius of their mythological bird Fung, represent perfect and independent things, as the sun, heaven and man. The semi-tones, whose origin they credit to Fung's mate, represent imperfect and dependent things, as the earth, the moon and woman.

As early as 500 B.C., a "Commentary on Music" was written by a friend of Confucius, and the great teacher himself wrote a book of songs which was translated in 1833 by Rikert, a German poet. In 364 A.D., one of the Chinese emperors, Nigi Ti, published a decree against weak and effeminate music and founded an academy of music. Amiot, the French Jesuit and missionary to Peking, mentions in his work on Chinese music, published in Paris in 1776, no less than sixty-nine theoretical works.

Curiously enough, the Chinese in their music, as in other things, make their view, in some respects, the inversion of ours. For instance, they call the "high" notes of the scale those that we consider the low ones, and vice versa.

### Chinese Musical Instruments.

Of instruments of percussion the Chinese have many, including drums of various sizes and kinds, wooden clappers, metal bells, gongs and tinkling instruments. Their largest drum, "Hsien Kou," was invented in 1123 B.C., for use in the imperial palace. Hanging each side the barrel of the drum are two smaller drums. The Chinaman's ear seems to delight in the contrasts between the boom of the larger drum and the rattle of the smaller ones.

Among the most interesting of the Chinese instruments is the "king," said to have been invented by the Chinese Emperor, Tschun, about 2300 B.C., thus having had the remarkably long existence of over four thousand years. It consists of sixteen different tones, suspended in two rows from a wooden frame and now tuned according to the Lud scale, including the semi-tones. It is struck by the performer with a mallet.

The Chinese have fewer wind instruments than instruments of percussion. The oldest is probably the Hsien, an egg-shaped earthenware instrument with five ventages, giving the five tones of the old Chinese scale. Their most pleasing instrument, and one also whose existence began in the mysterious prehistoric past, is the "Cheng." It is still used in the temples of the Celestial empire, and is far superior to the pan-pipes which are still used in Chinese orchestras, and which figured also in Europe and elsewhere in Grecian mythological times. Its twelve to twenty-four bamboo-reed pipes of different lengths are inserted in a bowl-like receptacle, from which protrudes a mouthpiece, the instrument being played by the closing and opening of the pipe vents with the hands and fingers. Of flutes the Chinese have two kinds, one is blown from the end, as are our clarinets, and the other is blown in the same way as is our own flute. Their martial instruments include various kinds of trumpets. The mandolin and guitar of the Chinese are probably of Persian or Hindoo origin.

The Chinaman would no more presume to improve on the rules promulgated by his ancestors, depart from them, or essay any originality of thought along musical lines than he would presume to turn aside from the beaten paths of his ancestors in other departments of life. Thus there is little prospect of any immediate awakening of China from its sleep in musical art.

F. H. C.

## JOHN RUSKIN'S HOUSE.

AN ENGLISH WRITER SAYS THE FURNITURE WAS SIMPLY APPALLING.

[London Chronicle:] The house is miles away from everywhere, and even when you are there it is very difficult to get in; you enter at the back, and the front door is where back doors usually are. I had pictured it inside as the brightest example of exquisite taste, and thought it would be a lesson in beautiful esthetic decoration. But the furniture was simply appalling. I have to this day nightmare recollections of an awful green tablecloth, with a gilt edging to it, and a cheap, forlorn little vase in the center, and there was a terrible sideboard and hideous chairs and couches, all huddled up in faded chintz. Truly the master delivered us from early Victorian bad taste, but he himself remained in bondage to it all his days. As for the wall papers, they were enough to make Words turn in his grave. There was a legend attaching to one (designed, I think, by the master himself) representing very realistic bunches of flowers, with detestable scrollwork sagging all about; the flowers were so naturalistic that misguided bees had been known to dash in at the windows and hurl themselves on to the deceptive roses. Once, being much tormented by this repulsive wall paper and the aforesaid legend, I ventured to ask why his roses were right, though he had demonstrated that Zeuxis's grapes were wrong, and I was gilding softly into his pet theory of "representation versus imitation" when he burst into laughter, clapped his hands and said, "His bees were wise and I was a fool," whereupon I changed the conversation.

The chairs and sofas I treated with distant respect, as I knew "papa and mamma" and "old nurse" had sat on them, and so they were evermore sacred. I have an etching of one special chair in which a great part of "Modern Painters" was written, and I never look at it without taking my hat off. Amid the bewildering ugly surroundings were exquisite drawings and rare paintings by Turner, Burne Jones, Prout and Titian, cabinets of shells and minerals, and the delightful incongruity of it all was a constant surprise and charm.

## OUR COSMOPOLITAN INDUSTRIES.

[Indianapolis News:] Our country's industries are about as cosmopolitan as its population. Maine is producing French sardines; Pennsylvania, Russian caviar; California is raising Smyrna figs, New York makes all kinds of foreign cheese, and Florida is growing Cuban tobacco.



## SAILING THE DESERT.

A SKETCH OF FORT MOJAVE AND THE MAJAVE INDIANS.

By a Special Contributor.

NOT far from where the Santa Fé Railroad crosses the Colorado River some great rock spires rise to prick the sky—wan and hot by day, towering black by night. They are called The Needles. There is a town in their domain that sprawls in burning sands; quivering with heat beneath the sun, reviving with many twinklings to greet the stars. It is called Needles. The broad, still river winds between the spires and their town—sluggish and muddy in the fierce glare, a lustrous silver dream in the hideous sleep of the desert, when the moon shines, but, muddy or dreamy, always grateful to the eyes that have looked upon the burning land around. And from far up to far down its valley the dark Mojaves call it home.

In and about the railroad town of Needles, the Indian occupies much the same position as the negro in the small places of the South. He is employed in almost every menial position a small town affords. All the railroad section hands are Mojaves—big, dark, enduring fellows, and fine workers. In the machine shops you find painted and be-ribboned aborigines doing rough carpentering and rough mechanical work. When the overland trains stop for breakfast and dinner, a brightly-turbaned youth attacks the car windows with a duster. The porter, bell boy, and generally handy man at your hotel is a picturesque native with turbaned head, bright blue trousers, and an undershirt hand-painted in rings, figures, strokes and counter-strokes of every imaginable color. He wears long red ribbons streaming from his elbows, has sandals on his feet; in fact, from an artistic standpoint, he is a "dandy." Surely at no other hostelry in America is there so quaint a porter. Then there are the errand boys about town, the ferrymen on the river, and the peddlers at the depot; the occasional stevedore down around the river steamer, and the professional loafers. And besides these there are the more "real" Indians who do nothing so picturesquely. Town loafers are a common sight; and one can see men working almost anywhere, but it is down beyond the town, in the sandy, blistering bottom where the mud and brush huts are that the Mojave life is seen at its best. Under every brush shelter there are groups of swarthy comfort-takers—and a stranger's stare does not disturb them in the least. They are well used to impoliteness by this time, and expect it. Many groups contain the whole family from start to finish—from the hideous old grandmother to the tiny naked brat who sprawls in the center of the circle. Some of the elders lie flat on their faces, the soles of their feet turned up, others munch watermelon; and neither heat nor flies nor stranger's stare disturb this wondrous ease. Down along the edge of the river shiny brown urchins sport in the muddy water, and old women squat in the shallows and scrub their long black hair with soap-root. Around the depot the more energetic youths rush about in the boiling sun, playing native shinty with gayly-decorated sticks.

Here people are in a congratulatory mood if the thermometer does not register higher than 110 deg. in the shade. "Nice, cool day," they say. "Bracing," etc. The stranger is rather reluctant to admit that it is bracing, etc.; but it is not nice to contradict a well-meaning citizen's word in his own town, so the subject usually sticks right there.

The Indian's disregard for the heat is wonderful. Out there a brightly-dressed section gang of Mojaves is working in the glaring sand, digging, hammering, carrying burning-hot rails—with heads bare or swathed in the close turbans that cover the ears. And withal they are a merry crew, laughing and joking as if at play.

There is no hurrying an Indian, but when he starts a thing he does it. The foreman knows better than to waste words in exhortation. He simply gives an order, and patiently waits for it to be done in the Indian's own slow, methodical way. But when each has put a big brown shoulder to the task, and all is ready according to the Indian's own idea, then it is finished with a rush. Perhaps this inward coolness is the secret of his ability to work in the great heat where a white man would fume himself to death.

The chief food of the Mojaves—that is, of those not immediately surrounding the town—is the mesquite bean. This is produced by a low tree, or huge bush, which grows in the bottom lands along the river. In appearance the fruit is something after the manner of our string bean; it is gathered in the summer and pounded into flour or made into soup. It is very sweet to the taste, and is not bad raw. If the mesquite crop is large, the Mojave grows fat, if scant, he suffers with hunger. With him it all depends upon Providence. In summer, corn and melons supplement the regular diet. On the shady side of every hut an old woman squats pounding, pounding mesquite beans with a stone, and neither she nor her stomach ever tire of preparing and of consuming.

Salvors would seem to be a curiosity in Needles, but two of the genuine article raised the town the other night. The crew of the river steamer is made up of Americans, Italians, Poles and two Chinamen. In the wee hours of the morning wild cries issued from behind a saloon, "Po-lease! po-lease! He keels me! He was my chum, and now he cuts me my heart out. I never did fight in my life. Po-lease!"

It seems that one of the Poles had the Italian's head between his knees and was thumping it with lusty, measured knocks. The next day the two were reeling down the street arm in arm—"he was my chum" again.

Ever since the glorious Fourth the good steamer Cochran has rubbed idly against the bank, while her crew drank, sang, slept, and thumped one another "uptown;" and her captain cursed immoderately and waited for them to be done with their celebration. No one knew when the next trip would be made. When approached upon the subject the captain simply said, "When we git loaded." "And when will you get loaded?" "When the men git unloaded." That was the simple proposition, and it stood for a while. But even a river pilot has only so much patience and the

mate was finally sent to town to round up the Americans, the Italians, and the countrymen of the North. The ignorant Chinese knew not of the glorious Fourth of July.

Then there was fun. The majority obeyed the summons, but the two Poles were balky. They sat flat down in the street and would not move. The mate picked one up, put him on his feet, and turned for the other. Then the first promptly sat down again. The first was boosted, and the second sat down, while the rest laughed and the mate swore. But they reached their destination some time before night, for the next morning the captain was running them to the last notch in hope of being off that same day. Lying coal with the thermometer at 110 deg. in the shade and a three days' jag under your vest must be wearing, but possibly they were used to the combination.

So that afternoon, despite the late Fourth of July, Capt. Mellen sailed in the good steamer Cochran for the mines, with a cargo of coal and one passenger.

It is worth a good many more comfortable trips just to ride with an old-timer like the captain of the Cochran. As to his beginning as a Colorado-River pilot, he "come by fate," as he expresses it. Thirty-six years ago he lost an ocean vessel at the mouth of the Colorado, and "here I am yet," he says. He has sailed the world over, visited almost all the coast peoples of the earth, carried immigrants across the Atlantic and divers cargoes across the Pacific, but the blue free waters know him no more.

For these many years he has been content to follow the withering red river on its way through the desert, and he knows its waters so well that, in his own words, he can "read it as you'd read print." It is strange that some men come contentedly to a shallow river from the freedom of deep seas, and other men mourn their lives away on the shallows for the sweep of those same deep waters.

Yet lack of contact with the outside has not deadened Capt. Mellen's interest in the world's doings. Anything from ancient history to the present situation in China, from religion to politics, from Needles to Paris, he discusses pointedly and without fear. And the weather-worn man there in the huge linen hat and linen trousers, cursing loudly at the roustabouts, is as fully a gentleman at heart as ever shook hands.

And then there is the fat, talkative, Danish engineer. He has answered engine bells in every named sea, has served in the merchant marine of all nationalities, in the Chinese navy and the United States transport service. Now he is taking a turn at sailing the desert. And don't get too near him, or he will talk Bryan with a Danish accent until you are floored. Strange men are fitted into the strange corners of this world.

But beyond all men, and things of men, is the enthralling land around. It is a wonderful thing to sail through the blistering desert. On either bank of the river there stretches for a short space the luscious green of tangled trees, so rare and so glad a sight in this wilderness. But only as a passing fancy do they gladden the eye, and beyond rise wistfully the wan, far peaks that hold the desert in. All day they stand pale and distant, while the waves of desert air roll out across them, and sometimes threaten to turn almost to a white heat; but when the very sun tires of torturing and goes away into the West, then in those quiet moments of half-light they tower even upon the banks of the river and fill all space from earth to sky. For a moment the last fierce glow caps every crag with gold and belts the world half way round with wavering fire; and then there is peace. And when the soothing moon looks down, the mountains cease their sigh and stretch low and easeful through the night to listen for the sound of running waters.

If one were given to dreaming, it would not take long for mysteries to happen round about. Strange things are fashioned by twilight, and innumerable cities appear, astound, and pass away upon every height; the sound of the river becomes many strange tongues, and when the moon shines upon the huge cottonwoods that lord it over the low, green things along the bank, it turns each tiny leaf to a trembling spangle and—perhaps we are given to dreams, and dreams seldom bear telling.

The contrast between the narrow bit of joyous verdure on either hand and the awful wilderness that stretches beyond is tremendous. The river seems the pilgrim life hurrying down the very Valley of the Shadow of Death, and just so far as it can reach it spreads its good tidings, but dares not halt upon its way.

As evening falls the steamer runs its nose into the soft bank and goes to bed on a shoal until the captain may again read his river by the early morning light. The men leap ashore with the hawsers, disappear into the undergrowth, make fast to the nearest cottonwoods, and peace falls upon the puffing, pushing Cochran. The men sprawl upon the deck, talk in many tongues, make divers kinds of music, and fall asleep one by one just as they lie. Then the tree toads suddenly strike up a loud, night-long chorus, the Chinese steward spreads blankets on the upper deck for captain and passenger, and sleep comes quickly to the tune of the running river and the sound of the night birds upon the bank.

Fort Mojave stands in Arizona, on a sharp bend of the Colorado River, just opposite the bottom corner of Nevada. The bleakest desert sweeps away to east and south, framed in purple buttes; just below the silent river hastens, and far across in Nevada the pale Ghost Mountains look down the stream. These spectral peaks are the Great White Throne of the Mojaves. There the Great Spirit rests when upon earth, and there rested at the great distribution of tribes when, out of its great favor and bounty, the living river and its rich bottom lands, all crowded with mesquite, were given them with unutterable fear, and nothing can induce a true Mojave to journey into those mountains.

Fort Mojave is one of the typical old-time Indian-country posts, and though abandoned by the military some years ago and given over to government-school purposes, it still retains the old fascination of a southwestern military station. The long rows of adobe barracks, the roomy officers' cottages, with their thick, mud walls, and surrounded by their shuttered verandas, the old barred guard-house, the larger jail, and the hospital, all built around a square—these speak of a life much read of and now almost gone, but that existed in all its loneliness not so many

years ago. A little way out side the fort is an army sutler's store, one of the most picturesque of all this land. It is built of mud and stone, with a roof and worn tiled floor. The long, sagging porch runs along the front is supported by big, gnarled columns, and props here and there about the store the story of a long and weary existence. Hundreds of dollars have passed in and out of the store, the way that admits to the cool interior, in the post life, when the brown troopers were on the deep path that still leads down from Needles, when all those interlacing trails that lead to the desert were dotted with long-haired natives in trade. And the black, solemn children of the trade, ride up to the sagging front, and lounge about so that the old charm is not all gone; though the keeper says that times have gone to pieces and are only school-children to spend their summers now. For he is the same ancient sutler who was in the army in those other days. About the porch there relics that tell of the passing of time are in the forgotten military community. Used as a store to the school office is a long, marble

GEO. OWENS,  
Co. G,  
10th U. S. Infantry.

Not even a date is written in this pathetic notation of a long story.

When the steamer arrived, there was some excitement at the fort. This summer the authorities allowed the school-children to return to the vacation. Thirty-five of the boys immediately. Their parents were ordered to return them to the school; and the superintendent and his assistant went down the river to the settlements to secure a child late one night they were with clubs by several Indians and roughly carried to the school. The superintendent was only after a lively scrimmage that they were beating off their assailants, who, besides the school, to resist the theft of their children, were told stories that there was not enough food at the school; also that the children were to be taken to the Ghost Mountains. The women fought even more than the men.

The next day the United States Marshal and police appeared upon the scene, with the result that the boys were soon languishing in the guardhouse, while their parents are in a fair way to be for a term—under the charge of leaving their children in the hell-hole of a guardhouse (the thermometer registered 110 deg.) have been several days, they will be taken out and sent to the American. The Indian is practically told that he does not belong to him. If he does not understand the penitentiary to learn.

However, the Indian is quick to see the end of his case. It is only at unbearable moments that he himself. After this trouble the Mojaves gathered and sent word that they would like to have a meeting was arranged to take place halfway between the fort and the settlement, at which the Indians unconditionally surrendered their children to the most weird scene—this council of fathers and to plead with the all-powerful man who was the joy of their hearts, the happiness of their children. The Indian's child is his whole life, it is his true love.

In the light of a huge full moon that had risen above the shadowy buttes, and that towered all to a white mystery, the river folk gathered on the stream and talked far into the night to the white man's school, sitting round in a circle, each advanced as his turn came to kneel before the chief and pour forth the burden of his heart in a lament of wild gesticulations. The interpreter ally in his place, his chin in his hands, and the face of the moon. When the pause came the brother's speech again in the hated tongue around the outer edge sometimes cried over and sometimes prompted the men. It was the cry of the Indian as set upon a stage.

It is not with the school people that the Indian lies, but higher up. The little hand left in the school during the wearing summer months of the pitiful folk, who welcome a stranger as a brother in their work for the children, and grand old being able to do for the Indian what justice of the most interesting and courteous gentlemen in many a long day's travel is the second in the blue-eyed, fair young man, whose mother is an Indian. His sympathy with the Indian nature is a great favorite in the school, and if he could be striking things against the manner of the Indian's redemption.

It is a hard pull here during the summer months blankets are hung over doors and windows to keep the fierce air as it enters, and every one tucks away to hide from the cruel hours.

Of course there are no lessons during the summer of an interesting sight to see the boys and girls in the school in the long dining-room, singing the hymns, the girls coming in strong in their high voices.

This summer the whole school was taken into the river at Beaver Lake, Nev.; the girls first and boys. The fifty-four girls who filled the big boat on its several trips from Arizona to Nevada are a such squealing, giggling and sly mischief-making homely, wild children so will discount the fun of a class of school girls. Two stalwart, swiftness pull the boat against the swift stream with might, casting roguish eyes upon the girls when the water is turned. At the landing where they start to always alive with bobbing black heads, for they all live in the convenient stream when of never think of shedding their clothes, diving after the plunge. In they go head first, and



and up the bank than they are dry again. They work around the boiler of the pumping plant and live but for that cool river just below. Every few minutes they plunge off the bluff into the water to save their lives from the fearful combination of heat and cold. After a dip they return to the shore as soon as their clothes begin to steam.

At the camp the girls spend an equal amount of time in the refreshing lake. The camp consists of a huge pile of thatched arrow-wood fixed among the green slopes of the bottom lands. On the east the river runs, and in the west the Nevada hills shimmer in the heat, and the tall and wondrous in their royal purple at the foot of day; and in the northern sky the pale peaks of the Coast Mountains come weirdly forth at twilight, and tower high beneath the moon.

At night the children gather great armloads of fragrant cedar wood and spread them in the glorious moonlight, beneath a sky blue even by night, to sprawl and sing droll songs until they fall into a rest that only such children and such a dormitory afford.

One of the most interesting characters about the fort is "Bill," the Indian police. He was taken across to guard the camp from prowling mischief makers. One afternoon he sat himself down with a stick and a baking-powder can, and began to whistle and pound until he was in possession of an improvised rattle—the stick was the handle, and the can and some pebbles made the noise. When questioned upon the subject, Bill said that he was going to "make them girls dance" that night. Camp life was growing monotonous to the Indian "cop," and dance they did he go hear and a half to the sound of the rattle and the song that Bill sang. It was a novel experience there in the moonlight by the lake, to see these gingham-aproned girls, who on Sunday had been singing hymns, now swinging to the cadence of their wild dance. They first formed a circle of ten, side by side, with Bill in front, facing them. Then Bill began to move slowly backward, shaking the rattle and singing in a low, undulating voice, and the girls followed him down the line of onlookers at a short, quick step, crouching low so that their hands hung down in front of their knees, and led by a tiny tot of just six years, who seemed the accepted leader. She came proudly down the line almost hidden in the clouds of dust and pranced and set figures until it seemed a cake walk. When they had proceeded far enough, the singer walked toward them waving his rattle, and they retreated to the starting point again. As the dance progressed, excitement grows and the lines form behind the first, jerking forward in measured step and surging back, still led by the excited tot who at times is entirely obscured by the dust. Now and then the quick step is changed to two slow hops followed by some fast ones, and the even pounding of the bare feet on the ground sounds like the distant tramp of horses. When one girl loses a step and causes confusion, the children laugh with laughter. Sometimes there are long pauses when Bill holds forth alone with rattle and song while they all watch him intently, still crouching. Then at the right moment in the time—which a stranger soon learns to recognize—they take the step again, joining in a chorus just before they start. The thick dust sticks in Bill's throat and his voice cracks painfully on the high notes, but for the hour and a half he grinds on undaunted. Some of the younger ones become so excited that they roll upon the ground, much to the merriment of the rest.

The good-natured policeman explains that the song and dance were borrowed from the Mission Indians of California, and the song translated into Mojave. He calls it the "Bird Song."

Many Indians come down to the reed-grown shores of Beaver Lake to seine for its plump fish, and at night the fire along the edge, where they are roasting their catch form a strikingly picturesque sight. Often they glide curiously about the camp, their long raven hair shining in the moonlight; then Bill stalks forth in his authority, and they are gone. Indeed, everything is so picturesque, so highly colored, in this land, that it holds one enthralled.

A steamer trip through the desert is a mysterious thing; a glimpse at a far corner, such as old Fort Mojave, fascinates beyond description, and to look in upon the lonely lives of both black men and white, to know some of the true gentlemen who labor in ungentle places and to share their ways for a time—these things are worth a far journey.

L. B.

#### A SOLDIER'S SQUAW MAY BE PENSIONED.

[St. Louis Republic:] It is not unlikely that the Pension Office may soon grant a pension to a woman who killed her husband, who was a Union soldier and through whom she may receive the bounty of the government. The story is a strange one, and has been thoroughly developed by the examiner who has the case in charge, and who, it is understood, is strongly in favor of giving the woman a pension.

Out in North Dakota, beyond Fort Stevens, there lived, until some months ago, an ex-Union soldier who had married a half-breed Indian woman. They cultivated a farm and were living prosperously enough.

There were four children in their household, the youngest of which was but a few months of age. The husband was a man of violent temper and given to strong drink. One day he rode up to the house, and, dismounting, poked a six-shooter under his wife's nose, saying he wanted dinner and he wanted it—quick.

With the baby in her arms she hurried to comply with the demand of the man infuriated by liquor. He followed her with the revolver leveled toward her. She laid the baby aside and resorted to a ruse to escape from the house, and ran to the field, where the hired men were working. The men were afraid to go to the house. When the husband saw his wife across the meadow he took the baby in his arms, and, mounting his horse, galloped toward her, brandishing his weapon. As he neared his wife, he threw the baby on the newly-plowed ground and called the woman to come to him.

As she approached he kicked her in the breast and then, as he pointed his pistol at her, his horse reared and he was thrown to the ground.

His wife saw that the men in the field were frightened

and she sprang on her husband, threw the pistol out of his reach, and, as he struggled to grapple her, she tightened the leather strap he wore about his neck to hold his watch. As he tried to grasp her she drew the strap tighter and held it, calling for help. When his struggles ceased, she picked up the baby and ran to the house. Then the hired men went over to take a closer look at the farmer and saw that he was dead.

All these facts were developed at the Coroner's inquest.

When the case came to the Pension Office recently and Commissioner Evans was told by an examiner that he ought to pension a woman who had killed the soldier through whom she would receive the bounty of the government, he was amazed at the suggestion. But when he had heard the story of the tragedy of that North Dakota farm, he was pretty well convinced that the examiner was right. This pension has not yet been granted, as the case has not been fully made out, but there is little doubt that the Indian widow will soon be receiving a quarterly allowance from the government.

#### BACHELOR MEN AND WOMEN.

[New York Herald:] Is bachelorhood a success? Statistics show that there are 5,577,767 bachelor men and 3,224,494 bachelor women in the United States. It is no longer necessary, as in the olden times, for a woman to be married to gain importance. In fact, she stands a much better chance when unhampered by domestic duties, to develop her talents and enjoy the ever-keen pleasure of hearing "Well done," "Clever," "Successful."

It is certain that the lives of single men and women have never been so pleasant, so alluring and so comfortable, thanks to the scores of apartment houses and studio buildings which have been erected within the last few years for their especial accommodation. There are numerous buildings which are devoted exclusively to bachelor men, and there are many where only spinsters can secure apartments.

There is very little difference between the bachelor man's room and the bachelor woman's room. Both are termed "dens." If anything the man's den is inclined to costlier furnishings, and, strange to say, is usually more tidy. Women are apt to carry artistic effect to the extreme of confusion. But the bachelor girl will try to make her rooms interesting rather than costly, while the man seems to prefer handsome surroundings.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR INSOMNIA.

Here are a few suggestions from a physician, published in an exchange, on the much-discussed question of sleeplessness:

"Positively no tea or coffee at dinner. No exceptions to this mandate. Avoid excitement and animated discussions in the evenings. If you are disputations, indulge your proclivities during the day. Thinking draws the blood to the brain; therefore, break up the 'thinking' and the 'worrying' habits over the present or the ensuing day's events. Hot foot baths, hot milk, a plate of hot soup, a little food easily digested, a glass of stout or porter with a slice of toast or bread or a cracker, taken before retiring, will tend to equalize the circulation and draw the blood from the brain, which is the desideratum in all cases of sleeplessness.

"I am one of a class of physicians who do not believe in starving the body. Not that I advocate heavy eating on the part of plethoric persons. Fourteen hours—from 6 p.m. till 8 a.m. the following day—is too long to go without food where persons are delicate or inclined to sleepless-

ness. If they do not retire by 10 o'clock a light repast, such as I have suggested, should be partaken.

"I have found in some cases hard rubbing of the body with a crash towel to prove to be too stimulating. Yet such a rubbing, preceded by light exercise of the arms and legs just before retiring, will send some patients into a sound and refreshing slumber, as well as build up most satisfactorily their physical system.

"Narcotics are bad. They are easily prescribed, however. Morphine subdues one evil condition only to induce a worse one. Chloral hydrate, the sleeping potion of the novelist's heroine, is a deadly poison. It is exceedingly dangerous, even on a physician's prescription, for the reason that an over or an accumulative dose may be taken, the latter occurring when the victim, not securing the relief sought, takes a second and a third dose. He sleeps then—the sleep of death.

"Whisky will put one to sleep if one takes enough of it, as it will also bury one. Malt liquors have a soporific effect, but anything which contains alcohol, if taken in quantities, is injurious, especially to patients with kidney affections. Ten or fifteen grains of sulfonal or five or ten grains of trional has often given me needed slumber, and they are perhaps the most innocuous of the narcotics prescribed—but look out for the 'habit.' The bromides quiet the nerves, but the bromide 'habit' may soon become established and eruptions produced over the body which will take weeks to eradicate.

"Try lying with the eyes open. The lids after a while will be come muscularly weary, and with some patients sleep suddenly comes. Patients will lie for hours with their eyes shut, the brain alert and active, hoping, by closing the lids, to induce slumber. Try keeping them open. Instead of saying, 'Oh, if I could but sleep,' say and feel, 'Well, I don't care whether I sleep or not.' You will find that this strategem will accomplish astonishing results. And don't care, either. Never, never think of 'tomorrow,' for it never comes, and you will spend your life engaged in that thought.

"Some of my patients have been cured by keeping the lids up as directed and occasionally looking at the gas jet, allowed to burn a very faint taper, but not so as to illuminate the room. I do not approve of a totally dark room for insomnia cases. Some physicians do. It has been my experience that the brain seems to work with abnormal force and vigor when the lids are down in a totally dark room, but, as I have said, conditions and temperaments differ, so that only general suggestion may be given. Traveling will break up sometimes the most stubborn cases of insomnia."

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Some editor who has been giving advice to people on how to live to be old, says that one of the main rules to follow is to go away from the table at each meal feeling as if you could eat more."

"Well, say, if that's right every fellow at our boarding house ought to live to be a hundred!"

[Chicago Record:] "What a lovely fan, Clara!" "Isn't it sweet? I bought it for Julia on her birthday and liked it so well that I kept it myself."

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] "Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady." "Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet."

[Indianapolis Journal:] "The Chinese pursue agriculture more than any other occupation."

"Well, it does train a man for war to have to fight potato bugs."

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## LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

PARIS EXHIBIT THAT IS THE RESULT OF  
THE SINKING OF THE BURGOGNE.

By Valerian Gribayedoff.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," or, as some other proverb-maker expresses it, "from great calamities oft issue public advantage."

When, on the Fourth of July, 1898, the French steamship *La Burgogne* went down with all on board off the Newfoundland coast, the world was horrified by the disaster, and the newspapers of different countries renewed the discussion of measures to prevent such wholesale loss of life.

## A \$20,000 Prize.

Among the passengers on the way from the United States to France who were lost on the *Burgogne* were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pollok of Washington, D. C. More keenly and personally afflicted by the calamity than the general public, the heirs of Mr. and Mrs. Pollok decided to found a memorial prize to be awarded for the best method or device for saving human life in shipwrecks. To this end the estate set aside the sum of \$20,000, to be styled the Anthony Pollok prize, and asked the concurrence of the United States and French governments in whatever measures should be deemed the most practical for the furtherance of the project. Both governments promptly acceded to the request, and it was decided to make the competitive display of inventions for saving life at sea a part of the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

The general character of the Pollok prize and the conditions attaching to its award were widely advertised in all the countries of the world, so that through the utmost publicity every man or set of men in the universe who had an idea of interest or value in the premises would be induced to compete for the prize, and to disclose his theories in the interest of humanity.

Appreciating the vast philanthropic scope of the undertaking, the exhibition authorities set apart for the purpose a long capacious gallery in the building known as the Palace of Navigation and Commerce, where all designs submitted should be exhibited; and, with the approval of the Pollok heirs, placed the whole subject in the hands of a jury of well-known experts in all naval and maritime matters. The high and cosmopolitan character of this jury makes their judgment authoritative.

This expert commission has virtually terminated its labors this week, three steady months of tireless devotion to the examination of all the inventions submitted, whether in the form of miniature models or simply written documents explaining the devices or methods. The duty was a most exacting one, for the collection of life-saving inventions is enormous. They were sent from all parts of the world, and many of them evidently represent years of care and preparation.

In such a big exhibit of "ideas" there are naturally many things of an eccentric character, plainly the handiwork of "cranks;" but, on the other hand, many thoroughly practical devices are submitted whose application hereafter will surely tend to minimize loss of life by accidents at sea.

## The Problem Still Unsolved.

The jury, however, regard the great problem of life-saving in shipwrecks as still unsolved. While admitting the inestimable value of some of the inventions, they consider that none of them quite fulfills the specific object of the founders of the Pollok prize. Some of the devices, say the jury, would vastly lessen the chance of accident on vessels, but such accidents may occur, for which no sure means of saving life by the wholesale, as it were, has been provided. For this reason the jury are of the opinion that the sum of \$20,000 should not be awarded in its entirety to any exhibitor, but that a certain part of it should be awarded to the inventor of the best method or methods proposed, while the balance of the prize should be set apart as an incentive for further competitions of the same kind, to be held during the next two or three years. If the group jury approves this decision of the class jury, perhaps only two or three of all the exhibitors represented at Paris will come in for a share of the prize.

The utmost secrecy is preserved by the commission as to the inventions that have been deemed of the highest merit, for it is not expected that the names of the winner or winners will be announced within a month. Your correspondent learns, however, that it was practically decided to rule out all inventions whose life-saving qualities depended either upon any inflated belts, garments or equipments, or which employed any material whose efficacy could be destroyed by perforation. This decision very materially lessens the range of likely winners, for the greater part of the devices exhibited rely entirely upon the buoyancy they impart to a human being, thus providing against death by drowning.

## Variety of Inventions Presented.

Inventions of this sort extend over an infinite range of ingenuity. If protection against drowning were the only condition to be fulfilled to win the Pollok prize, any one of these inflatable devices could lay a strong claim to the award.

The old-fashioned life-belt idea is worked out in a bewildering variety of methods, from the simplest to the most complicated system. One exhibitor contemplates the presentation of a little pad of rubber, about as big as a cardcase, to every passenger who mounts the gang plank. "All a passenger has to do," says the inventor, "is to hang the pad around his neck. If by any chance he finds himself in the sea the pad will swell until it is buoyant enough to float an elephant."

Another competitor for the prize exhibits a set of life-saving pajamas which "are just like any other garment until the wearer falls into the water; then they inflate

of themselves, and it would take fifteen horse power to pull them under."

A French rubber manufacturer exhibits an admirable system of air pads that could be worn constantly at sea, and which require only about thirty seconds' blowing to distend them from a perfectly flat state to the shape of toy balloons capable of sustaining the weight of two men in the water.

Still another inventor submits a species of automatically-inflating life-belt, the principle of which is based on the expanding influence of water on acetylene gas, with which the belts are charged.

Many of these ingenious devices are perfect in theory, but they apply a remedy only to the cases of persons who have escaped from the damaged ship to the raging sea outside. Most of them would be useless, and some of them suicidal if worn by passengers on a ship adrift, for the elements of a number of the devices are so explosive that they would blow the unthinking wearer into smithereens in an instant.

Another inventor submits a model mattress on which a passenger may sleep blissfully in hours of repose, or float disdainfully in hours of danger; but the time required to transform the couch into a life saver is just about eight times as much as is often needed for a hurried trip into eternity.

Some methods of life preservers are submitted to which the jury's objection about inflatable substances do not apply. One of these, invented by an old English sea captain, has the merit of serving a double purpose equally practicably. If everything is going all right aboard ship the things look just what it is, a comfortable arm chair. The seat of the chair is formed by two transverse straps of wide leather. If any sudden emergency necessitates the passenger going overboard, he unstraps the leather band, pulls the framework of the chair up under his arms, and attaches it there by fastening the straps over his shoulders. The thing is light enough for a child to handle, for beside the woodwork the only other things about the chair are two large tubes of aluminum, charged with air. A projecting nail, or sharp corner, or collision with a pointed object in the water, inflicts little damage on this life-saving apparatus.

The exhibit of life rafts is vast and varied. They are made of every possible sort of substance, and of every possible shape and size. One is built on the architectural lines of a string of linked sausages; most of them are "double barreled," and two or three have three or more air chambers. The Catamaran idea is worked out in extreme. For all of these rafts the same prominent virtue is claimed—unsinkableness. In most cases this merit was demonstrated by the expert tests, but other qualities were required, too, the chief of which was their portability and get-at-ability. Some of the inventors seemed to have forgotten all about this quality, or to have assumed, perhaps, that steamship lines would keep a supply of the rafts floating about the ocean, after ordering the captains never to get shipwrecked unless a life raft was near.

One of the most amusing samples of this sort of absent-mindedness on the part of inventors is the model of a so-called life raft submitted by a Hungarian ship carpenter. It is shaped like a gigantic pear, and the interior is arranged in four stories. The lowest, a sort of sub-cellar, is laden with ballast weighing many tons, so disposed as to keep "rear" upright. Above that are the storerooms for the provisions and general supplies. On the next floor are the sleeping quarters and hospital, and above that the dining and living-rooms.

As a design for a floating model the plan was excellent, but it was somewhat impractical as a life raft. "Where would you put it aboard ship?" one of the jury asked the inventor.

"I hadn't thought of that," replied the Hungarian.

"Why, on the deck, of course," suggested another juror, winking to his companion.

"Ya-as, dat's so," assented the inventor. "Put id on de deck."

"But you would have to build a ship around it," said the chairman of the jury; "and it would have to be four times wider than any ship ever built."

So the Hungarian's design did not get even honorable mention. Yet there was an idea in his head, and that idea was admirably worked out in other exhibits. Thus, a French shipbuilding firm submitted a model of a big trans-Atlantic liner, which carried an enormous lifeboat, equipped throughout and stored with provisions, etc., for instant use. The uniqueness of this invention consists in the fact that the lifeboat is not visible at all under normal conditions. It is imbedded in the forward part of the ship, and a passenger might walk over a hundred times without suspecting its existence. But in case the big ship should be in danger of shipwreck, the captain has the deck board covering the lifeboat instantly removed, and orders the passengers to crawl down into their places. There the passengers wait. If the huge vessel is destined to sink the occupants of the lifeboat are safe. When the ships keels over and disappears beneath the waves, the lifeboat is released automatically, and issues out of the foundering carcass like a phoenix from the ashes. Air chambers make the lifeboat unsinkable, and a clever device is provided which enables the lifeboat to resist the suction from the sinking ship.

A nearby exhibit from another French firm of ship-builders shows an automatically-detachable deck which separates itself from a foundering steamship, and assures a safe asylum to a hundred persons.

"Roper's Inventions for Saving Life at Sea" is the inscription on one of the walls of the long gallery. The exhibit of this English manufacturing establishment, that is famous for that branch of industry is the largest and the most complete in all the exhibition. Each device is demonstrated by working models, shown in a big tank filled with water. One of the most practical and effective of the Roper inventions is a steel life raft, built in cellular compartments for air chambers. One device employs this raft as the captain's bridge on an ocean steamship. Another shows it stowed on top of the deckhouse. For both of these methods a thoroughly practical apparatus with which the ship is equipped enables two persons to launch the raft, right side up, with the utmost speed.

When this apparatus, hastily sprung into position by pulling a crank, is in place, the raft glides smoothly over the sea surface, even if loaded to its maximum capacity, or sails may be employed as a motor for the raft.

Other practical inventions of the same order are a series of patent davits, infinitely simplifying the methods of shipping lifeboats. By the use of these, worked by powerful winches operated by two men, with her full complement of passengers and crew, a lifeboat can be lowered in less than one minute, and rough the sea. An improved releasing gear, which, when one person, disengages both ends of the boat simultaneously, doing away with the dangerous "hanging up" of the boat, so often responsible for great loss of life.

A patent process for closing bulkhead doors, a practical British exhibit. The invention is worked out equally by electricity, by hydraulic or steam power, or automatically. By the simple turning of a handle, no expenditure of force whatever, all the bulkheads of a ship may be closed simultaneously from the bridge or the chart house. Experts consider this a valuable contribution to the means of preventing loss of life at sea.

An inventor of New York City sends a model of a design to spread oil on the troubled water, in the literal sense, which has been often proven to be a means of preventing disaster at sea. The mechanism shoots a metal projectile a distance of a couple of hundred yards. The projectile is loaded with oil, and automatically released from the flacon by the impact of the falling object against the water. The class jury was much impressed by this invention. Another American invention of a startling character is the model of a life raft by a New Yorker, who has patented a projecting net fitted on rubber springs, covering the entire deck of the vessel. The purpose of this armor is to act as a buffer in case of collision, the inventor counting on the elasticity of the rubber would send two colliding bounding back again like billiard balls.

In fact, it would take a book to describe all the quaint, interesting, eccentric things sent to the exhibition. Even if the general result did not warrant the award of the entire prize, it is the unanimous opinion of the jury that the exhibition has been a great step toward the development of improved methods of life saving at sea.

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## A CURIOUS SPIDER.

"In Florida," said a resident of Key West the other day, "we have a curious large yellow spider, which is remarkable both for the ingenuity it expends in constructing its web and the marvelous faculty it has of swinging itself on the slightest approach of danger. It swings a strong web from two plant twigs on either side of a path or closed space of ground, and waits for its prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock, and tapers to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the spider seems to mark him out for destruction—he is so clearly defined against the web and dead leaves, that you wonder what he would do in case of attack."

"Approach quietly, and he watches you intently. If you raise your hand suddenly he will disappear. If you are wondering what became of him you will find him where he had been, then several spiders will catch sight again of the yellow ball you noticed. Repeat the performance and the stage effect is the same. The disappearance is absolute; there can be no doubt of it, and the little magician trusts to the trick of his protection. How is it done? Well, as soon as he is threatened he starts the vibration of his body, and these become too rapid for the eye to follow, and he disappears. As these become slower you see a blur, and several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his swing, until finally he rests before you."—*London Times*.

## AN ALLIGATOR INDUSTRY.

[Macon (Ga.) News:] There are schemes and schemes, but the latest and most extraordinary is one put forward by a prominent city court official to make a fortune raising alligators. The official, who disliking golf and prefers that his name be withheld, is quite sure of his undertaking, and has purchased 300 acres of land near Seven Bridges, into which he will turn loose a lot of alligators. The entire 300 acres is to be closely planted, and this work is now well under way and will be completed by October 1. Thirty-seven alligators have been placed on the farm, and the promoter expects to realize \$600 on his scheme next year. The alligator is said to be the most prolific of all animals, the goat not excepted, and where there is a ready demand for them he can make more money in raising them than by any other means. That there is a demand for them now is shown by the fact that the promoter of this farm now has filed in his office more orders than he can fill at present.

## SHE'LL MARRY THE ONE WHO WINS.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Dudley township, Marshall county, Kas., the only township in the United States which has a majority for the Palmer and Buckner ticket in the present election, presents a new "paramount issue."

James Bradley, Republican, and Willis Wilkinson, Democrat, both stockmen and both suitors for the hand of Miss Mary Kincaid, a school teacher, were met by her Friday and told that she would marry the one who carried Dudley township for his candidate for President.

In 1896 the total vote was six—three for Palmer, two for McKinley and one for Bryan. Two more voters have since been added in the township since, but their politics is unknown. Only one of the Palmer votes has declared for McKinley.

[Baptist Commonwealth:] "Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week! Every one contributed to the missionary cause \$5, which she carried off by hard work."

"How did you get yours?"

"From my husband."

"I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work."

"You don't know my husband."



# Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

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## Marshall's War Horse.

ONE OF THE leading members of the Maryland bar is Col. Charles Marshall, a direct descendant of the famous Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. During the civil war he was aid-de-camp to Gen. Robert E. Lee and went through the battles of the war with his chief. He was present at the surrender of Appomattox. Col. Marshall has many interesting stories of his military life, and one of the most amusing was an experience with a new horse. His old horse had been shot under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit his work. In the battle a few hours later he was riding across a field in which there were numerous stumps. Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared, and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Col. Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the meantime the firing was increasing and the situation was anything but comfortable, but the horse kept on as if he was enjoying it.

"It was not until afterward," said Col. Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been named Fido Dealer."

## Kind Sentry Over Himself.

THE DUTCH commandant who had charge of all the British prisoners taken after the battles of Glencoe, Dundee and Nicholson's Nek has told Mr. Davitt the following interesting little story:

Going his rounds at midnight on one occasion he was surprised to see an English soldier acting as a sentry over the prisoners, and on the commandant demanding an explanation "Tommy" offered the following extraordinary account of his transformation from prisoner to sentry over himself and fellow prisoners: "Well, sir, this 'ere poor little chap," pointing to the sleeping form of a boy lad fifteen years old, "was dead broke for sleep after two nights of dooty. I takes pity on the little chap, and I says, 'Look 'ere, you're regular done up, you are, that's certain. You give me your rifle and take a bit o' sleep, and I'll do sentry for you, I will. Honor bright! So the little chap went off. Its all right, sir; don't you blame him, please; he is only a kid!'"

"I was assured," adds Mr. Davitt, "that neither 'the kid' nor the kind-hearted English prisoner suffered over the unique incident."—[London Star.]

## An Incident In the Santiago Campaign.

THIS incident of the battle of Santiago was set in verse by James Lindsay Gordon.

Gen. Wheeler started in an ambulance to make the two-mile journey to the front. Half way there he met some officers carrying wounded men, and, against the protests of the surgeons, ordered his horse and resigned the ambulance to the wounded. More than this, he refused to go on until he had first, personally, assisted them into it. Following is the verse:

In the thick of the fight he went, pallid, and sick, and wan,  
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;  
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,  
Went to the front in that ambulance to the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells—  
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells;  
"Put them into the ambulance; Ill ride to the front," he said,  
And climbed to the saddle, and rode right on, that little old ex-confed.

Fevered body and hero heart, this union's heart to you  
Bursts out in love and reverence, and to each dear boy in blue  
Who stood or fell 'mid shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe,  
As wan and white, to the heart of the fight, rode little old Fighting Joe.

—[Chicago Journal.]

## Sherman's Impulsiveness.

"YES, SHERMAN was very impulsive," said the captain. "I saw Uncle Billy in a great act down at Big Shanty in June, 1864. The army was working its way toward Atlanta, and it was raining as only southern clouds could rain on Uncle Sam's soldiers when wagons were behind and there was no shelter. Gen. Sherman's tent had been pitched near the road, and the General had just taken off his heavy boots and put on a pair of snow-white stockings and loose slippers and otherwise made himself comfortable, when there was an uproar on the road near his headquarters."

"A teamster who had been whipping the mules of his team to make them pull became exasperated beyond endurance, and, using the butt end of his heavy whip, began to dash the mules over the head. He was so brutal that some of the soldiers passing protested, and this increased his rage. The screams of the belabored mules, the curses of the enraged teamster and the shouts of the soldiers made a din like a riot, but the brutal beating went on."

"Suddenly the flap of Gen. Sherman's tent was thrown aside, and the figure of a tall, bare-headed officer in fatigue dress, white stockings and slippers was projected through the rain into the center of the milie. This was

Gen. Sherman, and without a word he seized the irate teamster by the ear and fairly lifted him from his feet. There was instant quiet. The mules down in the mud waited for the next blow. The teamster, recognising the ear puller, was limp as a rag. The boys in the road stopped to see what Uncle Billy would do next.

"For a minute you could hear nothing but the patter of the rain. Then Sherman, still holding the teamster's ear in a way to make the fellow stand on his toes, turned and marched his prisoner to the rear, called an officer in charge of the guard and ordered that the beater of mules be properly punished and never be given another team. As the General turned toward his tent after this exploit the passing regiment gave him a cheer, and the philosopher of our company remarked: 'That's better than any cousin I ever heard. Uncle Billy is a master hand at ear pulling.'"—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

## Lesson In Salutes.

A SECOND lieutenant recently graduated from Sandhurst, who had just joined his regiment in South Africa, was standing in the market place of an up-country town when a grizzled and unshaven old soldier, wearing khaki breeches, a shirt and a campaign hat, stepped up and stood near him. The young soldier turned on him sharply: "Here, you man, did any one ever teach you how to salute?" "Yes, sir," drawled the trooper, as he glanced at the youngster. "Well, knock your heels together," said the young officer, and the trooper came to attention with the precision of an old soldier. "Now salute," he said, and the trooper's gauntlet came to the rim of his hat and stayed there until the young lieutenant answered it, at the same time cautioning him not to let it happen again, and demanding his name and regiment. Without relaxing his position from attention the old trooper again respectfully saluted and remarked dryly, "My name is —, and I'm brigadier-general of the cavalry brigade."—[Westminster Gazette.]

## The Nathan Hale of the South.

EVERY war has its heroes. To my notion, the hero of the civil war on the Confederate side was Sam Davis, the scout. He was caught in Tennessee with papers of importance on his person and arrested. A young fellow, and of fine appearance, his case excited sympathy on the part of the Federal authorities, and he was informed that if he would tell who gave him the papers they would give him a fine horse, with equipments and a pistol, and send him under safe escort through the lines. He refused and was sentenced to death as a spy.

Up to the very scaffold they begged him to yield, urging that a mere boy like him ought not to sacrifice his life for such a trifle; but he shook his head and was hanged. Gen. Dodge, who was in command of the Federals, was so struck with admiration of such noble fortitude that he sent his own check for \$25 as a contribution to a fund for a monument to the scout, with words of praise for his character.—[Gen. Joseph Wheeler in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### Victim of Simian Jealousy.

ALL THAT Borax, the little pink-eyed monkey, wanted of his fellows in the Lincoln Park Zoo was kind treatment, and when they turned their backs on him and ignored the inoffensive creature altogether he got sick and sulked in the darkest corner of the cage. The keepers had never witnessed such a strange manifestation of feeling akin to human among the animals and did not worry about Borax. The ostracism imposed on him by his erstwhile companions made Borax sick, and he refused nourishment. Sunday morning the little animal died, and his long-tailed playmates of two weeks ago, unforgiving even in the face of death, refused to show the slightest sign of sorrow when he was carried away and buried.

The circumstances of Borax's death were not known to the thousands who visited the animal reservation. They found the monkeys in new cages, and when something was said about a demise in the colony they attributed it to an accident attendant upon moving. There was one less simian to be bribed into a clever acrobatic feat with a handful of peanuts, but the demand was not lessened through the absence of the dead animal.

Borax was the cleverest performer of all the monkeys, and his skill led to his fate. He handiapped his fellows by his previous training, for he came from a circus where he got a bun if he rode a spirited greyhound around the track without losing his seat and a whipping if his performance did not suit the trainer. Borax's life at the Lincoln Park Zoo had promise of happy days. The first Sunday he performed he got as many peanuts as all the rest of the monkeys combined, but Borax was not selfish and attempted to divide his spoils. The simian's generosity was regarded as an attempt to lord it over the rest and he was not thanked.

After a month's stay at Lincoln Park Borax apparently wished he had never left the circus, though the bun was frequently stale and the beating a severe one. There he was on good terms with the greyhound and the savage bull terrier that wouldn't treat any other member of the outfit with the least show of civility. Borax did his best to furnish amusement to the crowd, but would not accept the rewards. After dark his cage companions would appropriate their despised comrade's emoluments, though they made unkind remarks about him.

"You can't tell me that the pink-eyed fellow didn't die of grief," said one of the keepers yesterday. "It was a plain case of getting shut out in the cold. He wanted to be the 'good fellow' with the crowd, but they wouldn't stand for it. It is just like men, anyhow. If they see a chap succeeding

they begin talking bad about him. Borax wasn't accustomed to that sort of a thing, and it broke him all up. I could see he could not live through it. He didn't see any chance of getting back to the circus or another job, so he went back in the cage and starved himself to death. That monkey was more sentimental than many a human being."—[Chicago Chronicle.]

### The Mule Turned.

THE MULE is thought to be an exceedingly dull and unappreciative beast, but there is one on the west side that is neither dull nor unappreciative. His driver belabored him unmercifully for not pulling a load—that was heavy enough for two mules to haul. The man pounded and swore and pounded again, but do his best the mule could not budge the wagon, and after trying several earnest attempts he quit trying.

That exasperated the driver more than ever, for he thought the mule was "playing off," and he fell to beating him harder than ever. Meanwhile the mule would turn his head toward the driver as if trying to see what the next form of punishment would be, but subsequent events showed that his mullah mind was figuring on revenge against the driver.

Doubtless he got the idea of what he would do from the careless way the driver fooled about his hind legs. But, anyway, his muleship seemed very much pleased when he found he was to be released from the wagon, even if it was to give the driver a freer hand with his club. In a few minutes the mule found himself tied to one of the wheels of the wagon and felt the heavy blows of the club, but he took things philosophically and kept one eye on the driver. Presently the driver got in the position the mule was waiting for, when, like a flash of lightning, two heels struck the driver, and when they picked him up it was found an ambulance would be needed to take him home.

The mule seemed to glory in his work, or kick, rather, and perhaps the bystander who laughed to see the driver punished for his brutal treatment of the mule only imagined it, but he felt sure the mule joined in the laugh, for his eyes seemed to say that he was immensely pleased over the play he had made with his heels. But, be that as it may, when the bystander approached the mule he was met with marked demonstrations of friendship, the mule going so far as trying to rub his nose against the bystander's face. When the ambulance came the mule watched them put the driver into it, and as it drove away he raised his voice in a deafening bray and pranced about as if too happy to enjoy even a good meal of oats, corn and hay. The bystander went away firmly of the belief that mules knew a whole lot.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

### The Mother Pigeon's Grief.

THERE was a tragedy enacted at the recent Dearborn street fire, where four women lost their lives, that was witnessed by none of the thousands that stood horror-stricken as they saw men and women climbing to safety along narrow ledges of the building front. In a recess at one end of the large, overhanging cornice was a pigeon home. The father and mother birds were driven from their posts by the heat and smoke, but the three nestlings perished.

After the firemen had stopped work and the excitement had died down the parent pigeons came back to seek their young. Toward evening the mother bird began flying over the ruins. She circled for a time, and finally landed on the roof of the wrecked building. Soon she was joined by her mate. They seemed greatly puzzled at the change the fire had wrought.

The father bird flew away, but the mother remained. Finally she plucked up courage enough to fly to the top of the upper story window near her nest. Then she sidled along to the stone ledge at the bottom of the wrecked cornice. She stretched her head toward her burned home, and then, as if frightened at what she saw, flew to the roof again. Soon the father bird joined her. After a sorrowful conference the mother bird again dropped to the stone ledge. She was encouraged by her mate, and crept along to the recess in the corner of the cornice. Her mate followed, and together they viewed their dead offspring. The mother bird crept timidly into the nest of embers. She even tried to cover her dead nestlings. The father bird seemed to tell her to come away, and they soon flew to the roof again. Here another sad conference was held, and after comforting his mate the father pigeon flew away. But the mother kept her vigil into the night, and was still at her post above her wrecked home and dead nestlings when the day closed on the scene of destruction.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

### A Mouse Catches the Flies.

A TINY mouse that seems to have its own way in all it cares to do has taken up quarters in a bulk window on Chestnut street. The window contains a fine display of traveling bags and dressing cases, and under ordinary circumstances the presence of the little intruder would not be tolerated a minute. But this is not an ordinary mouse. Instead of creeping havoc and damage by gnawing holes in the valuable bags and grips this particular mouse does a valuable service to the firm by spending its time in catching the flies that are unwise enough to come within reach. Every evening after the store has been closed, and the clerks have gone home a crowd gathers on the pavement outside and watches the little fellow capture the unwary flies. It is a wonderful performance, and so quick of movement and keen of eye is the mouse that a fly rarely escapes that it springs for. From a crouching attitude it waits until a fly comes close enough, then it straightens up on its hind legs, the two front paws, like tiny hands, are thrust upward, and the upwary fly is clutched and brought down. After that the mouse eats the fly and then gets ready to catch another.—[Philadelphia Record.]



*By a Special Contributor.*

From a material point of view the Japanese are clearly, artistic, aesthetic. Every one bathes at least once a day and some of the people four or five times. The family and all of the servants use the same water and tub, and the order of precedence is carefully regulated in each household. In a Japanese house the bath and kitchen are at the front, and the front yard, which is always pretty, sometimes very beautiful, is at the back. A yard 10x15 feet may contain a mountain, a river and a waterfall; a lake with fish, together with trees, shrubs and flowers in proportion. It is just as though you were looking the wrong way through an opera glass at a beautiful park. All of the rooms are furnished just alike, that is to say not at all. There is a straw matting about two inches thick, very soft and clean, a hibachi, which is a small brass basin used to hold a charcoal fire and the only means of heating the room, and a single flower or picture. The house is a tiny affair made of wood, with a tile or thatch roof. It has a veranda all around, which is closed up at night by sliding wooden doors a quarter of an inch thick. All other doors are mere sliding frames covered with white paper. Apparently there are no thieves to break in and steal, for there are no locks and no means of locking. Any man with determination and a good jack knife could, in half an hour, cut a hole through any part of the house large enough to walk through. Privacy in such a house is impossible. Any room may be used as a drawing room, a dining room or a library, at a moment's notice, and all of the rooms are used for sleeping purposes. From behind a sliding door in the wall a pair of thick cotton quilts and a wooden pillow with a paper cover are produced, spread and placed upon the floor and the best chamber of the house is at your disposal, i.e., if the house be unusually large and the family unusually small. Ordinarily four persons sleep in a room nine feet square. When retiring a Japanese does not remove his clothing, though a different garment is usually worn out of doors. The one garment of the people is a kimono. It is a long garment with very ample sleeves, and it extends from the neck to the feet. It is wrapped closely about the body and is held in its proper place by an obi. An obi is a beautiful piece of very heavy silk wound around the waist to form a belt. The usual size for men is 4 inches wide and 12 feet long, for women 1 1/2 inches wide and 20 feet long. A shorter "overcoat" is some-

At home the sick are very well cared for and their hospitals are surprisingly good. Their doctors are kind, attentive and scientific. Their methods are occidental, modified to suit the oriental needs and possibilities. I have had many ludicrous experiences when in contact with this branch of the medical fraternity, but the introduction to a Japanese doctor in due form is a genuine ordeal. It is best not to guess what he will do. He may place a hand upon each knee and bow very low, which on being interpreted is found to mean "I am pleased to see you," a second bow of the same sort signifies "I hope you find yourself in excellent health," a third one, "I hope your father also enjoys excellent health," and a possible fourth one, "I hope all of the members of your family are enjoying good health." If the doctor should inspire quickly and frequently, the air making a hissing sound as it passes between his teeth, he is showing you great and unusual respect. You are expected to return all of these compliments in like kind and quantity and "then is when the fun begins." Or, he may aspire to greet you a la Americana, in which case it is an exactly even chance that he will extend his left hand. However, through it all one cannot but feel that he is a gentleman, and his desire to show you every courtesy is undoubtedly genuine. In fact, all of the Japanese people, except an occasional one at the sea ports, welcome the stranger and wish him well. They meet his unrestrained curiosity with a smile and charitably overlook his atrocious miscrelages, in all instances showing a kindly disposition not at all in accordance with their poor food, disappointing climate and leaden skies. The country is only fairly resourceful. Every square inch of soil is tilled with a thorough minuteness never dreamed of by the American farmer. Imagine the people setting out barley as we do cabbage in a field as big as a garden, carefully cultivating the same by hand, and never allowing a single weed to appear to extract virtue from the soil the present richness of which is a result of the anxious care given it for unknown generations. As the plants mature they grow up beautifully straight and clean. Should there be a heavy rain, making the ground very soft, there is of course danger that the grain might "fall" with a strong wind; therefore, a handful is gathered in a bunch, just below the heads, and tied with a straw string, the design being similar to and proportionately as strong as a light house. In due time the proverbial golden brown covers the field and delights the eyes. Then comes "ye farmer maiden." She is dressed in a blue garment cut rather decollete and falling toward the knees. Below this may be seen a pair of little brown feet connected with the above by a pair of skin-tight trousers. Around her head is wound a cotton cloth, and she is armed with a tiny sickle and a pair of liquid brown eyes. She carefully severs the bunches of the straw close to the ground and gently lays them side by side upon the ground. A few days later she is a pictureque thrashing machine, engine, separator and crew, all combined in one. She stands before a large stationary wooden rake, the teeth of which are perpendicular and quite close together. Mixing bunches of the straw by the butts, she carefully draws the straws through between the teeth causing the barley to fall on the far side. Later she will toss the grain into the air and the chaff will be blown to one side. The straw is tied in little bundles around the trunk of a tree to be used as fertilizer "next year." Absolutely nothing is thrown away in Japan. But the raising of barley is a makeshift, this grain being sown only where it is impossible to grow rice. Japan lives today as she has for centuries, upon rice, however, it is not the same rice that appears upon the American table. Every Japanese woman can cook rice. But this is not so remarkable when you consider that it is their principal, frequently their only, article of food. This, with fish, sea weed, bean cake and rarely an egg, is all they have to eat. Rice can be grown only where there is an abundance of water, as it is necessary that the ground be covered for months at a time. The fields are of the same size as barley fields and perfectly level. For a border there is an earth wall some eight inches high which makes it possible to cover the field to an equal depth with water. In the early summer a man appears in the field dressed in a loin cloth and blue shirt. If the day be warm, the latter may with due propriety be discarded. He stands knee deep in mud and water, and "spades" the ground with an enormous hoe. Afterward the surface of the field is covered with the straw that was so carefully preserved from last year, and the entire family come out to tramp it into the soil. Sometimes the neighboring "young people" lend helping hand, and all is as merry as a husking bee. The plants are set out in rows, and the field is kept covered with water until the rice matures. The water is then drawn off and the rice harvested in much the same manner as barley.

Flour is made from both rice and barley. After being milled it is placed in a huge stone mortar and cracked by wooden pestle, which operates in much the same manner as our steel power hammer, only in this case the power is a crew of men, or sometimes a water wheel. The cracked grain is then fed into a mill which might have been a mote ancestor of our old-time stone flour mill. However, these mills are like those of the gods in that they grind both "slow and exceedingly fine" and the product is quite fine. These flours are principally used in making cakes and are to an occidental decidedly insipid, though extensively eaten by the Japanese when drinking tea. And their name—the *Rin no Hige Gokuro*—is a delight, a fairy tale, "midsummer night's dream." I have never seen or heard of it in America and I am told that practically the entire product is consumed in Japan. The tea plant is a small shrub trimmed into a sphere about two feet in diameter and

O. C. WELLS

"Yes," replied Spriggs, dreamily. "It used to be

was devoted to baseball and football and basket ball. Now I give all my spare time to baby's howl," and he hurriedly and went into the adjoining room.



GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

How Late to Change It.

During a lesson in a medical college the other day one of the students, who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor, "How much is a dose of" (giving the technical name of a strong poison.)

"A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, but the student, a quarter of an hour later, realized that he had made a mistake, and straightway said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, sir," responded the professor, curtly, looking at his watch; "your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."—[London Tid-Bits.

Admitted His Fickleness.

MARK TWAIN'S uncertainty as to his lecture engagements, the final decision as to whether he wanted to lecture or not, and his unsettled condition of mind as to his future plans and movements were well illustrated in a very humorous letter written to Redpath, a month later. The letter reads:

"Hartford, Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1871.  
"Red—I am different from other men! My mind changes oftener. People who have no mind can easily be satisfied and firm, but when a man is loaded down to the brim with it, as I am, every sea of foreboding or inclination, maybe of indecision, shifts the cargo. See! Therefore, if you will notice, one week I am likely to give rigid instructions to confine me to New England; the next week I am likely to Arizona; the next withdraw my name; the next week give you full untrammelled swing; and the week following modify it. You must try to keep the run of my mind, Redpath, it is your business, being the agent, and it always was too many for me. It appears to me to be one of the finest pieces of mechanism I have ever met with. Now about the West, this week, I am willing that you should retain all the Western engagements. But what I shall want next week is still with God.

"Let us not profane the mysteries with soiled hands and prying eyes of sin. Yours,

"MARK."  
—[Ainslee's Magazine.

He Wouldn't Do.

A WELL-DRESSED lad, the son of wealthy parents, thought it would be quite manly to earn a few coppers for himself by selling newspapers. He stopped a tattered newsboy in the street, and said to him:

"Do you think I should be able to earn money as you do if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"

"Why do you want to sell papers?"

"I'm tired of being idle."

"Well," said the philosophic little newsboy, with a serious air, "I've think you can hold twenty papers in one hand, lick three or four boys bigger'n yerself with the other hand, while yer keeps two more off yer feet, and yells 'War Wilson' all the time?"

"No-o, I don't," replied the well-dressed boy.

"Then yer's no good in the newspaper biz," replied the tattered philosopher. "You'd better get yer people to 'prentice yer to something light."—[Spare Moments.

His Indiscretion.

IN ONE of Chauncey M. Depew's stories he tells of meeting a man as funny as himself.

"One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked in which battle he had been injured.

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.'"

[Youth's Companion.

One Lawyer Enough.

IN SPAIN a blacksmith of a village murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together and begged of the Alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels and such offices. But the Alcalde said:

"Now, then, can I carry out the law?" A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two lawyers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; you may hang the other."—[Chicago Chronicle.

Out of Wind.

ONE SUNDAY the minister of a small northern country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm (containing 176 verses,) while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door, waving his arms and urging him to hurry. On reaching the door he exclaimed, "Are they all singing yet, John?" "Aye, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like quails."—[The Argonaut.

Long-Distance Heredity.

"PA, CAN I have some money to go to the circus?" This was the modest and reasonable request of little Johnny Whittaker, one evening last week, sent at what is considered an auspicious time in the direction of his sire.

"Yes," said Mr. Whittaker.

Johnny preferred his request for the second time with

faltering voice and indications of rain on his part. Johnny and the circus were zones apart at that moment.

"Want to go to the circus, hey? And you going to Sunday-school every week! Don't you know that circuses are wicked? I never wanted to go to the circus when I was a boy."

While this was not a deliberate "fib" on Mr. Whittaker's part, it was certainly a perversion of the truth.

"And what do you want to see at the circus?"

"I—I—w—want to see the w—wild a—animals," said Johnny, beginning to blubber in earnest.

"Want to see the wild animals, hey? Don't you twist that cat's tail often enough? Where did you get your love for wild animals? I never cared for them."

"I—I—I inherited it."

"Inherited it! Well, I never. And who from?"

"F—from N—Noah," sobbed the despairing hopeful.

The promptness of Johnny's reply, combined with the evidence that his religious instruction had not been wasted on the desert air, was too much for the old gentleman, and he came down at once with the necessary coin.—[Tid-bits.

Allee Samee Scotchman.

THE SOUTHERN section of New Zealand has been colonized in the main by Scotchmen and their descendants, and, as a result of Caledonian clannishness, a man without a Scotch-sounding name has no chance of getting a contract from the municipal councils in these parts. At a meeting of one of these bodies it was announced from the chair that Sandy McPherson was the successful bidder for a certain contract, and he was requested to come forward and enter into the necessary bonds for its due fulfillment. In response to the invitation an almond-eyed, pig-tailed, bland and smiling heathen Chinese rose from the rear of the hall and stood before the speechless councillors with the exclamation, "Me Sandy McPherson."

After a few moments of silent agony the mayor nearly had a fit, and the meeting adjourned in confusion.—[Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Tackle.

THE BOB-SLED fever was running its course through the freshman class. One afternoon the sled was crowded with freshmen beyond its limit. All went well, however, until a bend in the road and a stalwart youth presented himself simultaneously to view. The youth stepped lightly to one side of the curve, but the starting gear of the sled refused to work, and in an instant over the side of the hill went bob-sled, seven girls and one man. When the girls had sorted themselves and hastily glanced at their victim they recognized the half-back of the "Varsity football team, who shook the snow out of his collar and said with wonderful presence of mind: "Ladies, let me assure you any man would have gone down under such superior tackling."—[Chicago News.

The Mystery Was Explained.

IN SPEAKING of Maurice Thompson one naturally alludes to his poetry and his literary criticisms, but there was a time when the erstwhile Hoosier writer was as famous a man as Adirondack Murray. In the seventies Mr. Thompson advocated in an eastern magazine the revival of the ancient sport of archery. He wrote a book or two telling how small game, such as birds, squirrels and rabbits, could be killed by the arrow. He formulated rules for archery clubs and through the Middle West there swept a great wave of enthusiasm that would have gladdened the heart of Robin Hood and added to the stature of Little John. There were Thompson butts, Thompson bows and Maurice Thompson strings and arrows.

After a while the archery fad reached Indianapolis, and a handsome lawn was laid out near Fall Creek, then a suburb. A Thompson club was promptly organized and a rival team was soon in the field. The latter was composed of boys ranging in age from 15 to 18, and they met semi-weekly for practice. Shooting at butts soon became wearisome, and Mr. Thompson's later articles as to hunting small game aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The two clubs vied with each other in making as large scores as possible.

At last one of the clubs forged to the head with a lead that defied competition. All of the victims were indubitably hit with some semi-blunt object, and while the rival team might think things it did not dare to charge foul play.

The other day in New York two of these old-time rivals met and the subject of archery was brought up.

"If I hadn't seen the game I'd say you fellows used a shot gun," said one of them.

"It wasn't a shot gun," replied the other, "and," with a sudden burst of frankness, "it wasn't arrows, either."

"What was it?"

Then the other and older man went to a trunk and from a tin box he pulled out a pronged stick, a leather cup and two bands of rubber. "I used to be the best shot in Central Indiana with this, 30 years ago," he remarked.

"Well, I'll be switched," said the other man.—[Saturday Evening Post.

A Lesson That Was Impressive.

SISTER of the late E. P. Roe tells an amusing story of the first lesson which she and her brother ever received in Roman history. Among our most loved and honored guests during our childhood was Dr. Samuel Cox, for many years a prominent clergyman in New York. At times our conversation turned on history, and I remember on one occasion he asked Edward and me if we could give him the names of the First Roman Triumvirate.

At this period of our existence the name "Caesar" was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom we often visited, and who lived upon a lonely road in the neighborhood. We were vastly astonished, therefore, to learn that the name had even been borne by a more illustrious person than our dusky friend; but we listened entranced to the story of the rivalries of Caesar and Pompey for the empire of the world.

Unhappily, the good doctor could not remember the name

of the third triumvir, and the lack troubled him greatly. That night, about a o'clock, I was startled by a loud knock on my bedroom door, and Dr. Cox called out

"Mary, are you awake?"

I replied that I was—as, indeed, was everyone else in the house by that time.

"It's Crassus," said the doctor, and then he returned to his room, greatly relieved.

Neither Edward nor I ever forgot that first lesson in Roman history.—[Youth's Companion.

Saw Himself as Others See Him.

EMPEROR WILLIAM recently told this yarn about himself: "A few weeks ago, as I was going through some of the smaller streets of Berlin, I dropped into an outfitter's shop and asked the man who was there to show me some ties. I soon picked out one with a pattern that always pleases me, and, in fact, so often do I wear this colored tie that many of my subjects frequently recognize me by it. I believe the Emperor is very fond of this pattern." I said to the shopman, genially, "Now, what do you think about it?"

"What do I think about it, eh, sir? Well, I think that he's about the only 'duffer' in all Germany who would wear it!"—[New York Press.

Wasting His Time.

A YOUNG lawyer in this city has made frequent attempts to tell a story of his father's experience, and each time some one has accused him of repeating a humorous story which is still making the rounds of the newspapers. His father is a minister. Some years ago he went to a New England town to preach a sermon. He was a stranger to the congregation. There were the usual notices on the desk for him to read to the congregation. Among them was a funeral notice. When the minister began to read this notice with due solemnity, giving the hour when the deceased was to be buried and inviting the members of the congregation to be present, he was amazed to see the smile that went around the church. After the service a deacon came to him and asked:

"Where did you get that funeral notice?"

"It was among the other notices," said the minister.

"What is the trouble? Isn't the man dead?"

"Dead," said the deacon. "Well, he ought to be. We buried him a year and a half ago."

In some way the notice had turned up, possibly from the leaves of the Bible. A paragraph about the incident was published in the local papers and it had vitality enough to travel all over the country. When the minister's son attempts to tell the story he is greeted with incredulous smiles, and if he asserts that it is true his listeners are very apt to say that it is a good story, but they have read it before. "It goes to prove," says the lawyer, "how hard it is to tell the truth."—[New York Sun.

Itched at a Bad Time.

A R. WALLIS of Spokane, Wash., was speaking yesterday at the Hotel Imperial of western hold-ups. "I never happened to be in one myself," said Mr. Wallis, "but a number of my friends have been. They one and all testified later to a similar experience, and that was that no matter how few the hold-ups-up or how many they held up, each and every man said afterward that the robber's weapon was pointed directly and solely at him. Years ago in California an acquaintance of mine was on a stage coach that a pair of bandits went through. The fourteen passengers were all made to get out and stand in a row, with their hands high over their heads. One burly ruffian stood guard over them with a double-barreled shot gun, while the other engaged in the pleasing task of relieving them of their valuables and spare cash. My friend was nearest the man with the shot gun. While the ceremonies were in progress his nose began to itch and instinctively he started to lower one hand to scratch it. 'Hands up, there!' came the stern order, and his hand went automatically back into place. But that itching redoubled and again he essayed the relievous scratch. 'Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?' demanded the highwayman. 'Are you wishful to become a lead mine?' 'My nose itches so I can't stand it any longer,' tearfully explained my friend. 'I simply have got to scratch it.' 'No, you hain't,' ungrammatically corrected the knight of the road, 'cause I'll do it for you.' And with that he proceeded to scratch the offending nasal organ with the muzzle of his shot gun. You can wager your shoes that that particular nose stopped itching with great abruptness."—[New York Tribune.

Who She Was.

THE other morning, going down town on a Sixth avenue "L" train, in New York, a woman, shabbily dressed, reached over to another seat and picked up a paper that had been left by a man who had just got off. The woman with the shabby dress had her nose buried in the paper. A philanthropist and a business man were riding in the seat back of her.

"You see," said the philanthropist, "how eager the poor working people of this country are to acquire knowledge. Now, that good woman ahead of us cannot afford to buy a paper, but she is ready, nevertheless, to gain information and picks up a paper wherever she can. Commendable, isn't it?"

"Do you know what that woman is?" asked the business man.

"No," said the philanthropist. "Who is it?"

"Hettie Green," said the business man.—[Pittsburgh News.

Certainly.

IN 1862 an order was issued that all seafaring men in the army could, on application, be transferred to the Confederate navy. Moses Williams of the Manchester Artillery applied. He was asked if he was a seafaring man, and he replied, "Certainly; I can see as far as any other man, I don't care where he comes from."—[The Lost Cause.



## Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

### OUR TRADE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ALL ABOUT AMERICAN MERCHANTS AND AMERICAN GOODS IN MANILA AND ELSEWHERE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**M**ANILA, July 2, 1900.—The Philippine Islands do a foreign business of more than thirty million dollars a year, and of this the United States is not getting its share of the profits. One of the big importing firms of Manila today gave its check at the custom house for \$97,000 in gold. This was the duty on one shipment of goods. This was petroleum and it came from Russia. The most of the kerosene used in the Philippines comes from that country, notwithstanding the United States has the greatest petroleum fields in the world.

We raise more cotton than any other land, but the cotton goods used here come from England and Germany. We have the chief iron mines and the best hardware, but Germany and England are supplying the Philippines. California is nearer Manila than either Spain or France, but the wines consumed are from the latter countries.

In fact, about the only thing that is now being imported here in great quantities from America is beer. This was brought to Manila by the ship load as soon as the Americans took possession of the country. I crossed the Pacific with the agent of one firm who made \$350,000 by gr-

of \$35,000. In addition to this there were some goods sent by way of Hongkong and transhipped there which were probably credited to China, but altogether the imports were very light.

I am told at the custom house that, beginning with this year, there has been a rapid increase in American importations. A great deal of flour has begun to come in. Cotton is being imported in small lots, and also some galvanized iron and machinery. Quite a number of American typewriters are being shipped in, the business firms here seeing our machines in the hands of the government clerks and thereby appreciating their value.

#### Our Spanish Custom House.

I find it very hard to get accurate information from the custom house. For some reason or other the officials think financial matters should be kept secret and that the American people have no right to know what business is being done until the news is sent out from headquarters. The matter of a month or a year making no difference. The custom house is still managed on the Spanish system, the old Spanish duties being in force. The tariff is collected chiefly on the weight of the goods, and quality and price make little difference.

Take the matter of jewelry, for instance. If a silver dollar weighing 412 grains were handed over to a jeweler and turned into a bracelet and a gold dollar weighing twelve grains of gold were made into a ring and set with four

but it took me a whole half day to pay it. When I was in a hurry for the goods I was told that they might be possibly passed through the custom house in a day. I tried to get them nevertheless, and through my labors, which lasted from morning until night, my box had to be hunted up and weighed. Then the films were taken out and weighed one by one, the weighing paper being placed on top to see that it paid of the duty. I had then to make out a declaration, to go and to chase this from one clerk to another, the various offices of the custom house. I visited at least twenty-five clerks each passed on that day of duty, each carefully indorsing the three papers passing them on to the next. In many instances the work was made in the books, and at last I was given a receipt and told to go to the cashier and pay the duty. I got my box. I was much better treated than the customer, being invariably pushed forward to have their wants attended to.

I can see how this custom system might be made profitable one to the Spanish officials, where every clerk collected his toll, but it is radically wrong for Americans, and it should be changed at once. The official travelers who are here from the United States complaining about it. They say it interferes with business and they can do nothing on account of it.



his cargo of beer here first. Other men have done almost as well, and today all the leading makes of American beer are sold here. The beer is largely consumed by Americans. Within six months after our troops landed the number of Manila's saloons was multiplied by ten. There are now a hundred here where there was one before, the chief support of all being the American soldiers. The beer sells at high prices, the ordinary bottle costing 25 cents in gold, or more than three times as much as at home.

#### Good Things That America Should Furnish.

You would think that the United States should furnish the most of the butter and other canned goods of the Philippines. It does not. The bulk of the canned stuff comes from Europe, but Australia is pushing her way in far ahead of the Americans. We have Australian canned fruits on our dining tables, and our army is now eating Australian butter and Australian beef. The duties at present are so great as to make such importations prohibitive. A can of California pears which sells for 30 cents in San Francisco would have to pay an additional 30 cents as duty before it could enter Manila.

As to other products, France, Switzerland and Austria ship largely to this market. Machinery, paper and silks come from France, furniture of the bent-wood variety from Austria, and glass and glassware, as well as iron, paper and cement, from Belgium.

We take more of the exports of the Philippines than any other country, but we get less in return. Last year all the United States goods sold in Manila were worth in round numbers \$130,000 in gold, upon which we paid a duty

hundred grains of diamonds, the two articles coming into a Manila custom house would pay the same duty. One might be actually worth but two dollars and the other \$25,000, but the weight would govern the tariff. A pound of canned tomatoes selling for ten cents in gold and a pound of potted chicken worth fifty cents would pay the same tariff, and so it is with scores of other things. Furniture pays its way by the pound and so do silks, velvets and wrapping papers. It is the same with carpets and cottons, with hemp, marble and drugs, and, in fact, with almost every importation.

#### How Not to Do It.

The custom house is doing a big business, but it seems to be run on the plan that Dickens characterized as "the science of how not to do it." It has an army of clerks, many of whom are soldiers, and other civil officers, but it lacks men who are skilled in customs work. It has a host of Filipinos to help the other clerks, and notwithstanding this it takes from a day to a month to get a shipment of goods through it. If you are in a hurry the officials will advise you to go and get a custom-house broker to attend to your matters, and after you have attempted once or twice to do the work yourself you are glad to take the advice. The delay may be due to the Spanish system, although it seems to me that the red tape of the army has something to do with it.

Take an experience which I had with the office myself as an instance. It related to a package of a dozen rolls of photographic films, worth \$17, which were shipped to me from Hongkong. The shipment and the bills were all in regular order, and the duty was only a matter of 27 cents,

the slowness of the customs service of Manila is so notorious that the European insurance companies charge their insurance on goods to a month after their arrival until they have passed from the custom house into the hands of the importer.

At the same time the customs receipts are showing a considerable increase. They are now \$600,000 a month, they will be more than \$8,000,000 this year. This is at the port of Manila alone. It does not include the ports of Iloilo, Cebu, Zamboanga, Sual and Jolo. It is that the business of the Philippine Islands has almost a gun to increase, and this increase will probably come.

#### Taxes on Business.

In order that American trade may be increased here there should be a considerable reduction in the taxes on all kinds of business. The Spanish laws still prevail, as I have said, and every one who attempts to engage in any undertaking for profit must pay a part of his receipts to the government. Bankers, importers and shipowners are charged \$1000 to \$375 a year, according to the amount of business done, while money lenders or small pawn brokers pay from \$250 to \$50. Banking establishments also pay 1 per cent. of their profits. There is a tax on all salaries, directors, administrators and attorneys are charged 1 per cent. of their incomes, and every one who receives \$100 a month and upward must turn in 1 per cent. of his salary to the government.

All storekeepers pay heavy taxes. Those who sell hardware, jewelry and optical goods are charged from \$10 to \$143 per annum, provided they act also as importers.



It may be from middlemen the charges are reduced one-half. Dealers who import pay \$500 per annum, drug stores \$200, hardware stores \$300 and small shops selling wine, beer and canned goods, \$50. Chinese druggists are charged \$200, and Chinese provision stores \$100.

There is a tax here on the butcher, the baker and the candle stick maker. The harbor pays so much every three months, and this is so with many other tradesmen. There is not a man or a woman doing business in Manila who is not taxed, and even the market peddler who brings in a basket of vegetables has to pay her toll before she can sell.

#### A Land of Concessions.

A large number of the businesses in the past have been monopolies farmed out by the government. There is a beer brewery here which claims that it alone has the right to make beer in the Philippines until 1920. The company has already made a fortune and today no other brewery can be started until its concession is withdrawn. It has, I am told, violated the terms of its contract with the government in that it agreed to sell beer in Manila at 6% cents per liter. It actually charged this price up to the time that the Americans came in, when it jumped to 40 cents per liter, which is its present charge.

The collection of the taxes of different classes has in the past been farmed out at auction. The man who inspected the weights and measures of the city paid \$7000 for the privilege, although the actual income from such inspection, according to his report, amounted to \$2400 a year. He, of course, made the difference between this amount and his profits by blackmailing and squeezing.

The collection of taxes at the markets was done in the same way. When the government took charge this was abolished, and the receipts from the markets for the three days following were only \$7 per day. It was turned over to one of the United States collectors, and the receipts ran soon to \$150 a day. Shortly after this an American paid the government \$150 a day to collect the taxes, and it is currently reported that he then made \$60 a day in addition. This was a rise of more than \$900 per day in the actual receipts. Then the provost marshal took the collection of these taxes into his own hands. He saw that every person paid his tax, and within two months the city was receiving \$350 per day. It is now getting from \$375 to \$405 a day, and the receipts are still rising.

The charges for market places show just how every trade is taxed. Every transient peddler pays 1 cent per day for each square meter of ground she occupies. I say she, for the marketing is done almost altogether by women. If the place is occupied for a week it is considered permanent and even if the woman has only a basket her tax may be raised as high as 10 cents per square meter. None are charged, however, more than 80 cents per day, or \$24 per month, for the right to sell in the market, and this last charge is for a space about as large as the average American parlor, or about sixteen feet wide by twenty-two feet long.

The peddlers on boats in the canals pay 1 cent per day per square meter of boat surface, or an amount ranging from 3 cents to 75 cents, according to whether they have dugout canoes or cargo boats.

A concession was given for the collection of taxes on horses, wagons and draft animals; this sold for about \$45,000 for a term of three years, and on this contract, I am told, one man recently made more than \$2000 a month. Large profits were made on other things of the same nature, and, indeed, almost every fat government job was a concession.

#### American Business in Manila.

Manila is rapidly putting on its American clothes. You see American signs on every street, and although most of the businesses so far started are small, the day will come when there will be large American stores here handling all kinds of American goods.

At present we have an American drug store. It is a big one, and it does a large business in novels, light literature and stationery as well as in quinine and pills. There is one American jewelry store. There should be more, for an enormous amount of jewelry is sold here. The people invest most of their savings in diamonds and gold and silver ornaments. There are large foreign stores selling watches and precious stones, and also East Indian merchants, who handle silverware and all kinds of jewelry. I understand the stores are having many demands for American watches. So far the most that I have seen are of Swiss make. They are sold at low prices, and are much bought by the soldiers. Our American watch companies should study this market and push their goods.

One young American is making a fortune here in selling fine confectioneries, soda water, ice cream and American bread. He opened with a small shop, but he has now one of the biggest places on the Escolta and is increasing his business every day.

Another successful establishment is called the American Bazaar. It sells all kinds of American goods, and I see that its advertisement in today's newspaper states that it has ten tons of goods' furnishings goods just in from 'Friaco. Among the items mentioned are thirty kinds of complete suits of underwear, and a certain garter at \$1 Mexican, which "will wear five years, 10 cents a year."

#### American Hotels and Boarding Houses.

The chief business that the ex-soldier goes into in Manila is the opening of hotels and boarding houses. You find Yankee hotels and restaurants everywhere, advertised under all kinds of names. One is called "Mother's Home," another the "Oregon Hotel" and a third the "Washington Restaurant." We have the "Hoffman House," the "Astor House," the "Commercial," the "Golden Eagle," the "United States," the "California," and a dozen and one other places where you can get cold iced beer and coffee "like your mother makes." As to saloons, they are to be found everywhere, and all the saloon men are making money. Both hotels and saloons pay high licenses.

#### American Professional Men.

There are a number of our professional men who have hung out their signs in Manila. There are half a dozen

lawyers and an equal number of dentists and doctors. The dentists are all busy and they all tell me they are doing well. I know one who made \$700 "silver" last week, and who claims that he has made as high as \$3000 and upward a month. All of the dentists have high charges. Their custom is among both the Filipinos and Americans. Some of them occasionally make trips over the country, going from army post to army post to attend to the teeth of the soldiers.

There are several American importing and exporting firms here, but none so far are doing a very large business. The most of the importers deal largely in liquors, advertising extensively the different brands of American whiskies.

There are several photographers, who are doing well. They charge 25 cents for views, even when they are no larger than carte de visites, and get big prices for portrait work. They tell me there are openings here for a good photographic supply house and for retail dealers in photographing materials.

There is an American barber shop, an American shoe shop, one or two American street peddlers, and, in fact, Americans of all trades, classes and conditions.

I would say, however, that there is no chance here for the small peddler and not much for the small dealer. The Chinese have all the petty retail business, and they can live so cheaply that the petty American cannot compete with them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## AMERICAN EXPORTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE is no civilized land in the world and few savage ones were evidences of American ingenuity and skill do not confront the traveler on every side. Up in the north of Sweden trains of reindeer are drawing American wood-cutting machinery to points not far distant from the North Cape. The machinery has to be hauled hundreds of miles over the plains of snow, but the shrewd Swedish lumbermen have found that its use almost doubles their profits. Again, Punta Arenas in Tierra del Fuego is the most southerly continental spot on the globe. The important lighthouse there is equipped with electric machinery manufactured within a few hundred miles of New York City.

Some of the schemes devised by the enterprising Yankee are so daring that they might have been almost sacrilegious in a less practical age. A large consignment of steam pumps was lately shipped to the East. Their destination was the Jordan. Formerly pilgrims with an eye to the main chance had found it profitable to secure calabashes of water from the sacred river and sell their contents to churches and convents, to be used as holy water. A wideawake American saw his opportunity. He devised a steam pump of convenient size, a number of which were set up at suitable points along the banks of the Jordan. The result was a profitable business in retailing to the churches all over Europe.

Again, American devices are finding their way into the Vatican itself. The sovereign pontiff has recently been our customer for a flashlight apparatus, which stands by his couch and can be ignited at any moment during the night by pressing a button.

Tradition has assigned to Bagdad the honor of producing the most celebrated of lamps. But a New York house has superseded Aladdin and his genii. The lamps are of fanciful pattern, and are decorated with devices often more pleasing to the eye of the oriental than the morals of the ascetic. They are of simple design, operating without a chimney, on the principle of the blast furnace. They are conveyed to a point on the Persian Gulf, from whence they are hauled over some three hundred miles of desert on camel back. They are then transferred to rafts and towed a hundred miles up the Euphrates, where they are again loaded on camels, which convey them to their destination, 200 miles from the river. These lamps are quite the thing in the Orient. Among the residences that they decorate are the palaces of the Sultan of Morocco, the Prince of Siam and several rajahs in British India. They are also popular in Jerusalem.

In India, too, it looks as though at no distant date the punka will be a thing of the past, and the punka walla seeking a new job. A demand for electric fans of American manufacture has arisen among the more up-to-date of the native princes, a little Sultan in Borneo in particular having laid in a considerable supply. The torrid climate of India opens up a number of possibilities to the enterprising trader. A few soda fountains have recently been shipped to Calcutta experimentally, and it is thought a considerable trade in this typically American article may ensue. Ice plants, too, have been shipped to various parts of the country, and there is a call for more. Another article considered indispensable in many parts of this country, mosquito curtains, is becoming popular in the East, and a large consignment has recently been shipped to Syria.

Nor does the ancient land of Egypt turn up its nose at our new-fangled contrivances. The supply of images in the pyramids having run rather low, owing to the depredations of curio hunters, an American firm has been filling up the vacancies with most interesting and antique appearing little statues. As a matter of fact they are manufactured by a new patent process from various condiments, but they look so like ancient stone that they would deceive any but an expert. Egypt appears to be getting frisky in its old age. An American merry-go-round of the Coney Island type has recently been set up in Cairo. It is largely patronized by the Arabs, who cut a fine figure in their snowy burnouses striding the green and gold tigers and elephants. It is driven by steam, and its music

is the same old American rag-time. Another country, only less venerable, which has become a customer for American merry-go-rounds is Spain.

But unquestionably our most important customer in the East is China. The greater part of the railroad equipment, engines, rolling stock, rails, all a subject of the deepest annoyance to the Boxers, come from this country. And in this connection it may be observed that one of the principal reasons that the Chinese show such a violent hatred of railroads is that they are afraid that the graves of their ancestors, which are scattered pretty freely over the country and not confined to graveyards, may be disturbed by the fixing of the ties. An important and novel recent shipment to China is the machinery for waterworks to be set up in the northern part of the empire and operated by native labor. This will be a remarkable innovation in a country whose people have hitherto contented themselves with wells and not bothered about typhoid germs.

Manchuria is one of the most fertile countries in the world. Several crops of wheat can be raised in the year at certain parts, yet flour for the Russian troops is being imported. The cause of this is a complete absence of modern flour mills, the Chinese still clinging to the old, slow and wasteful processes which they employed 2000 years ago. However, an up-to-date flour mill has just been erected in the interior, the machinery of which is American. Others are to follow, and there is no question but that at no distant date Manchuria will feed its own teeming population and the legions of the Czar, with a considerable surplus for export.

But the most remarkable testimony to our mechanical ability comes in the form of an acknowledgment that we are superior even in matters of washee-washee to those whom we are accustomed to regard as the apostles and high priests of the science. An American firm has shipped to China the machinery of a monster laundry plant, on which Chinamen are to be exclusively employed, where there is no hand labor, and from which 5000 pieces are turned out daily at a cost of 1 cent apiece, whether it be large or small, complicated or simple. The cost of the machinery is \$40,000.

Next to China in importance as a market for American goods comes Japan, but the cleverness of the Japanese is an obstacle to extended trade. As imitators they have no equal, and it is their custom to buy a few American samples and reproduce them in large quantities.

In spite of the abuse that has been poured forth on our beer and the unfavorable comparisons that have been instituted between it and the foreign product, the foreigners apparently see something in our methods. It is not so long since Mr. Allsop, the famous brewer of Burton-on-Trent, England, started a large lager-beer brewery in which American methods and American machinery were exclusively employed, and even Germany herself, whose beer is usually considered without rival, has recently been importing American brewing apparatus and adopting the system of Milwaukee. Germany, thoroughly wideawake as she is in matters commercial, has not been blind to the merits of American methods and wares. A great deal of the caviare which is served at the tables of our hotels and private houses, and fetches a high price, owing to the belief that it is manufactured abroad, really has its birth within the confines of the United States, and having been shipped to Germany, is reshipped hither under a German label. Germany, too, as well as France and Italy, is one of our customers for colored glass, which is manufactured here by a patent process, and almost equals in beauty of coloring that which adorns the old cathedrals of Europe. Many of the new European churches are equipped with this American glass.

In matters of the toilet, too, we have strode to the front. Even the Muscovite, who, if we are to believe the pictures, should not have much call for shaving appliances, is a good customer of ours for barber's chairs and toilet clipper. France, too, is buying our dress shields and our best polish, luxuries which she herself was the first to devise and of which for many years she held the monopoly. Finally Australia, which has long been our customer for axes to chop its plentiful timber, has at last turned to America even for articles of wood, and is buying plentifully of our wooden handles for tools, clothespins and golf clubs. And if further proof of our skill in the manufacture of articles of sport were needed than the last article, all Europe recognizes that American clay pigeons have no equal.

#### IN CHINA.

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand,  
Thy vanguard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,  
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Be thou in every faithful breast,  
Be peace and happiness and rest.

Exalt them over every fear,  
In peril come thyself more near.

Let heaven above their pathway pour  
A radiance from its open door.

Turn thou the hostile weapons, Lord,  
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved for whom we crave  
That thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.

Thine is the work they strive to do,  
Their foes so many, they are few;

Yet Thou art with them, and Thy name  
Forever lives, is aye the same.

Thy conquering name, O Lord, we pray,  
Quench not its light in blood today.

Be with thine own, thy loved, who stand  
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

—Margaret E. Sangster in *Congregationalist*.



# Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

## On the Chinese Crisis.

### CHINA.

THIS book is a collection of a number of articles from the pen of men who are thoroughly versed—or at least are supposed to know a good deal about what they write—on the question. The articles contained are reprinted from the North American Review, following the same plan as another excellent tract on the Boer question, bearing the title of "The Story of the Boer."

George B. Smyth, president of the Anglo-China College, writes with directness on "Causes of Anti-Foreign Feeling in China," and Rev. Gilbert Reid, president of the International Institute of China, Peking, tells you, with a singularly transparent ease, what are the probable designs of the powers on the partition of China; and there is more than a mere congregation—and a goodly one it is, too—of words (and this, especially when you take into consideration the official position of the writer) in the article by His Excellency, Wu Ting Fang. To be sure, it is really amazing to read the following from so thoughtful a pen and so eminent an authority as Archibald R. Colquhoun:

"The fetish of non-interference in China had no chance against the energy of powers who were inspired by a passion for aggression. Under the sway of this passion, China is being carved away like a sirloin of beef, as if there were no vitality in her. The ambition of Russia soars far above the mere military occupation of Manchuria or of the provinces of Northern China. She makes straight for the brain center of the empire, paralyzing its functions. She is loosening the keystone of the arch, in order to find her account in the debris of the structure. The process of disruption is in full action. In view of this, France, Germany, and Japan are in haste to secure as large a possible a share of what they consider to be a crumbling building, before the northern Colossus engulfs the whole."

Now, I do not say that I could say a single word against the first portion of the statement. Evidently the writer is correct in what he says about the present attitude of Russia, France and Germany. And what he says about Japan was perfectly correct in 1894. But the trouble is, that this year is not 1894, and the foreign policy of any country—and especially that of Japan in the closing years of the century—is not quite as stable as the laws of a good divinity. In another part of the this book Mr. Reid says of the foreign policy of Japan at present: "To prevent the further aggression of Europe, and especially of Russia, all the people of Japan may be said to be in favor of defending China and strengthening her independence. The end of China might be the beginning of the downfall of Japan." And nothing is truer. Moreover, what made Mr. Colquhoun forget Great Britain, his own country, while he remembered France and Germany so well in connection with the European and un-Christian passion of aggression and drag Japan also into the dishonored list as if Japan had nothing on her conscience and it was necessary for him to give it fictitious burdens!

Besides the eminent names I have already mentioned there are among the writers Charles Johnson, Bengal Civil Service (retired); John Barrett, late United States Minister to Siam; Robert E. Lewis, M. Mikhailoff, Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Demetrius C. Boulger, Gen. James H. Wilson and Sir Charles W. Dilke. Altogether the volume is a readable one on the present crisis, and for a busy man it would be a rather hard matter to find a better and more comprehensive work.

[The Crisis in China; An Exposition of the Present Situation, Its Causes and Its Results. By George B. Smyth, etc. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.]

### FICTION.

#### The Romance of Italian New York.

The few pages which go to make up the first chapter of the book make you—especially if you are a critic—look somewhat at length and with all your soul upon the name of Henry Wilton Thomas. Beyond cavil there is something in the workmanship of those printed words which you could hardly cover with a comprehensive and convenient "clever." An astronomer, I fancy, who finds a hitherto unknown star, may feel the same sort of pleasant thrill—a star not of first magnitude, perhaps, still a star. The author has shown us in the first chapter and in the opening of the twenty-fourth chapter that he, when he takes the notion and trouble of being, is not green bamboo (as we say at home) in the art of writing. Take this for example:

"Gloomily Armando weighed the situation, standing by the mullioned window of the room wherein he had toiled so long and ignobly. Far in the western distance he could see the ships that seemed to glide with full sails across the mountains. The serene midsummer vapors, ponderous above the Mediterranean, were visible, but the sea upon which their shadows fell and lingered was hidden from his view by a thicket of silver firs. Southward the trees stood lower, and over their tops, where tired sea gulls circled, he gazed sadly toward the jumble of masonry that is Genoa. Miles below, in the sun glare, the city lay this morning as Heine found it decades ago, like the bleached skeleton of some thrown-up monster of the deep."

A pictorial talent, poetic colors, and that soberness of a more than clever pen, are here, as you see. And you, with a faint smile upon your lips and a slightly quickened pulse, plunge into the heap of unread pages which is as alluring, as tempting, as the future. When I had read the story, I felt very strongly that I did not like its plot—neither convincing, nor thrilling in its melodramatic portions. The character of Armando, who promises to be such an engaging hero in the first chapter, becomes wilted like a flower forgot by the sun, and he is also forgot by the author through many a chapter. When at last he comes upon the scene again it is to play a mere part in the

unworthy for the artist of his promise—in the farce which has such a burning and grandiloquent desire to be a bloody melodrama, and does not succeed. The author might have meant the character of "The Last Lady of Mulberry" as the chief study of the book, but that fact, I regret to say, does not heighten my admiration for the author.

There is one ground upon which a man could be forgiven for telling a story such as you find in this book. It is neither instructive, thrilling, beautiful, nor a study of men and things as they exist in a certain corner of this world; nor is it meant for the betterment of you and me—and that is as if the story were entertaining.

But the story of the romance is not entertaining. The effect of the book when I was through with it was something heart-sickening—the story had not the slightest thing to do with my feeling, however. It was because the author showed such real promise and left me so hungry that I am heart-broken. And that was the reason why I have dwelt at such length over my disappointment.

In short, it is remarkable in being at once one of the most promising and most disappointing of the books from new hands that are crowding the market of the day.

[The Last Lady of Mulberry. By Henry Wilton Thomas. Appleton, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

#### A Satire on London Society.

The story concerns itself with a woman who has a passion for jewels—a passion, the strength and blind ardor of which one can but rarely see in the love of a woman for a man. A tract, then, some of you may say, wherein the author takes the trouble of demonstrating his hobby that a certain type of women has a passion for gems as strong as the love which her sisters have for human lovers, if not stronger. And you may be right. If you take the trouble of opening and turning your eyes a little toward a certain entertaining corner of the human world called society, you may find that what you are pleased to call the author's



MRS. GASKELL.  
[From the Bookman.]

hobby is nothing more or less than a very common fact.

All the same, the story as it is, impresses the reader as an impossible one. That he might make it impressive the author has allowed himself, it would seem, to fall into a trap (and how dear and tempting must this trap be to the heart of every doctrinaire, worthy the name!) of over-emphasis, of exaggeration. The result is that the story is impossible, instead of convincing; monstrous, instead of tragic, which is a pity.

The author has shown us more than once that in his command of English prose, in his keen satire and description of London society of the day, and in the anatomy of human emotions, he is not to be spoken of in the same breath with the mushroom rank of the literary successes of the hour. And I have no doubt that to the present volume many a future historian of the century-end London society will turn, and with profit. For, after all, the chief value of the book is in its satire, sometimes savage and oftener true, and always keen on London society.

This book, so wealthy in printed paper, has in it pages which, because of their poetry, because of their polish of style, because of their quiet atmosphere of refinement which is peculiar to a great work of art, and because of the power that is in them, ought to pass into the sacred society of serious classics. And such pages are many. And this is one of the reasons why one feels so sad—positively ill at heart—over the taints of impossibility in the story. It is not every one—not every literary artist—who can write literature of power. When, therefore, one finds a writer who is able to produce such and falls in doing so, the pity of the thing comes upon us with a tragic force. This book is hapless in another respect. Like so many good and some-

dull stuff, which does not, with all respect to the author, and—to truth—give any tempting prophesy of the treasure in store. Perhaps this is done for the same reason that Nature puts thorns upon the rose—to protect the work of art from the frivolous mob of summer-fiction readers.

All in all it is one of the most serious and study-worthy bits of fiction of the year.

[The Slave. By Robert Kichens. Stone, Chicago. Price, \$1.50.]

### TRAVEL.

#### South America.

Here is the result of "a twenty-five-thousand-mile journey in search of information." The name of the author, an industrious traveler and the author of "Through Asia and 'through North America' is familiar to the readers of The Times. His weekly letters to the Sunday Times have afforded us much pleasure and taught us not a little.

The author traveled for about a year, and that constantly to make the 35,000-mile journey. Mainly, he made the journey for the American business men and also the general reader. And that is the reason why you find in this book "a study of the commercial and social life"—to quote his own words—"of the cities, and a description of how the people live and work in the country, rather than a diary of travel and adventure." Therefore, it is very natural that the author should show in his work that, wherever he went, he kept his eyes on "the chances for the investment of American capital and the increase of American trade."

You read the description of "a winter sail over the Caribbean Sea," of the lucrative Panama Railroad, of the famous Panama Canal, of the wonders of Columbia and the equator, of "the floating town of Babahoyo," of the South American desert where it rains once in seven years, of the cotton of Peruvian valleys, the Capital and the President of Peru, of the life in Bolivia, of the gold and silver mines of the Andes, the government and the President of Chili and the life in its Capital, of the Magellans and of Tierra del Fuego, of the wheat fields and sugar plantations of the Argentine Republic, of the pretty girls of Paraguay, of the Republic of Brazil, of the largest coffee plantation, of Rio de Janeiro, which is known as the largest Portuguese city in the world, of the diamonds found in the rivers of Brazil, etc. The sixty-second and the last chapter of the book is on Venezuela and the Orinoco basin. Vivid in his descriptive passages, and entertaining in most of his pages, what is more, amazingly accurate in information, so I am told (that is, considering what a short time he had at his command, to find out so many things and cover so extensive a land) the author has given us a book that introduces American readers to their next-door neighbor-continents—of which, as a matter of course, they know so little, because they ought to know, in the natural order of things, very much. Also, it is a timely book.

[South America, Social, Industrial and Political. By Frank G. Carpenter. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.]

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### The Last Volume of the Hawthorth Edition.

Half a century and 16 days ago Charlotte Bronte met Mrs. Gaskell for the first time. Happily for them and more happily for us and for the future of a literature-loving race, that was not the last of their acquaintance. And the result is the life of a remarkable woman by a remarkable woman.

"But the work is now done," wrote the father of Charlotte to the author of her "Life," "and done rightly, as I wished it to be, and in its completion has afforded me more satisfaction than I have felt during many years of a life in which has been exemplified the saying that, 'man is born to trouble as sparks fly upwards.' You have not only given a picture of my dear daughter, Charlotte, but of my dear wife and of all my dear children, and such a picture, too, as is full of truth and life. The picture of my brilliant and unhappy son is a masterpiece. Indeed, all the pictures in the work have vigorous, truthful and delicate touches in them which could have been executed only by a skillful female hand."

Clement K. Shorter—who, by-the-by, writes the introduction and notes to this edition—is supposed to know a thing or two in matters literary and somewhat more in this particular subject with which he deals. And this is what he says: "Of Byron and of Shelley, of Cowper and of Wordsworth, we have had many biographies, and shall probably have many more . . . but over the biographies of Johnson and of Scott the word 'finality' is written exceeding large. With equal confidence may it be asserted that that word, 'finality' is applicable to Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Bronte.'"

Many a decade of literary criticism has made up its mind as to the excellence of the present work. And to me, the duty of the critic is a rather simple one in this case—to find the best recommendation for the work. One might be able to excel the two I have quoted; but I know he has a very sweet task on hand. And I have chosen a wiser course—at least for a summer day.

[The Life of Charlotte Bronte. By Mrs. Gaskell, with an introduction by Clement K. Shorter. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.75.]

### HISTORY.

#### A History of the South African War.

Already we have had a number of books on the South African war. And before the trouble is over, we seem to be—well, not tired if you like, but we have found something else of greater interest—the Chinese trouble for one. (Someone ought to write a large volume on the ephemerality of interest in this day of electricity and newspaper enterprise.) Some of us remember well, however, the interest with which we read "Under Three Flags in Cuba." Now the present volume bears the same name—the same, by-



Go-by, and perhaps you remember this also, which was connected with a picturesque adventure, with imprisonment and narrow escape in Cuba.

It was the intention of the author to tell the story in the popular form of a personal narrative. But he found that that form was entirely too popular. He decided, therefore, to abandon the original idea and write a straightforward narrative of the war as only an eye-witness can write about. The result is that the book lacks that vividness and color and that other effect which reminds you of the footlights and which you can find in so many books written by clever war correspondents who went to South Africa.

Many portions of the book read like a work of polemic—the author seems to be more anxious to convince the American reader of the righteousness of the British cause and the baseness of the Boer's, than to tell a forcible and straight tale of the war. The book is addressed to the American reader. And his experiences in the Spanish-American war enable him to bring a number of things within the comprehension and realization of his reader effectively. Here is the description of the battle of Colenso, for example:

"In these days of modern warfare, the impregnable position certainly seems to exist, and with resolution a handful of men at Colenso could stay the advance of an army corps. Imagine two miles of successive positions like San Juan in Cuba, but seven times longer, covered with rocks, deeper, and a hundredfold more difficult to assail. Throw in front of them a broad, unfordable river, with an open, unexpected advance in place of the elope woods that covered the advance to within 500 yards of the Spanish block-house. Place in the position a few hundred times more muskets and thirty times more numerous than Tera's advanced forces in Cuba. Advance your column but one brigade larger than Shafter's army, across the open, force the passage over the river under the belching of 15,000 rifles, tear your way through the entanglements on the bank, carry these twenty San Juans in succession while the commanding eminences in the rear sustain a terrible fire on your advancing forces, storm those final heights, capture the enemies' guns, and you have won the battle of Colenso."

Which is a very vivid bit of description—especially for the reading public of America.

[In South Africa with Buller. By George Clarke Munger. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, 2s.]

#### LITERARY NOTES.

With the September issue, the little magazine *Personal Impressions* is to bear the briefer and more appropriate name, *Impressions*. In its six months of existence it has earned for itself a distinct niche in the magazine world, and is assured of success.

A *Private Chivalry* is the title of the new novel by Francis Lynde, which Messrs. D. Appleton and Company announce for early publication. The scene, which is laid in Colorado, shifts from the stirring life of a mining camp to Denver, and the story is said to be remarkable for dramatic actions and suspended interest.

It is understood that a second edition of Dr. W. E. Barton's new novel, *Pine Knot*, has been called for, although the book has been published little more than a fortnight. Dodd, Mead & Company have decided to publish Marie Corelli's "Master Christian," at the end of August, unless something unforeseen should occur. The advance orders for the book have been very heavy, and in England the publishers' orders have been well nigh unprecedented.

The Rev. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, president of the North China College and Mission at Tung-chau near Peking, was in America when the Boxer riots began, but immediately prepared to return to his post. Before sailing from San Francisco, late in June, he learned of the burning of his college. Dr. Sheffield left behind him the manuscript of an article which will appear in the September Century under the title of "The Influence of the Western World on China." As a result of the author's thirty years' experience as a missionary, he is said to argue strongly against the dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom. Equally timely will be a paper by R. Van Bergen in the same number, on "The Revolution in China and its Causes." The fiction of the September magazine will include a characteristic story of about 20,000 words by John Luther Long—"The Prince of Illusion."

The name of Thomas Cobb is not yet identified in America with gay social fiction; but from the complete novel printed as the salient feature of the "New Lippincott" Magazine for September it is judged that he is destined to become an enduring friend as "The Duchess" or Mrs. Alexander. His Lippincott novel is called "The Dissemblers." It is about a love affair in which for obvious reasons the future lovers pretend to be engaged, and the situations thus developed are "as good as a play."

The wide popularity of Henry Wallace's "Letters to the Farm Boy" has led to its complete revision by the author and the publication of a third edition by The Macmillan Company.

William Stearns Davis, the author of "A Friend of Caesar" is the grandson of William A. Stearns, for many years President of Amherst College. The writing of such an ambitious historical novel has demanded a pretty thorough reading in the classics none too common in these days. The author is now twenty-three and is still a senior at Harvard. He wrote his work when he was twenty-one. The third edition of "A Friend of Caesar" has just been issued within three weeks of its publication.

When the manuscript of Ronald MacDonald's "The Sword of the King" was read with a view to its publication in book form, the dramatic quality of the story was instantly remarked. Many of the scenes seemed to need but a touch to make them effective before the footlights. The publishers were not surprised, then, to learn, after the book was accepted, that in its original form it was a play, and had already been performed in England for copyright purposes. It is interesting to know that Mr. MacDonald spent several years in America, not long ago. He is the second son of the poet-preacher-novelist Dr. George MacDonald; was born in 1860, and received his education at Trinity College, Oxford. For two years he was a schoolmaster in England; also for two

years he taught at the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.; and then, for four or five years, he was head-master of the Ravenscroft School at Asheville, N. C. In 1894 he returned to England, and since then has had two or three years' experience on the stage, and has written several plays, in one of which he toured for a year in the provinces with his collaborator, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. His wife is an actress, a niece of Mrs. Kendall's, and is known on the boards as Miss Constance Robertson.

"Uncanonized; A Romance of English Monachism," by Margaret H. Potter, will appear at an early date. It is a story of English monastic life in the thirteenth century, during the momentous reign of King John.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in press and will shortly publish "The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland," edited by Edward Gilpin Johnson.

Miss Seidmore's "China: The Long-Lived Empire," published on June 27, was out of print in less than a month, the third edition being ordered to press before the second was ready for delivery. The London publishers have trebled their original order.

Under the title of "Northern Georgia Sketches," a volume of short dialect stories from the pen of Mr. Will N. Harben, is announced for early publication, by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The Home Study Circle series, (Doubleday, Page & Co.) originated by the Chicago Record and edited by Prof. Seymour Eaton of Drexel Institute, has just been completed in the form of a 15-volume library after a year devoted to passing the volumes through the press. The plan of the books has been to make a work more advanced than the familiar Chautauquan system and appealing particularly to young men and women who wish to study in the broader line of literature, finance, contemporary history and politics, and in art, music and science. That the field was open and that a real need was met is evident from the fact that orders for 90,000 volumes were secured before the set was complete, and more than three-quarters of these volumes were ordered in leather binding—only one-quarter in cloth covers.

Seumas MacManus has just finished a series of Donegal fairy tales which will be published shortly by McClure, Phillips & Co. Mr. MacManus does most of his literary work in his home in Mt. Charles, right in the midst of the scenes which he describes in his stories and where he can easily gather his material. Most of the fairy tales in the forthcoming volume were related to MacManus by an old tailor, John Burns, who lived in a small cottage under the shadow of the mount which gives the place its name.

William L. Scruggs, author of "The Columbian and Venezuelan Republics," was editor-in-chief of the Atlanta Daily News Era from 1869 to 1873. In 1873, before the age of thirty, he was appointed United States Minister to the Republic of Colombia, where he again acted as Minister in 1883, having meanwhile been six years consul to China, at Chinkiang, and later at Canton. From 1889 to 1893 he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Republic of Venezuela, and during the past five years acted as special agent and general counsel of the Venezuela government in the Guayana boundary dispute with Great Britain; a controversy that he finally brought to friendly arbitration. The chapters of his book that deal with the Monroe doctrine, the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary dispute, the principle of international arbitration, etc., are largely the result of experience. The descriptive chapters were written on or near the exact spots described.

Little, Brown & Co. continue their publication of the novels of Alphonse Daudet with three new volumes—"Kings in Exile," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; "The Little Parish Church" and "Robert Belmont," translated by George Burnham Ives; and "Numa Roumestan," translated by Charles de Kay. The volumes of this edition have introductions by Professor W. P. Trent, and others, and are illustrated with photographic frontispieces by French artists.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

The South African Republics vs. Great Britain. By a True American.

Training Schools for Nurses in the State of California. Arranged and compiled by Adelaide Mabie. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. Price, 50 cents.

Supplement to the California State Series History of the United States from 1889 to the present time. By Harv Wagner. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. Price, 25 cents.

War and Mammon. By George Horton. The Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Grammar by the Inductive Method. By W. C. Doub, Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. Price, 25 cents.

Way Down East. A romance of New England life. By Joseph R. Grismer. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.

King Richard III. By Shakespeare. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 10 cents.

Thoughts on the Present Discontents. By Edmund Burke. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 10 cents.

Wisdom of the Ancients and New Atlantis. By Francis Bacon. Price, 10 cents.

The British Case Against the Boer Republics. The Imperial South African Association, Westminster, S. W. Price, 3d.

The Bible and Its Interpreter. By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J., professor of dogmatic theology in Woodstock College. John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia.

#### HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE IN CHINA.

[Washington Times:] There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes, to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that is only known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve this fruit. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.

#### APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

##### THE MILD-MANNERED MAN TURNED OUT TO BE A WELL-KNOWN REVOLUTIONIST.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "Some years ago," said a New Orleans shipper, "a business venture took me to Caracas and kept me there for upward of a month. I had plenty of time on my hands, and in wandering about the quaint Venezuelan capital I discovered a very picturesque little café, or rather coffee stall, in a quiet side street. There were several tables under an arbor, and at one of them a rather undersized gray-haired gentleman was seated, reading a newspaper. He arose in ceremonious foreign fashion as I entered, and, naturally, we fell into conversation. I forget what we talked about, but he impressed me in a general way as a student and a recluse. 'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a man who has lived all his life outside the hurly-burly of affairs; probably a writer or a refined college professor.' Next day I met him again at the same place, and the impression of guilelessness and unworldliness was renewed. He spoke English remarkably well, but seemed to take little interest in current happenings, preferring to talk about the national characteristics of the people, the public works of art in Caracas, the flowers, the climate and similar things. To tell the truth I found him just a little tiresome, and, after our third meeting, I ceased to go to the café. The last time I saw him was in the office of a large importer, two or three days before I left. He was going out as I was going in, and he bowed politely. 'I see you know De Mello,' he said, marked the head of the house, after I was seated. 'Yes, slightly,' said I; 'and, by the way, who is he?' 'What,' he exclaimed in surprise, 'have you never heard of Admiral De Mello?' Of course I had, but I never dreamed of connecting the desperate fighter who had lately led a revolution in Brazil with the quiet, elderly gentleman of the little coffee house. De Mello's wild exploit in capturing and holding the bay of Rio was at the time the talk of the world, and I had always thought of him as some big, ferocious sailorman with piratical whiskers and a voice like a bull. I was afterward told that he prided himself on being able to shed all the earmarks of his profession, and nothing delighted him more than to pass for some sedate civilian. It was certainly an astonishing hobby for a naval officer—especially a Latin-American."

#### WRAPPED UP IN HIS HOBBY.

##### UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PROFESSOR WHO CAN NEVER RECOGNIZE HIS PUPILS.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] "Did you notice the old gentleman we rubbed elbows with on the gravel path just now?" said a senior to a freshman whom he was showing about the grounds at the University of Chicago.

The freshman turned and saw a quaint figure in a faded alpaca coat and trousers baggy at the knees. He carried three books under one arm and two under the other, along with a frayed-looking bundle of manuscripts in all sizes and colors. He ambled along, his eyes on the ground, utterly oblivious to others passing and re-passing on the walks of the campus.

"Queer old fellow," remarked the irreverent "freshy."

The senior laughed. "That's Prof. Blackburn," he answered, "one of the most learned men at the university and one of the greatest scholars in the world in his line. His specialty is old English. I have been in his classes two years, and you see he didn't recognize me at all as we walked by. He doesn't know me—doesn't remember that he ever saw my face before. I believe it would be the same way if I stayed in his classes ten years. At the beginning of the quarter the professor always makes a little speech to his class. He is always embarrassed over his confession, and shifts uneasily from one foot to the other as he jerks it out in his stammering way."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says, 'I must explain a little peculiarity of mine, so that if you meet me outside of the classroom no—no ill feeling will result. The—fact is that I can't remember you. If you were to sit in my class for a year, and I were to try very hard, I—I might get to recognize you—but then (sadly) you would be going. So I have given up trying, and you will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, if I call the roll and ask you to answer in rotation.'"

"When the professor gets started all his pupils have to do is to sit still and listen. He is like the old German professors in the story books, and rambles on and on into depths far beyond the point where any of us can follow him. When he finishes his monologue he rolls up his papers, tucks his books under his arm, bows with old-fashioned courtesy, and walks away."

"If you are happy enough to get a question in some time, he directs his whole talk to you during the remainder of the recitation. He sees nobody else, and his whole face beams with pleasure at the thought of the immense interest you are taking in his musty and dearly-beloved hobby."

#### DOES NOT CLAIM TO BE A HERO.

For some reason, which nobody has been able to explain satisfactorily, a halo of romance has been thrown around Gen. Chaffee, almost from the time he wore shoulder straps. It is said that he has been the hero of more romantic tales than any other officer in the regular service since the civil war. The General, perhaps, knows better than anybody else whether the majority of these stories are true, and in speaking of two or three of them one day not long ago he said:

"These yarns, like a lot of others I have heard told about me, are just plain, everyday lies. They sound pretty enough, but they're all rot. I'm no hero and, if the plain, hard truth were always told, there would be mighty few halos stuck around the heads of our army officers. We just go ahead and attend to our business like any other business men. We're put in certain places to succeed. If we do succeed, there is no particular sense in telling a lot of heroic lies about us, and if we fail—well, God help us."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]



# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Shot the Paper Chute.

JAMES B. STONE, a well-known Omaha citizen, lies at the Presbyterian Hospital with a dislocated neck. Miss Addie Tangney, a young Omaha girl, is responsible for his condition. She fell through a steel chute seventy feet long. Stone happened to be passing the mouth of the chute at that moment and the young lady fell astride of his neck, occupying a position similar to a clothespin when it is on the line. She says she is "none the worse for her meteoric slide."

Miss Addie Tangney, 20 years old, the comely and buxom daughter of Henry Tangney, living at 1807 Mason street, began work yesterday at 7 o'clock. It was the first time she had ever worked in the receiving department of a paper mill, and things were strange to her. She met with surprises at every turn. She was surprised to learn that the great mountains of scrap paper with which the building is packed are gathered from the newspaper offices, printing offices and news stands. But the greatest surprise of all remained for her when she found herself hurtling down a steep flight of stairs and playing meecgee with a man to whom she had never been introduced.

It all happened so quickly that no one seems to know exactly what set the train of circumstances in motion. This much, however, can be sworn to by at least a score of witnesses:

Miss Tangney was told to stand at the mouth of the chute and throw into its hungry craw armfuls of waste paper. Suddenly there was a scream. Twenty boys and girls looked just in time to see the body of Miss Tangney shooting the chute.

James B. Stone was working. It was his duty to stand in the hopper of a great hydraulic press, arrange the trash with a flat surface as it descended and trample it down, as a boy tramples hay in a new rick. At the instant of the scream on the third floor he was stooping over, his back just below the mouth of the shaft.

Suddenly there was a frou-frou of feminine garments and then Mr. Stone became unconscious. Several workmen, attracted by the unwonted commotion, saw a woman's form dart out of the toboggan slide astride the man's neck. They hastened to disentangle the couple.

The woman seemed surprised and somewhat piqued, but otherwise uninjured. She scorned an explanation. As to the man, he lay pale and inert upon the stack of waste. They carried water and threw it in his face, then telephoned for the police ambulance.

Miss Tangney was home taking light refreshments off a mantle shelf when a reporter called. "No, I was not hurt—that is, not badly hurt," she said, "but I don't like the way they do things at that place and I don't think I shall go back any more."—[St. Louis Republic.]

## An Island of Widows.

OFF the coast of Norway is a small island called Aar-lud, which boasts the unique distinction of being peopled exclusively by widows. The circumstances under which this state of affairs was brought about are no less curious than distressing.

A short time since a man arrived on the island from Haugesund, on the mainland, with his wife and family, to participate in the spring egg gathering. While testing his ropes on a cliff, preparatory to commencing his search, he happened to make a false step forward over the cliff. He was instantly killed. As there had not been a death on the island since eleven years before, when a boy was killed by a boulder from the same cliff falling on him, the occurrence naturally cast a gloom over the small community established there. This consisted of some thirty fishermen with their families. As a mark of sympathy and respect all the men determined to attend the funeral of the unfortunate, which was to take place at the cemetery at Haugesund on the mainland. But during the proceedings at the burial ground a tremendous gale arose. When the men returned to their smacks the storm was at its height.

After carefully considering the situation the thirty fishermen determined to sail for Aar-lud, and having taken advantage of the opportunity to replenish their household supplies the boat was rather heavily laden. Their progress through the angry sea was most anxiously watched by the people on the mainland, who, when the boat had gone the distance of about a mile and a half from the coast, saw that the vessel was in great distress. Efforts were at once made to go to its assistance, but the heavy sea beat back every boat that was launched. A few moments afterward the unfortunate smack plunged forward and forever disappeared from mortal view. Every one of its thirty occupants was drowned, and on the following morning their bodies were found along the beach.

News of the disaster was as speedily as possible conveyed to the island. Every wife in the place had, by the dreadful event, been made a widow, and out of thirty as many as twenty-eight were left without any means of support. These women are now receiving assistance from the Norwegian government, which is credited with the intention of settling a number of single men on the island as soon as arrangements can be made. Until this is done, however, all its women must of necessity remain widows.—[Rochester Herald.]

## Burglar Took a Bath.

THE Enfield police are trying to trace a person who went to Palace Gardens, and by climbing a very high wall, surmounted with glass, managed to get into Twell's Park, at the back of the gardens. By means of the pantry window, which had been left open, he got into No. 30, where lives Mr. Bokenham. Although that gentleman was asleep in his bed, the burglar managed to ransack the room, and also the clothes, from which he took a good haul. Afterward he turned out the room of a friend who was staying at the house, extracting, among other things, a gold

watch, brush and a comb. His next visit seems to have been to the bathroom, where he had a cold bath, afterward combing and brushing his hair, as the wet brush testified. His cold dip evidently refreshed his appetite, as he then took what food he could find, finishing up with a large cherry pie. The stones of the cherries he left on the window sill, formed into the word "Thanks." No clew as been found at present.—[St. James's Gazette.]

## Built His House in an Oak Tree.

JOHN RAUSCH and family of Haledon, N. J., live up a tree. A more unique habitation cannot be imagined. In the branches of a big oak he has built his home. It is perched among the leaves, and over the top of the queer abode towers the top of the tree, forming its chief roof.

Rausch is a German laborer who has worked around Haledon for five years. He has seldom earned more than \$1 a day. He grew tired of paying rent, and with the German's love of owning a home of his own, he tried to buy some property from the real estate dealer of the place, William Buschman. The latter owns nearly all the land in that vicinity, and is anxious to have the property improved. He told Rausch he would give him a nice lot for little money if he would build a house. True, the lot was far away from the road, but it was dry and well situated. It was covered with fine trees, and an especially majestic oak grew in the center.

After paying for the lot Rausch found he hadn't money enough to start the house he had promised to build. His wife and three small children ate up his meager earnings. Buschman told him he would have to give up the lot if he didn't begin the house.

Rausch thereupon secured a number of big boxes. He had conceived the idea of making the branches of the tree serve for uprights and timbers.

The nails in the boxes were sufficient. On the strong lower branches he crossed and recessed the boards. It made a very uneven floor, but the branches were strong, and the boards would not slip. The house is circular, but very irregular.

Above all there is a smaller structure that Rausch calls his garret. When the wind blows the whole structure shakes and swings like a hammock, yet the whole family lives there.—[St. Louis Republic.]

## Thirty-three Years in the Same Flat.

"AUNT LOUISA" ELDRIDGE has established a record. Among the flat dwellers of Manhattan she is grand prioresse, and some day when the dwellers have a reunion she is in line for further honors. Her record consists of having lived for thirty-three years and four months in the same apartment. Her flat is in East Thirteenth street, at the corner of Third avenue, and from its windows she has viewed some wonderful transformations in New York City. It is likely—she is not quite sure of the justness of her claim, she says—that she is the original flat dweller of New York. She has rent receipts running over thirty-three years.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

## A Village Peppya.

THERE is an old man, 80 years of age, in the village of Lynton, who has kept a full detailed history of every event in his life since the time he was 9 years old. This modern and painstaking Peppya has found village life sufficiently entertaining and sufficiently exciting to furnish material for several large volumes, and it is stated that he is to be persuaded to publish it. It is not the first time that village life has been so chronicled. In Ballymore, the native village of Robert Emmett, there was a Quaker settlement, and years ago some of the residents kept a full and minute record of the happenings, and very interesting and very useful it is to anyone who is called upon to write on the earlier history of this century in Ireland.—[London Graphic.]

## His Dime Investment.

NOT many weeks ago business made it necessary for a Cincinnati man, who often visits Indianapolis, and who has well-known relatives here, to be in Evansville, and while he sat with his chair tilted back in the hotel lobby, a lottery-looking clerk made advances to him in behalf of a few soiled tickets and a diamond ring.

They were "only 10 cents," and the inn's guest held a dime in his hand. It looked willing, and he passed it to the lottery-looking clerk, who gave him one of the soiled tickets in exchange. Like the greater number of its calling, the only attention it got was to be utterly forgotten, and the business man went back to Cincinnati.

Two weeks later he received an unpretentious package about an inch square. A letter by the same post explained it to contain the lottery diamond and himself the winner.

He accompanied the parcel around the corner to a silversmith's, where it was slowly and solemnly examined, while the business man walked up and down the store and appeared to be interested in everything but the brilliancy of a diamond ring. At last it was found to be worth \$500 and the jeweler offered \$400 cash, or a note for \$450. But the owner determined to get what it was worth, if he sold it at all, and took it home to his wife. She is a modest little woman, and scorns the spoils of chance. Knowing she would refuse to accept the ring as a lottery prize, he overpowered her by representing it to be a bona fide, out-and-out present.

But there was another objection when she saw it, for it had the misfortune of being too large for a modest little woman. Smothered with gratitude, nevertheless, she begged her husband to have it exchanged for a daintier one. They were going to Cleveland that week and he had no trouble in disposing of the objectionable property there for \$475. The money was to be her own, and she put it

away with a thrifty pride to assist in the festivities of a "rainy day."

Before his return to Cincinnati a letter reached the business man from a friend who had been in Colorado "digging" the will-yield-nest-year-gold-mine which he always with us. The letter was full of the vagaries and hot air confidence that wears itself out, but only \$400 was needed to produce millions. The sympathetic little woman would send the poor man her money.

Three weeks later an offer came to buy her stock, but she didn't want it then, and said she would wait a little while. Two or three days ago \$1800 was offered for it, but she still hangs on, and her husband is now a compound interest on a dime and wondering how he can get out of the speculation by adjusting himself to the altered conditions.—[Indianapolis News.]

## His Jaw Went on a Strike.

THOMAS COLLIGAN'S jaw performed its usual functions yesterday, and a broad grin attested its recognition of the powers of conversation and mastication.

On Wednesday Colligan worked hard. It is not known that he pined his fellow-workmen with too many blows, but he pulled and tugged and bent and lifted with a whistle blow, when exhausted with the day's labor, wearily grasped his dinner pail and trudged to his home at No. 1214 North Front street. The good wife welcomed him sympathetically, but being tired Colligan said nothing. He washed the grime from his face and hands and went down to supper.

There were potatoes on the table—steaming hot. Taking one with a fork, the horny-handed son of toil tasted it, and eagerly elevated a portion to his mouth. Then the blow fell. The appetite was there, and the means and will to satisfy it, but Colligan could not swallow his mouth.

Colligan tried to voice his thoughts, but could not. Incoherent grunt alone proceeded from his clenched jaw. The good wife thought the steaming-hot potato had hurt his mouth.

"Sput it out, man," she suggested. Colligan dropped the potato and grunted once more. "That ails the man!" cried the good wife, in a tone of sympathy. "Tommy, darlint, spake, can't ye?"

Under the circumstances, Thomas couldn't, but by a series of signs and grunts he made clear his predicament. He at once overcame the good wife, and she collapsed. Colligan had worked on the railroad and understood how to apply wedges, so with a table knife he set to work to wedge the recalcitrant jaw open. After a few minutes he was convinced that if railroad methods were to be followed, drill and a stick of dynamite would be necessary to accomplish the desired end.

For obvious reasons he decided that such a course was not be advisable, since a gap might thereby be made which would be beyond his means to fill in these times. The blasting plan was abandoned, and the good wife alternately screamed and labored at Colligan's jaw, the latter convulsively worked the muscles of his face and sought to put the machinery of his jaw in motion.

Suddenly, with a suggestive grunt, he sprang from his seat and dashed out of the house, leaving the good wife in doubt as to his ultimate destination. The doctors and Mary's friends were surprised to see a hatless man entering strange sounds from between his clenched jaw, rush into the institution holding his jaw in a vice grip.

"E'aw's on' o' 'aint!" cried the man. "Who?" inquired one of the doctors. "E'aw's on' o' 'aint!" repeated Colligan. Eventually the physician caught on. Thomas was placed in a chair.

"Do you see that electric fan over there?" asked the doctor.

"O' 'oo," replied Colligan. "Fix your mind on that."

With his hands placed comfortably in his lap, Colligan gazed steadily at the fan, like a photographic plate awaiting the snapping of the shutter.

There was silence for a minute, then the doctor spoke suddenly:

"Open your mouth!"

Colligan blinked, started forward, and with a heavy sigh opened his mouth.

"Hiven be praised!" he cried, joyfully.

"Merely an attack of hysterical lockjaw," said Dr. O'Brien. "You'll be all right now."

"Thankin' ye kindly," said Colligan, "an' O' tink back to me pratien."—[Philadelphia North American.]

## Bicycle Bodyguard Fifty Strong.

THE Shah of Persia, who has taken great interest in the bicycle secret police of Paris, an escort of which always attends him when he leaves his palace, has decided to establish a similar service in his own country. He has bought sixty wheels and engaged three instructors and ten repairers, and as soon as he returns a bicycle bodyguard fifty strong will be organized.

After competitive trials of French, German and English makes the Shah purchased all his wheels from an American bicycle company, whose exhibits at the fair have been a revelation to foreign riders. The Shah has also bought seven French naphtha automobiles of different sizes, two American motor cars, two telephones, three American phonographs, ten American sewing machines, one French moving picture machine and twenty cameras, including several instantaneous kodaks, whose snap work especially excites his wonderment.

He also has been investing fortunes in furs, jewelry and furniture. A big ship has been chartered to convey his purchases from Marseilles to Persia.—[Paris Cable to the New York World.]



# THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Artistic Teaches in Color Schemes.

**G**ARDENA writes: "I have a bedroom in white and yellow; would it be well to introduce a little color by having the toilet set of tinted green with gold trimmings. Also a plant in the room in a green pot? The sitting-room has an easel with a pastel picture in blue and white in a gold frame, and I have a yellow silk drape (lemon yellow) which does not seem to belong either to the picture or room. Would you advise a change in shade or color? The dining-room has light woodwork and pale blue paper, and the west window and glass door have white muslin curtains. The window-seat is in blue and white damask. Would it not be better to have it in something dark? Is it not more artistic to introduce something dark into very light rooms? I forgot to add that there is a dark rug in this room. Perhaps I am asking too many questions, but one more before closing. My sewing-room has the same light blue paper. What color would you paint the woodwork? Please tell me what color curtains for window which faces east. I have an improved couch in this room over which I wish to throw a cover and have pillows. What color shall I have them? Across one end is a shelf with books for garments. Would you have curtains here or could I get a screen high enough for little expense?"

"A touch of green in your white and yellow bedroom will add to its freshness and beauty, just as the green calyx and stem of a yellow flower offsets its color. I would remove the silk drape of lemon yellow; I think you will find that the picture, the easel, and the room will look better without it. The only instance in which a drape, as it is commonly called, adds anything to the value of a room, is where the material draped is of intrinsic beauty and combines rare tones and an unusual color effect with a rich foreign weave. It would be, of course, impossible to find anything woven in the United States which would combine these attributes. I have seen in artists' studios, superb pieces of old Venetian brocade, which through ages of exposure to the light, had caught indescribably mellow and exquisite tones, and scarfs of Oriental weave in silk and gauze, which held undertones of pink or gold that vied with the tints of a sunset sky, such stuffs as this used in conjunction with a picture—that is in harmony with them—add much, as a background, to the value of the picture. I think the fashion of throwing silk scarfs on easels, mantels and tables had its origin perhaps in this way. It may be that the realization of all this may explain to you your dissatisfaction with your lemon silk scarf. You could strengthen the coloring of your dining-room by using a dark, dull blue for the window seat and hanging under the white muslin curtains, sash curtains of dark blue thin silk. These blues could be most carefully selected and must have the effect of carrying the shade of the walls into darker tones. The very light blue and the quite dark of the same tone work up beautifully together. From your letter I feel sure that you will not make mistakes in color. I would keep the sewing-room light and paint the woodwork a little darker, colder blue than the walls. Blue woodwork which looks as if painted with pastel has a good effect with brighter walls. I would drape the windows with blue and white figured silkoline ruffled and drawn away from white dotted muslin sash curtains. Make all quite full and tie back with white cotton cords and tassels. If you could find some pretty curtains which would go well with these blue and white curtains, you could make couch cover and cushions of that, also a curtain in the corner.

A Cotton Library.

**L. L.** says: "In my library (14x15), I have a large Indian blanket (9x9) on the floor, with a smaller one at the large door opening into the sitting-room. The woodwork is painted white and the paper is deep blue with ceiling of robin's-egg blue figured. I have two long, low bookcases, and I want to know what would look best for curtains on the cases, and what color to paint them. I have a number of Indian relics, among them a serape which I thought of using as a cover to the window seat and with burnt leather pillows I hoped to have an effective Indian room. What would you suggest as portieres between this room and the sitting-room? I have a pair of very light green ones, but fear that they will not look well with the paper. Could they be successfully colored? With an oak table for papers and magazines, an oak writing desk with small bookcase combined, and two large leather chairs, do you think I need buy more furniture? What would you use at the windows?"

I would have my bookcase painted white, to correspond with the woodwork of the room. When using Indian decorations, it is always better to obtain, if possible, a certain uniformity of effect in the backgrounds, as there is much richness and variety of tone in the baskets themselves. If the background is "worried," a large part of this beauty is lost. I would therefore advise you to have your door-hanging dyed a dark blue like the walls. Hanging in the light doorway they should be very effective. I would then look for a bookcase drapery which would harmonize with this general coloring. Perhaps a rich bayadere stripe in silk gauze or a cotton stuff having oriental stripes and figures and coloring. You must have something rich in color and yet soft and harmonious, a brilliant yellow and a dull red stripe with other colors would look well. Alas! When I reach the point of recommending materials to my correspondents, my heart fails me, for I have not yet persuaded the Los Angeles dealers to bring the stuffs I need, although I am not completely discouraged. I do not, however, mention in my letters, materials of which I have not at least seen samples. There are houses in Chicago, New York and Boston where thoroughly artistic stuffs can be bought for a reasonable price,

where "Morris" designs are familiar to merchants and customers alike and the exquisite coloring and designs of the printed stuffs suggest the most delightful possibilities. You can obtain all of these things through samples, if you will have the patience to wait for them. I think your couch with the serape cover and leather cushions will be delightful. I would advise you to add an East Indian chair to the furniture of your room. I think I would use a fine flannel in cream color or café au lait, at the windows.

A San Diego House.

**J. D. D.** says: "I send you a blue print and floor plan of our new 5-room cottage and would be grateful for your aid in furnishing it. We will have to buy everything new and want our rooms pretty and attractive and fitted up for use and durability. The woodwork throughout will be cedar. I have thought to hang my middle curtains for the large sash in three windows separately from the transom above; that would make the upper transom curtain form a sort of drop ruffle. Do you think the effect would be desirable? I have a pair of pastel green portieres which I feel I ought to use at the folding doors, or could I get along without any there and use them at the arch opening from vestibule into parlor? At this latter place I thought I would use a rope portiere. How shall I treat my china-closet doors (glass)? I want carpet rugs for parlor, dining-room and vestibule, and matting for bedrooms. How shall I treat the floor not covered by rugs and shall I have them all alike? There are some wee windows in attic; should they be curtained? Please give me some information about tinting the walls. Would it not be better to have

your house. You did not enclose address for return of blue print.

A Room with Burlap Hangings.

**D. L. W.**, Denver, writes: "We have just finished building a house which is so unusual and artistic in its general design that I am tempted to write to you for a unique design for the furnishing of our living-room. This room is 18x20, the ceilings are low and heavily beamed with oak, the floor is polished, oak finish, and the side walls are finished in rough plaster. The windows, of which there are four, are all casement style, with deep sills. One, a long one on the north, is of amber glass, leaded in. The chimney breast is tiled in with tiles of a deep shade of yellow, and the mantel is a heavy oaken shelf, supported by wrought-iron brackets. The hardware is a mingling of wrought iron and old silver, and I have a handsome banquet lamp, which corresponds in style. In fact, the fixtures in the room were specially made to match this lamp. It is a room which would furnish beautifully with Navajo blankets and Indian work, but as my den is decorated with these things, I would like a different scheme for this room. I have a large Turkish rug for the center of the floor, which has a good deal of dull blue in it, but the general tone is orange. What color shall I paint the walls, and what style of furniture shall I buy?"

I would use gilded burlaps on the walls of this unique and beautiful room, running it up to within a foot of the ceiling, put a molding or narrow candle shelf at the top of burlaps, of oak. Above this color your rough plaster a yellow, corresponding with your tiling, amber glass, etc. At your windows hang two straight scarfs of thin silk, of a deep golden yellow. Draw these back to fall to the sill at one side, and on the other side hang a looped-back curtain of dull blue brocade. In the archway which leads from



A BEAUTIFUL SETTING FOR A PICTURE.

dining-room and parlor colored alike? What is best to cover bathroom floor with?"

If you tint your parlor walls a soft shade of old rose and hang your windows with white ruffled point d'esprit net, I think your balanced effect over the transom will look very well; if, on the other hand, you use thin silk curtains at these three windows you had better run a little rod at top and bottom of the casing and flute the ruffle onto these rods. I think the net curtains will be prettier than silk. Your parlor would be very sweet and dainty in effect if you could find a pretty paper border of pink roses to use as a fringe over your pink walls. Or, this is not of necessity a border. There are wall papers covered with beautiful pink roses which would fill in the space between the picture mold and ceiling or perhaps it would be better still to paper the fringe and entire ceiling with roses. I should think then that your pastel green curtains would look well in the archway of the vestibule. I have a strong objection to rope portieres, personally, and yet I know there are many excellent people who admire them. If you tint the walls of your dining-room green—and this would be a pretty opening out of the old-rose parlor—use curtains of green and white figured silk or silkoline behind the glass of your china closet. A width of the stuff drawn back in folds on either side, leaving an opening in the middle for the display of your best china, is a pretty arrangement. I would stain and shellac my floors, having them all alike. You can use a brown or reddish stain as you prefer, it is well to have the coat of shellac rubbed down finally and waxed. This treatment insures a beautiful floor. A stunning effect in your dining-room could be obtained by putting above the picture mold with your plain green walls a width of green and white figured chints or cotton goods. If you will send East for samples of artistic cottons, I think you would feel repaid for your trouble. Carry out the suggestion by using the same goods for curtains over sash curtains of sheer white muslin. These cotton fringes give a very artistic touch to a dining-room. A painted floor and a blue and white cotton rug finishes a bath-room neatly. I think I would drape the small attic windows, it will assist the look of completeness on the outside of

the hall hang a single curtain of dull blue, lined on the parlor side with yellow satin brocade in the richest, warmest shade of golden yellow. It would repay you to send all over the United States for samples, and wait patiently for just what you want in these things, your room will be simply delicious in color if you get exactly the right shades. I would use furniture of heavily-carved Flemish oak, and in the straight-backed heavy chairs I would tie flat, rather hard, cushions of orange corduroy. You will realize that before you start in on this work you must, of course, get together samples of all the different stuffs in yellow and be sure that they correspond. Put a square of your yellow satin brocade, bound with golden galloon, in the center of your large Flemish-oak table, and in this set your lamp, with a yellow globe shade. Do not put any small brack-brac on this table, but use it as a resting place for handsome books, magazines, etc.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have, frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

## GEN. LEE'S DEATH MASK FOUND.

While workmen were engaged in making some necessary repairs in the Corcoran Art Gallery in this city recently one of their number came across a plaster cast of a human face. Director McGuire, who is a brother-in-law of "Fighting Bob" Evans of the navy, at once recognized the cast as one that was taken by Clark Mills from the features of Robert E. Lee at the time of his death while president of Washington and Lee University of Virginia. This death mask of the southern hero had been sought for high and low for the last ten years, but nobody seemed to know what had become of it after the funeral of Gen. Lee. Now that it has been restored, it is proposed to make a bronze reproduction of the mask and place it among the treasures of the Corcoran gallery. Washington and Lee University will also be given an opportunity to receive this memento of a former president of that institution, and it is quite likely a bronze replica will be sent this university.—(Washington Letter to Chicago Tribune.)



# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## THE FASHIONABLE EARLY WORM.

SHE IS GOLFING AT SUNRISE, WEARING WASH FLANNEL AND A KHAKI SKIRT.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—This is the season of the year when every woman becomes a law unto herself in the affairs of the toilet, and the power that at other times dictates the very set of one's necktie and height of one's heels is set at naught or defied or forgotten.

What every daughter of Eve struggles to attain is comfort, let the sacrifice to looks be what it will. Of course, where comfort and beauty go hand in hand content supreme holds reign, and sometimes these elements do combine to charming effect. For instance, the golfing girls have got it into their aspiring little heads that there is nothing like exercise "in the morning, oh, so early!" when the air is cool and the grass wet and the prospect of sunrise and a sharp breakfast appetite quite glorious. Then she wears, this fashionable early worm, a skirt of khaki brown serge speckled over with black or darker brown dots, and with this not a shirt of percale, but of wash flannel. This is supposed to keep out the malaria microbe, if there is one in the air, and it is an uncommonly pretty garment when made and worn in the right way.

Around the neck of the shirt a silk handkerchief is knotted, if the morning is peculiarly hot, or a white pique stock, folding over the chest like a coachman's plastron, takes its place, and absorbs the moisture of honest toil. Often as not the muscular maiden rolls her shirt sleeves to her elbows, for in the morning there is no sunburn to be feared, and a pair of firm, round, white arms is always a goodly sight.

She is Trim and Quite Waterproof.

On the head of this indomitable Diana goes a cream-colored grass hat with a scarf around it, and whitewash leather shoes are the coverings for her nimble little feet. Her shoes, by the way, are quite waterproof, with a specially-treated silk lining to shut out the damp, beside having rubber soles, and nowadays nine out of ten golf-playing women wear palm protectors. These are gloves that fit like the sandal shoon of yore. The palms and one-half the inside of the fingers are covered with a fitted piece of stout kid that is hardened with a resin preparation to insure the grip. The piece of kid is made fast to the hand, either by straps running across the back or a per-

forated back of linen that has no weight and supplies perfect ventilation.

Thus arrayed, is it any wonder that the enterprising modish athlete loves to hail the rising sun from some lofty tee, and at the first hint of heat in the air tramps home to eggs and bacon and absorbs melons and toast and tea in the most surprising quantities.

This is the same type of fashionable girl as the damsel who never puts off her morning walk because of a trifling matter of rain. She is warranted waterproof, and if you wish to see her in all her impervious perfection you must go up in the woods to camps or to the shores of the St. Lawrence. Her shoes are made by the men who manufacture golf sticks and bags. The leather of them is weather beaten by a special process and in a storm they are frankly unbecoming, useful and serviceable.

### A Duchess's Discovery.

Her skirt is a reversible Shetland tweed, so also is her coat. This goods was discovered by the Duchess of Sutherland, who found that in North Scotland the women wear gowns made of absolutely pure wool, thick, light, and as impervious as a sheep's own coat to damp.

Heather is the tone or bracken brown, or soft gray is the color given these invaluable gowns, which, like the famous blankets from California, will very nearly pull through a wedding ring and last out the generations. A camping suit of such wonderful goods is made up with the finish equally careful on both sides, and as neither coat nor skirt is lined, it makes not the least difference which side of it is turned out. The buttons for the coat are cut from ram's horn, and the hat that the pretty miss wears is a knitted toque of gray Shetland wool floss, arranged on a wire frame and ornamented with a tuft of breast down and two plumes from a gaudy moor cock. An umbrella held over this is just a touch of conventionality, for it is not in the least necessary, and for deer stalking, fishing, etc., in the Canadian, Maine or great Northwest woods this is the ideal dress.

When deer is the game, then, often as not, the gray-wool toque is put off, and a gay red handkerchief of silk, or, better still, of plain turkey-red cotton, is tied Indian wise about the brows. This, of course, is an old hunter's precaution, and aside from its coquettish becomingness has the virtue of pure usefulness, which weighs very much with the camper.

### The Frou-Frou Woman.

From all the severe utility and athletic simplicity of the

present golfing and camping dress, it is a relief to have pleased consideration of the gracious fripperies and frivolities of the toilets worn by the saving woman-kind that lives through the dog days in a wicker chair on a well-awned piazza, dressed in the flowing colorful beauty of the well-planned tea gown. Women keep the traditions of their sex as devotedly to a creed, and strong and sure in their faith they for golfer and camper to enjoy the little day in short and then, slowly, but none the less surely, come back the dear yoke of trains and flounces in due time. The piazza-loving women produce a lovely array of present, and varied tableaux, too, for while some wear silk and chiffon luxury, others create as charming a play by means of colored piques.

One of the favorite morning lounging costumes at the very moment is a skirt of white pique, cut rather close to the knees, flaring in a big flounce, fretted with white embroidery, below. With that type of skirt is worn a short-tailed jacket of warm pink, sky blue, or mink, pique, fastening with three buttons of brilliantia, at the waist by a white satin band, held with a gay bow in front and with a wide round collar rolling back to the neck to coolly reveal the white throat, while the elbow sleeves afford breezes and freedom to the arms. Over the collar of pique is turned a soft and creamy neck arrangement of embroidered lawn, and lace and fluffs of the same soften the pique lines about the throat.

To effectively top off such a piazza costume a wide-brimmed hat, made all of muslin, tinted to match the pique jacket, and decorated with big bows of its own material is pinned jauntily on the well-combed locks of the wearer.

The coolest of the summer lounging gowns is a truly lovely affair, made for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's younger. White crêpe de chine is the goods, and the fabric is edged and trimmed with entre deux of black silk guipure. The elbow-sleeved, flat-necked gown of crêpe is worn upon an underwaist coat of pale yellow silk muslin, which lets fall wide undersleeves and a full scarf from a rosette on the bust. A broad black taffeta mousseline gives the bodice a firm frame of distinction.

In contrast to so fair a fantasy is a gorgeous gown for August, in poppy-red foulard, further enhanced by bouquets of wheat-field flowers. This is the body of the lounging robe, while the front and lower thereof is deep-cream chiffon, accordion pleated. The



A Dainty Muslin Gown.

A pretty striped red muslin trimmed with a quilling at the edge of the over-dress, showing a yoke of swiss embroidery and belt, knot and color of black satin ribbon.

AN AUTUMN HAT.

An autumn walking hat of rough tweed mixture trimmed with a fold of brown velvet and wings harmonizing in color with the tweed.

A BEAUTIFUL KIMONO.

This is one of the most beautiful Japanese Kimonos imported, and is so graceful in cut and adjustment as to be worth study.



Cherry lace, of a tint to match the chiffon, forms the neck-line, the pointed shoulder collar and elbow cuffs of this adorable frock for feminine beauty. MARY DEAN.

## MUSHROOMS.

### HOW TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN EDIBLE AND POISONOUS VARIETIES.

[Pencil Herald-Transcript:] Besides the chance that the mistaken may be mistaken for the edible mushroom, danger is said to lurk in that which under ordinary circumstances might be eaten with impunity. It is absolutely essential that mushrooms intended for the table should be gathered in their prime and prepared for eating as quickly as possible. In their chemical construction they are much the same as meats. In fact, many authorities claim that they are a good substitute for meats, and in some countries the peasants and poorer classes have no other meat for weeks and months. Just as the meats taint and become unfit for human consumption, so the mushroom decomposes and becomes dangerous.

Probably the deadliest of all, as well as one of the most violent and fatal of vegetable poisons is the amanita vera, and of all the poisonous varieties it is the one that may most easily be mistaken for the wholesome variety. With this variety all tests for distinguishing, such as pleasant odor, boiling with a silver spoon, tarnishing indicating poison, change of color when broken, and peeling of the cap, are said to be at fault. The amanita has an inviting odor, its taste is very pleasant, and its peels easily. The latter tests are not considered conclusive, however, for the reason that many of the varieties that are edible do not peel easily. The one unerring mark by which amanita may be distinguished is a little socket in which the stem sets, and which is denominated the poison cup. This cup may be underground, and must be searched for if the novice would be certain that he has not plucked his own death. Any mushroom that has even a suggestion of such a socket should be left severely alone.

In an extensive paper entitled "Some Edible and Poisonous Fungi," prepared by Dr. W. G. Farlow, professor of cryptogamic botany in Harvard University, for the United States Department of Agriculture, are given some rules for distinguishing these common mushroom from the deadly agarics. Dr. Farlow says:

"The common mushroom has a pileus which is not covered with wart-like scales; gills which are brownish purple when mature; a nearly cylindrical stalk, which is not hollow, with a ring near the middle, and without a bulbous base sheathed by a membrane or by scales.

"The fly agaric has a pileus marked with prominent warts; gills always white; a stalk with a large ring around the upper part, and hollow or cottony inside, but solid at the base, where it is bulbous and scaly.

"The deadly agaric has a pileus without distinct warts; gills which are always white, and a hollow stalk with a large ring and a prominent bulb at the base, whose upper margin is membranous or baglike.

"Other minor points of difference are the different places in which these species grow, and also the colors, which, although they vary in each case, are brilliant yellow or red in the fly agaric; white, varying to pale olive, in the deadly agaric, and white, usually tinged with a little brown, in the mushroom.

"A word should be said as to the size and proportion of the pileus and stalk in these three species. In the mushroom the pileus averages is generally shorter than the breadth of the pileus comparatively stout. The pileus remains convex for a long time, and does not become quite flat-topped until quite old. The substance is firm and solid. In the fly agaric the pileus, at first oval and convex, soon becomes flat and attains a breadth of six to eight inches, and sometimes more. The stalk has a length equal to or slightly exceeding the breadth of the pileus, and is comparatively slenderer than in the common mushroom, but nevertheless quite stout. The substance is less firm than in the common mushroom.

"The pileus of the deadly agaric is thinner than that of the common mushroom, and, from being rather bell-shaped when young, becomes gradually flat-topped, with the center a little raised. In breadth it is intermediary between the two preceding species. The stalk usually is longer than the breadth of the pileus, and the habit is slenderer than in the two preceding species. All three species are pleasant to the taste, which shows that one cannot infer that a species is not poisonous because the taste is agreeable.

"The fly agaric has scarcely any odor. The other two species have certain odors of their own, but they cannot be described."

While there are over one hundred varieties of mushrooms and toadstools which may be eaten, there is no general rule for their identification, and each must be learned as a species. The gatherer may safely guard himself to some extent by avoiding all varieties that give out an unpleasant odor, those which are tough or in a state of decomposition, and by examining the insides to see that they are free from grubs and the larvae and beetles.

## NO MORE CHAPERONS.

### THE WELL-BRED SUMMER GIRL OF 1900 FINDS ESPIONAGE UNNECESSARY.

[New York Herald:] The well-bred summer girl has rebelled against the chaperon, as she does not consider her presence a necessity or a compliment to herself and her friends.

One of the reasons given by the summer girl for dispensing with the time-honored custom is that she no longer indulges in the same dangerous pastimes as did her sisters of years gone by. For instance, she does not accept invitations to sail in the moonlight unless she is one of a party comprising married and unmarried people in abundance. Nor does she wander along the beach after a dance in the ballroom, because the dampness is liable to ruin her gown and give her a severe cold.

She no longer deprives her mother or her mother's friends of her society, and is as frequently seen in their company

as with the masculine element. She never attends a hop at a neighboring hotel alone, because if her family are cottage holders they are sure to receive invitations for the ball, and so it is quite natural that the entire party should go together. If by chance the summer girl is at a hotel, she seldom shows her preference for other hotels by accepting invitations for dances at them.

This year's summer girl is not one bit affected. She does not seek to collect engagement rings. Her natural pride revolts against the idea of allowing complications to arise by engaging herself to a man whom she has not known for years, or of giving him a right to assume a familiar attitude toward her and to call her by her first name.

She has this summer made it clear to all that she has a brain and will not allow it to become inert by submitting to things or customs she does not approve of. Some are calling her prudish because of this new reserve, but it brings her more respect and, therefore, more admiration, and, therefore, demonstrates her cleverness.

## HUMANE CONGRESS.

[New York Herald:] The thirteenth congress of the Association for the Protection of Animals, which recently concluded its deliberations at Paris, was a great success. In the evening of the day of closing a banquet was given at Marguery's. M. Uhrich, president of the Paris society, presided over the congress as chairman. About 200 members, representing 192 societies, attended the various sittings.

Among those present was Mr. John P. Haines, president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The congress passed resolutions in regard to the transportation of animals, the protection of birds, cruel forms of sport, the suffering of animals on the battlefield and vivisection.

The congress approved of a competition for inventing a form of railway carriage providing for the supply of food and air to animals while traveling. It also decided to urge in various countries the adoption of a system whereby animals shall travel on the railways by number and not by weight; to urge railway companies to provide air, water and food for animals while traveling and to compel the enforcement of laws dealing with the disinfecting of railway vans carrying animals after each trip.

In regard to birds the congress resolved to approach the various governments, endeavoring to persuade them to take international measures for the protection of all birds not generally recognized as insectivorous; against capturing birds "en masse," by means of nets, traps, etc., for forbidding the commerce and transit, sale and purchase of birds protected by law—eggs and young—during the close season (this provision to be applicable to migratory birds, like quail) asking every government to make inquiry as to the utility of birds found in their territory by proving what they live upon, favoring in every way the reproduction of useful birds and educating children as to the use and value of birds.

In regard to cruel sports it was resolved to ask all the governments to strictly enforce the existing laws and, where necessary, make the punishments more severe, or pass new laws dealing with the matter.

In regard to animals suffering on the battlefield, Mr. John P. Haines, New York, and John Colam, London, were appointed by the president of the congress, with full power to communicate with the president of the Swiss republic and request a modification of the Geneva convention, so that its provisions might be extended to enable persons properly authorized to mitigate or terminate the sufferings of animals on the battlefield.

## WHERE "OPALS" GROW.

It is the bamboo which furnishes the Chinaman with practically everything he requires through life, from his cradle to his coffin, that also produces precious stones for him, only the Celestial is not aware of the fact, or else attaches no value to it. In some varieties of this invaluable grass a mineral substance composed of lime or silica and potash is frequently discovered, being formed, it is supposed, owing to some kind of disease in the juices or stem of the plant. In the course of time this deposit hardens and forms the famous "tabasheer" of the natives, which exactly resembles the opal in appearance, and is, according to Prof. Brewster, of precisely the same character and composition.

The Chinese, however, know nothing of its value as a precious stone, but collect tabasheer simply for its supposed medicinal properties.

Unfortunately some of the most finely marked and colored specimens of these vegetable stones are exceedingly fragile. It may be mentioned that in none of the varieties of the bamboo yet raised and found hardy in this country have any traces of a deposit of tabasheer at present been discovered, so that any one who contemplates the establishment of a bamboo plantation in England for the purpose of opal raising is recommended to invest his capital in some other way.—[London Mail.

## OPPOSED TO BALL VALVES.

"I never had but one prisoner escape from me," said an old railroad detective, "and that was under very peculiar circumstances. In 1883, when I was working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, I captured a fellow named Jim Lake, who was wanted for robbing freight cars. I got him near Trinidad, Colo., and after securing the requisition papers started east with him for Kansas City. Lake was a little, consumptive chap, as frail as a woman, and I didn't consider it necessary to even put the handcuffs on him. With one twist I could have broken him in two. Besides, I didn't care to cause him needless humiliation by exhibiting him before the other passengers in the role of a prisoner, so we simply sat side by side, like two fellow-tourists, and nobody in the cars had any idea he was under arrest.

"Naturally we did a good deal of talking, and at about dusk of the first evening old Lake turned the conversation to curious mechanical contrivances and described several remarkable machines he had seen. He had been a skilled

engineer earlier in life, and, being a good talker, soon got me deeply interested. Among other things he told me about an air pump with a singular ball valve. 'The ball lies in a socket,' he said, 'and the greater the air pressure behind it the tighter it sticks.' To illustrate, he twisted an old envelope into a cone and dropped a paper wad into the mouth. 'Now, when I blow,' he continued, 'you'll see that the wad stays right where it is.' Like a fool, I stared at the thing, and he blew violently into the little end. At the same instant I felt as if a raging furnace had suddenly belched its flames right into my face. I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe; for a moment or two I couldn't even move. My throat and nostrils were on fire, and I felt sure my eyes had been burned literally out of their sockets.

"What had happened was simply this: The envelope was full of red pepper and I had received the charge, point blank, at about 6-inch range. While I was gasping the scoundrel ran to the other end of the car. 'My friend has a fit!' he shouted; 'I'm going after water!' Of course, he jumped off, and that was the last of him. He was never caught. The other day a man tried to sell me a lawn sprinkler. 'It has a patent ball valve,' he said. 'I don't want it,' I replied."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## SOUTH DAKOTA'S WIND CAVE.

The good people of South Dakota regard Wind Cave as the tenth wonder of the world. From surface indications it would seem that a large part of the State is hollow, and the extent of Wind Cave is unknown. It was discovered in 1877 by a notorious character known as "Lame Johnny," who distinguished himself on several occasions by holding up the Deadwood stage and ambushing caravans of unwary travelers. His lack of prudence in one of these adventures resulted in a "neck-tie party" which ended Johnny's career, so that he was not able to profit by his discovery. J. B. McDonald rediscovered the phenomenon in 1884 by finding a large gap in the plain through which the wind was pouring out with great force, like the draught of a chimney. There are similar vent holes at frequent intervals over the prairie, and the people of this neighborhood claim that several have been opened within the last few years.

The cave is divided into chambers. It is asserted that more than three thousand different rooms have already been discovered, varying in size from twelve feet in diameter to over three acres, and this is believed to be only a small portion of the cavern. The cave ceiling is not so high as that of Mammoth Cave, and the geologic formations are not as wonderful as those of Lucay, but it has many attractions, and one in particular—the dryness of the atmosphere—which is said to afford instant and complete relief to asthmatic people. The temperature of the cave is about 45 deg. the year round, being unaffected by the variations of the thermometer outside, but the variations of the barometer are sharply perceptible. When the mercury rises on the outside a current of air flows into the cave and follows a certain direction. When the glass falls this current changes and the air flows in another direction. This phenomenon has not been studied by competent meteorologists, but is so apparent that it attracted the attention of the early explorers of the cañon.

The effect of the air of the cave upon asthmatic people is equally peculiar. A sufferer from that disease finds immediate relief upon entering the cave, and there will be no return of the trouble for several days after. This has suggested the possibility of a permanent cure for such as can have the privilege of visiting the cave frequently, and a hotel is planned for their accommodation.—[Chicago Record.

## WHY SHERMAN WAS POPULAR.

On another occasion I saw Sherman in a different mood. We were making a night march, swinging to the right around Kennesaw. The night was as dark as they make them down in Georgia, and we marched all night without talking, under whispered orders, the men being guided in the line of march by bunches of white raw cotton pinned on the shoulders of those in front. Canteens and haversacks were tied close so there would be no rattling, and four after hour we moved through the dreary dark, dropping down in the road to rest whenever there was a stop. This is the most exasperating sort of a march, and the men were in no pleasant mood when it began to grow light.

"Any night march is very trying. The natural inclination is to go forward as rapidly as possible. The men who set the pace in front are suddenly halted, and the men following crowd upon them, expecting there will be a delay of only a minute. Instead there will be a delay of an hour, which to the men in the rear seems without reason or excuse. They suddenly there will be a forward movement at a breakneck pace, then another halt without explanation, and a tiresome standing in ranks. In this case there was the added bewilderment of following silently the cotton pods on the shoulders of the file leaders, the exasperation of sudden stops, and the further exasperation of being compelled to keep quiet, so when daylight came the men were in a swearing mood, and they swore.

"It was the habit of all men, particularly if they were themselves inclined to excesses, to be severe upon officers who became intoxicated. Nothing giving them so much satisfaction as to find an officer drunk along the line of march and to indulge in severe comments. With the coming of daylight the rule as to silence was suspended, as the divisions were then going into position. As our regiment marched rapidly to its appointed place we passed occasionally a sleeping officer. Every time the boys would remark: 'Another officer drunk,' as we approached the main line we passed an officer asleep in a fence corner. Some fellow in our company shouted, 'There's another officer drunk.'

"The men were greatly surprised to see the sleeping figure assume a sitting posture and to hear the voice of Gen. William T. Sherman say, not unkindly: 'No, boys, not drunk, but terribly tired and sleepy.' Instantly came the reply, 'Bully for you!' and the men went forward into line feeling a kinship with their commanding general. He had not resented the remark, he had not sworn at the man who made it, but he had offered the excuse which they would have offered, that he was tired and sleepy. These two anecdotes explain why Sherman was so near to his men. He would not see a man or a mule abused, and he held himself as a commanding general to a close sympathy with the men in the ranks who were to fight his battles."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.



## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

### THINGS ALL AROUND US.

#### NATURE SERIES—XII. AN INSECT.

By a Staff Writer.

IN LAST week's paper, I said that I would tell you just a little about some of the instruments the insects use. Here you have a picture of the saw of the rose saw-fly—a pretty, shining little fly about a third of an inch long, that lays its eggs in the stems of rose bushes. You can see the fine teeth of the saw on the lower edge of the part toward your left hand. But the tool is not so simple as the saws which we human beings use, for the edge of each tooth is cut into finer teeth. I wonder whether human toolmakers could not learn something from that, even in this age of skill.

The saw-fly begins laying her eggs in the early summer. Slowly she flies about the garden, hunting a rose bush that just suits her; and she is quite knowing enough to pick out a fine healthy one, where her young will find good food waiting for them when they hatch. When she has selected a bush she buzzes about and over it until she dis-

covers a nice juicy stem that she likes. The stem is a small one, but you must think of it as like a big branch to her, she is herself so tiny. She clasps it with her legs, thus bracing herself for her work. The saw is now thrust out under the end of her body and dug into the stem. It is a double saw—that is, with two edges; and these are stretched a little apart before she begins the sawing motion. The sides of the saw are rough, and so help widen the slit, as the work goes on. When the fly thinks that she has sawed a deep-enough and big-enough slit, she stops her saw and rests. Then the two saws separate, pushing against the sides of the slit and helping to make it wider yet; and down between them drops an egg into the hole that has been made.

And now another wonderful thing takes place. The stem, if it went on growing about the hole, would crush the egg, or at least close it up so that the young insect could not get out when it was hatched. So the mother saw-fly pours out into the hole a liquid that seems to do to the wood of the stem just the opposite of what the liquid of the gall flies does to the wood of the oak trees and other shrubs where they lay their eggs; for while the liquid of the gall flies makes the stem swell up and close over the eggs, forming a warm winter house for the young insects, the liquid of the saw-fly deadens the wood, so that it turns black and shrinks away from the egg.

Unlike many of the insects about which I have told you, the saw-fly does not lay a large amount of eggs in a day; sawing slits for the eggs is too hard work. But she keeps at it, day after day, for some time, so that, in the end, she provides for a very considerable family. Each day she hunts a new rose bush, so that her babies shall not be crowded and find their food getting scarce or poor before they are grown. The infant saw-flies are little worms, yellow and green in color, and are usually to be found on the under side of the leaves of rose bushes, in summer and autumn. The under side of leaves is the place where insects that eat the green of plants will commonly be found feeding, because that side, as you know, has not the thick, heavy protective covering that the upper side has.

Besides the rose saw-fly there are a large number of other kinds of saw-flies that lay their eggs in the stems or the leaves of plants—each kind having some particular plant and part of that plant that it prefers. Some kinds like soft, green stems or even the delicate tissues of the plant leaves, and some kinds prefer quite a hard stem; and the saw of each particular kind is large or small, delicate or strong, according to the kind of place which its owner is in the habit of choosing for laying her eggs, and so the kind of wood which it must cut into.

### HOW THE NAVY GETS SEAMEN.

#### A TALK WITH BOYS ABOUT THE PROSPECTS FOR BOYS WHO JOIN THE NAVY.

By a Special Contributor.

In the spring of 1898, when the country was about to go to war with a foreign power the boys were left out because of the fact that the army was not permitted to enlist them. But the navy has an eye to the boys and wants them as young as fifteen to seventeen, if they are strong and healthy. I say that the boys were left out, but that was not altogether the case, for the navy did enlist boys and send them to sea, some to Santiago and some to

Manila, so that some of them saw much more of the war than did their older brothers who enlisted in the army.

Now while the army opened its recruiting offices all over the country, and all the boys were anxious to enlist, they closed them again as soon as they had filled the ranks of the regiments. But not so with the recruiting offices where the navy enlists boys and trains them in the manner that I am about to describe to you.

For years the boys of the eastern parts of the country have been enlisting in the navy for the training station at Newport, Rhode Island, and they are now among the seamen, petty officers, and warrant officers of the navy that went to war with Spain.

Recently, however, the Navy Department has come into possession of Yerba Buena Island, in San Francisco Bay, the island you pass on the ferry boat between Oakland and San Francisco, and here is a new training station; so that now the boys of the West, as well as those of the East, have an opportunity of becoming seamen and petty officers in the navy. Indeed, they have an opportunity of becoming warrant officers should they prove themselves to excel in the duties of sailors in the navy, and to be obedient

soon going to be one, so he must be a sailor—gets his uniform. This uniform consists of a new suit of blue clothes and a flat sailor cap with U. S. N. printed on the ribbon, three suits of white working clothes to be worn at work and on drill, white hats to match, suits of underwear, three pairs of socks, and a pair of shoes. Besides that he is given a hammock with mattress covers and blankets. At first he wonders how he is ever going to sleep in that, but at night when he is in his hammock he drops off to sleep before he can think that he is not in his own bed at home.

Now when a boy has signed all the papers that I told you about, the paymaster enters his name in his book and opposite that name he writes \$45.00, which is the amount that Uncle Sam gives a boy with which to pay for his clothing when he first enters the navy; and this money pays for all the things I have mentioned, and leaves over to the credit of the boy to pay for an overcoat when he goes north in some ship. But that is not all the money he has placed to his credit, not by any means. On the paper on which the boy signs his name the Commandant enters his name also; and he promises, for the navy, that the boy shall be paid \$5.00 each month, or more when he has served long enough, and learned enough to become an apprentice of the second class, or more still when he is qualified as an apprentice of the first class. Thus you see how different the training station is from any institution where the boys go to school or are sent to learn any trade, for he is paid \$45.00 the moment he signs the papers, rather he is given new clothing bought with that money, and the balance is placed to his credit, and he is actually paid for his time. Besides all this, the Government allows thirty cents a day for every man and boy in the navy, to pay for his food. At the training station the thirty cents for each boy is put into a fund for the commissary, which feeds the boys with what he can buy with it.

F. B. UPHAM.

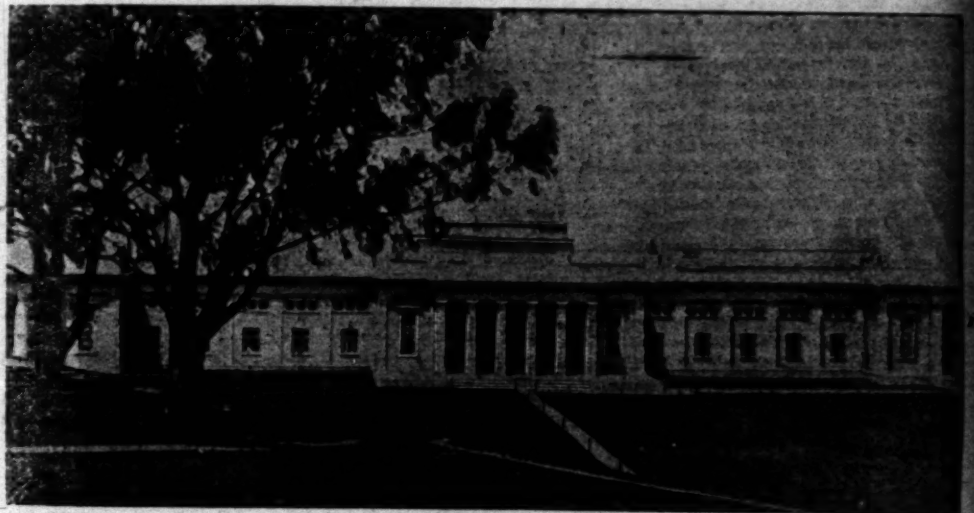
### TEDDY'S PET.

#### THE QUEER LITTLE ANIMAL A FORMER MICHIGAN BOY TRAINED.

By a Special Contributor.

Teddy has a new pet. Just for the time Teddy thinks this one the very best and most interesting pet of all. Of course you want to know all about it. Well, Ted's home is quite far away, in Michigan, where in winter the snow lies deep all over the ground, and in summer the sun is very bright.

Teddy's dear, good mamma is not very strong, and when the air is sharp and stinging cold she coughs a good deal; so Teddy and his papa thought they would bring her to sunny California. One proud day Teddy walked on the big railway office with his papa, and they bought tickets for the long trip across the high mountains, past rushing streams, through beautiful cañons. Four days



BARRACKS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

as an apprentice in the navy, provided, of course, that he shows the written consent of his parents, as I have told you. This examination by the surgeon is on board of the old man-of-war Pensacola that is moored by the dock on the east side of the island. Having passed the surgeon, then the boy is taken to the Commandant, Capt. Henry Glass, who is careful to ask him if he is entering the navy of his own free will in every way (for the Commandant does not want a boy who does not want to come) and if he understands the nature of an oath. Having answered these questions to the Commandant's satisfaction, the boy swears allegiance to the United States of America and agrees to serve in the navy until he is twenty-one years old, unless he is discharged at an earlier date for good reason.

But we must consider that our boy is the kind of a boy who knows what he wants and who likes it when he gets it. So our boy takes an oath and becomes an apprentice of the third class—there are three classes of apprentices. He signs the papers in the Commandant's office and is then turned over to a petty officer who takes him first to the barber to have his hair cut short, before taking the bath that comes next on the programme. After the bath the young sailor—for now he is in the navy, and if not a seaman is

later found them in a San Francisco hotel. Now you will pity poor little Ted when I tell you that for two days it was scratch! scratch! all the time. In all his ten little years he had never seen seas except on his dog Tipsey, or his kitten Smudge. And to think of it! Here was he, Teddy Bancroft, annoyed by seas in the very way that his pets had been. He was glad when he heard his parents arrange to leave for Los Angeles the next day, as he was quite sure that nearly all the seas in the world lived in San Francisco.

So one still night the "Owl" train brought them whizzing 485 miles from the Bay City to the City of the Angels. But are you wondering about that new pet? Patience just a little longer. A friend of papa's had rented for them a dear little cottage, fairly hidden among the roses and vines. Here they went at once. And at once Teddy began to "investigate." Every corner of the house and yard was looked into by the small man. In one of the yard corners stood a little doghouse which Teddy felt sure would have been just right for Tipsey. He was thinking of the little dog he had left at home with auntie, and stood looking in the open door.

It seemed to him that as he looked the dust in the cracks of the floor moved just a little, little bit. Down on



he took Master Ted at once. He took his new microscope out of his pocket. Papa had given it to him for Christmas, and he was proud of this useful present.

Guess what he really saw! Don't look disgusted when I tell you that in the dust were many tiny yellow worms. Now Ted had turned his new microscope on ever so many worms. These, however, were different from any of the others. He was interested at once. Carefully he laid several upon a piece of white paper, so he could see them better. They were very small, not even half as long as his thickest finger nail. Their bodies were jointed, and there were four long hairs on the side of each joint.

Teddy knew that nearly all worms and caterpillars will some day become either butterflies or other insects. So he took a little pasteboard box and sprinkled it with some of the dry dust. He then carefully placed two of the little creatures in it. He noticed that one was pale yellow. The other, which was a little larger, was reddish yellow. They were very active, and squirmed about a great deal.

Two days later, when Ted looked, he saw but one in the box. What had become of the other? It could not escape. Looking very carefully he found a wee, little, silken cocoon, so like a butterfly's cocoon that Ted clapped his hands in glee. A few days more and the little white prisoner had turned a reddish color. Soon he spun a silken nest for himself, too.

Teddy made a sliding-glass cover for his box. For seven days he waited. One morning he found a little, dark-brown prisoner on the inside of the glass cover. How he jumped and jumped about in its little cage! Teddy ran for his microscope. Here was something new to "investigate."

First he counted its legs. Six. Then he looked at the narrow, little body, and saw that it was jointed. No wings at all. A little head, tiny round eyes, and the feelers and "cutting jaws." These were what he saw.

He ran with his treasure to papa, who said, "Why, Ted, that's only a 'Frisco flea. Get a bit of meat and see him eat." Ted brought a very small bit of raw meat. He put it on a pin. Then he opened the box a very little way and put the meat inside. At once the flea jumped on the meat and began his first meal. What pleasure Ted found in watching the busy little fellow.

He named this new pet "Chuck." Three times a day, when he brought it meat, he made a clucking sound. In a few days "Chuck" would jump up on the glass lid when he heard Teddy's call.

Papa told Ted about some trained fleas which he had seen in New York. These fleas would stand erect, would draw tiny carriages, in which sat other fleas. Some would march, armed with spears or dragging very tiny cannon. Others still were prisoners. They walked about and dragged after them chains and balls. All these things they did, while people watched them through microscopes.

Ted at once began to make a harness for Chuck. He made it of soft, silk threads. Then he began to give Chuck lessons. For two weeks he practiced every day. At the end of that time Chuck would stand erect on his hind legs. He had also learned to wear his harness, without tangling himself. Then Teddy made a tiny paper wagon. He fastened the wagon to the harness, and gave Chuck his first lesson in being driven.

The next day was quite an unhappy one. When he went to feed Chuck, the lid of the box was open just a very little way. Teddy called, but Chuck did not come. On the table stood a bowl of water. Floating on the water with his legs neatly folded lay Chuck, very still.

The poor little fellow had hopped out of his box. He had seen the light bowl, and hopped toward it, as fleas often will do.

Of course, Ted was sorry, but he caught another and placed it in the box to take Chuck's place. Already he has begun its training. He intends to train several more, and have an exhibition. They will not be hard to find, do you think? K. E. S.

### PUSSY KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

STORY OF A WHITE CAT THAT WAS WISER THAN THE HIRED MAN.

By a Special Contributor.

The following story goes to prove that one of the lower animals may be more quick to perceive and to grasp a situation than the human understanding:

During last summer we purchased four young Belgian hares, paying for them a good round sum. Naturally we were anxious to make certain of the safety of our new pets. We owned no dog, and the only animal on our ranch that could possibly threaten the peace of mind and body of the bunnies was our cat, Dot, a pure white pussy, except for a gray tail which looked as if it ought to belong to some other cat, and had become attached to its present place by mistake. It was a lucky mistake for Dot, though, for it was that peculiar feature that had saved her from the bucket of water in which her little brothers and sisters had met with an early death.

We had no occasion to regret having saved puss from such a fate, for she proved to be a great hunter, keeping our place free from rats and gophers, and clearing the country round about of squirrels and cottontails.

I was quite anxious to see how Dot would behave when she first saw our rabbits, for we could hardly expect her to distinguish between these special rabbits she must not touch and cottontails that we praised her for bringing in.

She happened to be around the evening the Belgians were brought home and lifted from the box where they were huddled into their wire cage. Of course she was very much interested, walking round and round the cage, and finally crouching down, with tail swishing from side to side and eyes eagerly watching every movement of the rabbits. It was very evident that if one of them should ever escape from the cage it would be gobbled up by Mrs. Dot on short notice, and I determined, if possible to give pussy one lesson that I hoped she might never forget. So I stood silently by while she crept nearer and nearer to the inclosure, eyes intent and body awaying. At last, at the moment when I saw she was going to spring upon the wire, I did the springing myself—not upon the rabbits, but upon Dot, giving at the same time a scream such as

a woman is supposed to raise when she sees a mouse. I am sure such a scream ought to scare a poor little mouse stiff, for it scared Dot so she did not stop running until she reached her pet hole under the barn. As was afterward proved, my lesson was quite effective. The next morning when I went out to look at the rabbits Dot was sitting quietly beside the cage, looking at them, as if to say, "I know I must not touch you, but I just want to see how you are different from cottontails."

During the heat of the summer we sleep on a piazza which overlooks the rabbits' quarters. Several nights after the arrival of our pets we were aroused by a dull, thumping sound, as of some one or something going up and down the piazza. As we arose to investigate, the sounds were suddenly quieted. We returned to bed and to sleep, and were again awakened by the same sounds, and again searched for the burglar, or animal, or whatever it was, disturbing our rest, but without success. All was quiet the moment we began to search.

Waking early the next morning I looked through the vines about the piazza to see what the rabbits were doing. Alas and alack! there were no rabbits there—the cage was empty! That explained the disturbance in the night. What we had heard was our bunnies hip-hopping up and down the piazza. Making hasty toilets my husband and I hurried out to look for our costly pets, hoping at least to find their "rufus" red little pelts, for Dot always left the skins of the cottontails she caught.

The barn seemed the best place to begin a search, for near it stood a great pile of alfalfa, which would be certain to attract the rabbits. On our way over we were pleasantly surprised to find two of the bunnies sitting under a rose bush, nibbling the leaves, and we soon cornered and caught them. Then we started for the barn and the alfalfa pile.

Our hired man, a sturdy Dane, was coming out of the toolhouse, ax in hand. Had he seen two of our Belgian hares? They had escaped in the night and we were searching for them. "Belgian hares?" gasped our "hardy Norseman," turning pale under his coat of tan. "Are those Belgian hares? Why, I was just going to knock them on the head with the ax! I thought they were cottontails!"

Then he pointed to the alfalfa pile, where our bunnies were eating away, occasionally stopping to give a little spring, shaking head and hind legs to express what a beautiful time they were having. Dot came rubbing up against us, purring, and with a little virtuous "meow," saying, "Now you see I am a good cat and can tell a Belgian hare from a cottontail."

I did not take time to pet the intelligent pussy until we had chased our unwilling pets around the alfalfa pile several times and at last succeeded in catching them; but then she had a fine breakfast and enough compliments to turn her head.

Our man afterward told us that, when he left his room that morning he was astonished to see what he thought were four cottontails eating at the alfalfa pile, and Dot sitting close by, sleepily watching them. He knew as well as Dot of the arrival of the Belgians a few days before, yet, although wondering at the tameness of the "cottontails," and that Dot, their enemy, should show them such respect, he did not once think of their being our new pets.

Once as he went by he picked Dot up and threw her at the rabbits, but she sprang lightly down, carefully avoiding even touching one. At last, disgusted with a cat too stupid to catch cottontails, and cottontails too stupid to run away when he said "Shoo!" he started for the ax to end such nonsense. And just at that moment we came up.

ELSA ROEMO.

### LOCAL COLOR.

Friend.

"What's the matter with Luke, your brother, Miss Snow. That he's gone to the bad and turned out so?"

Miss Snow.

"Well, sir, ah don't know what the 'rouble kin be, 'Less he's jes' the white sheep of the family."

H.

### CHINESE NOT SO VERY HARD.

BUT FOREIGNERS ARE BOTHERED BY THE ODD USE OF INFLECTIONS.

[New York World:] The Chinese is the chief of the monosyllabic group of languages, to which belong also the Burmese, Thibetan and Korean. It is the most primitive form of language, and not half so difficult to master as most Europeans imagine.

There are no nouns to decline, no verbs to conjugate. There are no inflections of any kind. Every word is a root and every root a word. There is no alphabet, but there are thousands of individual symbols for ideas.

As spoken it depends largely on the pitch of the voice. The same sound in b flat and d may have totally different meanings. This explains the sing-song effects of Chinese conversation.

One Chinese legend says that Tsang Ke, who lived nearly 5000 years ago, invented writing after studying the marks on the shell of a tortoise. Anyone may observe the similarity between these marks and the characters on a Chinese laundry check.

The primitive characters were crude pictures of objects—otherwise hieroglyphics. These developed into characters representing and combining ideas, and finally into those representing sounds.

There are more than 30,000 written characters in the language, and only 500 spoken sounds. Hence the necessity of using musical inflections of the voice to differentiate words.

For example the word "kwai" with a downward inflection means "honorable," with an upward inflection "devil."

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "They say it costs \$3 to get a bath in the Klondike region."

"Yes, I had a friend up there who took a bath once just to show he had the money."

### A CAT PARADISE.

A HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS WHERE DOGS ARE AT A DECIDED DISCOUNT.

[New York Journal:] There is a place where cats are honored, a household in which all the domestic affairs revolve around a family of cats. It is a large three-story house on Maryland avenue, St. Louis, Mo. The love of cats with Miss Lena Pattie, the charming little lady who is the head of the house, has grown year by year, until now she is unable to turn away even a stray.

Did you ever hear of a house where the cats ruled the dogs? So it is at Miss Pattie's. A little brown spaniel is one of her pets, but if any of the cats, big or little, become offended at him, Mr. Major must sullenly submit to being cuffed on the ears. The cats do not scratch him—they never scratch anybody. Perhaps this is because they are treated so kindly and never go hunting for rats or mice. True it is that all the cats in the house have a different expression from most of the cats in the world. Their eyes are very wide apart, giving a logical cast to the forehead, and the gentlest, sweetest look beams forth from these mild eyes. They love to be petted all day long, and they never scratch or bite. Except Miss Boots. This is the cat that everyone is afraid of. She is fierce and nervous, and her owner says that if Miss Boots should ever escape from her "room" and get among the other cats there would be such an awful cat fight, such breaking of furniture, such smashing of windows and tearing of cat fur that all the three women in the house would run away and never come back again. Miss Boots has a large room of her own on the third floor, with three windows in it. When Miss Pattie removed into this new house a few months ago she furnished Miss Boots' room exactly as it seemed that she would like it. There is oilcloth of a bright pattern on the floor, shelves at every window where Miss Boots may sun herself, a chair or two and a pretty white bed with clean sheets on it.

The nervous, slender little cat is not altogether to blame for her irritability. She was in South St. Louis in the tornado of 1896, and her nerves have never been just right since then. She has a huge feather pillow on her bed, and when a storm comes up Miss Boots flies to the pillow and buries her head. There is very little company at the house, but once in a while Miss Boots receives visitors besides Miss Pattie and the young lady who is her companion, and then Miss Boots is very reluctant for them to leave. She will fly at her guest and bite when the guest gets ready to go.

But it is not right, her gentle mistress says, that Miss Boots should be confined in her high room all day. There is a big basket for her, and for two hours every day the other cats are all shut up in the house, and Miss Boots is carried down to sun herself. The cats' gymnasium has green grass underneath, but it is not quite as free as nature, because there is a wire netting above and all around it, so that the cats cannot get away. The place is as big as Boots' room, and the cats enjoy it very much.

The three Angoras never go in the house unless they are made to do so. The climate is perhaps a little too warm for them. They are very delicate, and one Angora cat died not very long ago. Miss Muffet's coloring is in dainty hues of yellow, white and gray, and she has very thick, heavy fur, sprinkled with extremely long, silvery hairs. Chinch claims the same noble blood as Miss Muffet, but he is a part Maltese also. The stripings of white and Maltese are plainly shown on his beautiful gray feathery tail. The other Angora is little Minette, Miss Muffet's six-week-old kitten, which is dark gray. The Angoras have to be brushed every day, for if their long hair gets matted they will die.

Dame is a common gray cat, who came as a stray. She doesn't claim much beauty except for her stripes, but she is very good and is proud of her daughter, the Jersey Lily, a cat almost all white, with a few black marks.

Patrick O'Leary is a special pet of his mistress. He has an ingratiating Irish way with him, traceable to nothing else but the fact that he was born on St. Patrick's day. He is a big fellow and wears a green ribbon on his birthday.

The cats play and sleep all day, and they have their regular meals just as if they were people. Milk is bought for them, and meat, and sometimes medicine. A doctor in the neighborhood knows a good deal about cats, and he has prescribed more than once. Then when night comes the kitties are taken one by one—except Miss Boots—to their bedroom. Each one has his basket, with a big cushion which in winter is covered with flannel. The baskets are brought up to a big room on the second floor furnished like that of Miss Boots. On the wall is a pretty, framed water color of a group of little dogs, and here the cats sleep pleasantly till morning comes again.

It is a paradise for cats, as each one of the colony would say if he could only talk. And if the other cats who have no homes could only read, they might read this story and then form a union and go en masse to the house where cats are treated so kindly.

### ENCOURAGING EMIGRATION.

[New York Tribune:] In order to induce peasants to settle in the eastern districts of Siberia the Russian railways have issued tickets, good for a family of any size, from any part of European Russia to Tobolsk, at two rubles. From Tobolsk to any part east as far as Vladivostok or Port Arthur the price is four and a half rubles. Hence, for not quite seven rubles, or about \$3.50, a settler's whole family can travel about four thousand miles. This arrangement has been made upon the personal suggestion of the Czar, who expects great results from the extraordinary inducements. Moreover, by this scheme, he hopes to divert the stream of emigrants from the United States and to utilize these forces for his own vast empire.

"Mamma," said three-year-old Flossie, "I guess you don't know much about raising children, do you?"

"Why do you think that?" asked her mother.

"Because," replied the little miss, "you always send me to bed when I'm not sleepy and make me get up when I am sleepy."



## MAM TYSON'S STORY.

By a Special Contributor.

MAM TYSON is the most honored member of our family. Every well-ordered Southern household still retains the old black mammy of ante-bellum days. Mammy Tyson, or "Mam," as we always called her, had been nurse for the Lenleys for fifty years. In childhood her word was authority, in girlhood she was our comfort, and now that we are no longer children or girls she is still a great person in our estimation, and is charming when she grows reminiscent.

One afternoon she and I were looking through an old cedar chest which contained my mother's dresses and a faded Confederate uniform with a bullet hole in one sleeve and another in the right side. I knew it belonged to Uncle Robert, but he never wore it. He had another that he wore to the reunions every year, and I asked Mam Tyson why they kept this one put away with mother's dresses.

I don't know whether it was the odor of dried alyssum and sweet fennel coming up from the quaint old silk aprons, hose and fashus, as we bent over the chest, that made Mam Tyson grow communicative, or my direct question, anyway, this is what she told me:

"Lawd, Chile, Marse Bob nevah wot dat ahtah de night Lis rode roun' de five-mile swamp wid hit on. Young Mis'-youah mam-kep' hit as a keepsake. Young Mis' wah a beauty in huh day. I oft'n ustah think hit was a pity you didn't take ahtah huh side o' de house."

"No, honey, cose you don't 'member Lis. She always seemed so airy kase young Mis' had teachd huh to read a little, unbeknowns to Ole Marse. Lawd, dat nigga wah'n fitten fuh 'gatah bait, she wa' so lazy, but somehow young Mis' she jes' would keep huh roun' de house, when she ought to bin down in de lowlands a-hoin' cotton wid de rest ob us.

"Ole Marse seemed to hate Lis wuss'n pizen. He jes' couldn't bide de sight ob huh, an' one day when a white man fum ole Kaintuck cum 'long, he wah struck wid Lis' looks, he ups and offahs ole Marse eight hundahd dollahs fuh huh. Ole Marse know'd de white man an' he tol' young Mis' Lis would be well treated, but dar wa'n no passifym huh. She cried and cried, and got down on huh knees and baigged Ole Marse not to sell Lis; but when Ole Marse Lenley sot his haht on doin sumpin' all de walls of Jerrycho and de elements ob dog-ha'r couldn't stop him, so he tol' young Mis' to go in de house an' he kep' on a-makin' de trade wid de white man, fuh Lis.

"Dat nigga she did beat all! She nevah done nuthin' till de white man gone, den Ma'y Jane, de yallah gal what wukked upstahs, said she goes into young Mis' room and trows huhsef down in a heap by de bay window an' moans and whines wuss'n a beat puppy.

"Young Mis' said she would git Marse Bob to buy huh back again, an' 'lowed if he'd been dar Lis wouldn't bin sold.

"Young Marse Bob was away in de ahmy, a-fightin' undah ole Gen'l Montgomery, but we was 'spectin' him home dat berry day on leah o' furlough or sumpin'.

"Sho' 'nuf, 'bout 12 o'clock, when we was a-eatin' ouah caww pone an' bacon down in de lowlands, de big hawn up at de house tooted an' tooted. We know'd Lis hadn't cum away, kase we didn't heah no bloodhoun's, but we should-dahd ouah hoses and matched to de house. Hit wah young Marse, an' he wanted to see all us niggahs. He tuk me by de han' an' sez he 'Why, Tyson, what you doin' wid dat hoe? Dey mus' be akase o' niggahs to put you in de cotton.' I 'plained how in de pinch of crap time we all had to hoe, kase he knowed ole Mis' nevah let me go in de cotton patch.

"He wuz mighty fine lookin' only I didn't lack dat mouse-cullud suit he wot. 'Twant amah't 'nuff lookin' fuh him.

"Young Mis' didn't have no me' time to grieve ovah Lis dat day. Po' nigga, she went aroun' mournful and skeert, lookin' all ashy roun' de lips. Dat night dey trus goin' to give a ball in honoh ob young Marse, kase dar war'n no tellin' when he'd be home again.

"Us niggahs wuz all down in de quahths a-lis'nin' to de music up at de big house. Ole Unk' Eben wuz a-pickin' de bango, an' some o' de young uns wuz a-shufflin' dey feet an' makin' considerable fuss when we heard de bulldog bellowin' an' growlin'.

"Hit de 'peah lack Bow-legged Josh can't let a pullet res', sez ole Unk' Eben; but, Lawd, honey, hit wah mo'n Bow-legged Josh a-stealin' chickens dat wah gwine on den.

"We heert de trampin' o' hoses' feet, and we all goes down on ouah knees, Unk' Eben exaltin' us to pray, kase we gwine a' be killt.

"Dat Lis was a-sneakin' roun' in de gyahden, 'stid o' bein' in huh bank, an' she seed hit all befo' anybody. Hit wah a passel o' Yanks, honey, what done got wuhd somehow dat young Marse was home dat night, an' dey come to git him. Squint-eyed Pete, he kindah sidled in wid de Yanks, when we was a-hoin' down in de lowlands, an' Marse Felton, de oberseesh, warn't aroun' an' he 'lowed young Marse 'hide wouldn't ha' bilt shucks of de Yanks had kotch him dat night; an' dey sho' would ha' kotch him, too, if it hadn't bin fuh dat peaky Lis. When she sees 'em a-marchin' up an' circlin' 'roun' de lawn, she goes lack de blood houn's wuz ahtah huh, an' when she gits to de house she sidles up to Mis' an' tell what's gwine happen. Young Mis' wuz a-tremblin' all ovah, dey said, an' didn't know what to do, but dat upplish Lis, she sez: 'Tee gwine to saddle Graybeard an' save Marse Bob. Hit's de las' I kin evah do fo' yuh, Mis' Jane. Tell Marse Bob to tek off his suit an' trow it out in de well house whar I kin git it. Yo' tek him up in de gakt an' wait.'

"Ole Marse didn't know a wuhd, an' kep' goin' roun' bowin' an' scrapin' 'mongst de white folks, an' laffin till't most seem lack he rip de buttons off'n his satin ves'.

"Time Lis got Marse Bob's hose, Graybeard, saddled an' bid 'hind de syringa bushes back ob de well house, de

Yanks wuz gwine in front an' some was a-standin' outside to watch. Lis she wah a tall, slim, trim-lookin' nigga, an' in de dakh, wid Marse Bob's close on, she look fuh all de worl' lack he did. Jes' as de Yanks makes fuh de gakt, Lis spring into de saddle, a-straddle o' Graybeard, lack Marse Bob rode, an' stahs gallopin' away towa'ds de swamp.

"Cose de Yanks outside de do' whistles, an' de othahs cums hustlin' downstahs, an' nevah goin' neah de gairt. Hit sounded lack de rafters an' sills wuz givin' away, de white folks a-screamin' an' ole Marse lookin' lack a ghost.

"We wuz all standin' croun' an' de big tallies' Yank he sez, 'Which way d' he go?' Squint-eyed Pete he pints to de swamp, an' in three shakes of a sheep's tail dey wuz all a-ridin' hahd ahtah po' Lis, a-think' she was young Marse.

"Dey warn't nary animal amongst dem what could go lack Graybeard, but Lis couldn't let him go full tilt, kase she nevah had rid much, an' de Yanks kep' gainin' on huh, but when dey yelled 'Halt,' she didn't pay no 'tention, kase 'she knowed young Marse hadn't got away yet. Dey 'gin to whis bullets ahtah huh, but she rid on an' on. De swamp was shaped lack a hoss shoe, an' de house set about a mile from de openin'. Lis didn't know which way to go, so she nevah stops, but circles on back towa'ds de house. Young Marse done had time to git-away now, an' de whole plantation was a-wonderin' what would become o' Lis. Some 'lowed if ole Marse didn't have Squint-eyed Pete shot fuh settin' de Yanks ahtah huh, he would sell him to the guvment, which wuz wuss, but ole Marse knowed de Yanks outside was bou'n to seed Lis, and Squint-eyed Pete 'got off wid a-beatin'.

"De Yanks nevah let up on Lis, an' de smoke an' bullets had raised de fish in dat hose till she could no me' hol' him den she could fly.

"She jes' clutched both ahms tight 'roun' his neck an' laid low, so as de Yanks would shoot ovah huh a little longer, but Lawd! honey dey didn't aim to do dat. Crack! Crack! Crack one bullet had gone into po' little Graybeard's shouldah, one into Lis' ahm, an' one in her side. She couldn't do no me'. Dey wuz closin' in on huh, an' she jes' alid off de hose, bleedin', down on de groun'.

De men got down from dey hosses, an' in de moonlight dey seed dey outdone by a slip of a yallah gal, an' dey commence to cuss, an' fix to riddle huh body wid bullets. Lis didn't make no move, she jes' sez: 'O, Marse Yanks, kill me ef ye wants to, hit won't be bahd to do now, but I didn't fool ye to save young Marse, so much, tho' I gib him good time to git away. I wah kase ole Marse gwine sell me tomorrow, an' a white man from ole Kaintuck wuz cummin' to tek me away fuhm my young Missis; an' now ef ye kills me that's wah I rid out heah fuh you to do. Please be quick, Marse Yanks.' Lawd, honey, ef a whole regiment had ha' run upon 'em dey wouldn't bin me' surprised.

One o' 'em was in fuh fawmin' a body-gyahd and scawtin' Lis back to de plantation, but de big tall Yank he sez she wah'n't hant much, an' he tecks off de saddle and straps huh to Graybeard's back wid de gerts, an' de little hoss limps home, bringin' po', bleedin' Lis, an' de Yanks goes back to Fote Jeff Davis, what dey had done tuck befo' dey cum fuh young Marse. Young Mis' wuz a-walkin' de verandah, a-cryin'; ole Marse wuz locked up in de liberry, an' we wuz all prayin' when Graybeard got home. Young Mis' screamed out, an' run to git Lis in de house. Bow-legged Josh an' Squint-eyed Pete carried huh in, an' ole Marse would hug Graybeard an' Lis, fust one den de other. De doctah sed neithah one wuz hant bad 'nuff to die, an' ef evah two animals fared rambunctious fuh de nex' six months, hit wah dat hoes an' dat nigga.

"I don't know what ole Marse tol' de white man fuhm ole Kaintuck, when he cum fuh Lis nex' day, but when young Mis' puts huh ahms 'roun' ole Marse's neck, an' sez, a-smilin', 'What's Lis wuth now, Daddy?' 'Know he kindah chuckled, ole Marse did, an' he sez, 'Hah weight in gold, dam huh!'"

MARIE AGNES MANN.

## POWER OF DRESS.

[Chicago News:] That superior being, man, is fond of chaffing woman for an undue love of dress but if report can be believed, Nemesis has overtaken him lately. It is said that the Ashanti trouble is largely due to the fact that when the chiefs assembled last March for a great durbar, in all the glory of paint and beads and feathers, the British representative, Sir Frederick Hodgson, met them in an old shooting coat, wearing no medals or decorations of any kind. The chiefs could not understand the beauty of simplicity, assumed that he was an impostor in claiming the golden stool and soon after began to rise in revolt against England.

It is also said that one of the grievances of the Chinese was that Baron von Ketteler appeared at the Tsung Li Yamen in ordinary dress instead of official uniform and thereby showed a discourtesy for which he paid with his life. That the mere circulation of such stories should be possible is proof positive that even man cannot afford to disregard the etiquette of dress and the little courtesies which cost so little and may mean so much.

Another proof that fashion is not always a feminine monopoly may be found in the "sensation" which was caused among the jeunesse doree by the Prince of Wales's single-breasted frock coat at the royal garden party—which is said to have at once set a new fashion. But it is really not new. Men wore frock coats of that kind years ago. A certain man used to wear a particularly cool and comfortable-looking garment, which hung like an ordinary frock coat, but did not button, and called it a "doctor's frock." The Prince's coat was much of that kind and not at all the novelty which the quidnunc thought it was.

## CHINESE THE FIRST TO USE INK.

[Chicago Tribune:] The Chinese consider themselves our superiors on many grounds, but largely because they were the inventors of various arts which are fundamental in our own civilization. They were the first discoverers of ink, though even at the present day they employ by preference what is commonly known as India ink, which is a solid substance composed mainly of lamp-black and gum, rubbed in a saucer to make the requisite solution. In place of a pen they utilize the camel's hair brush, which is much better adapted for producing their curious hieroglyphics.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

ACCORDING to the Boston Advertiser reports are coming in, from many different parts of New England, this summer, to the effect that song birds are more in evidence than for many years past. An old English guide said recently that it was hardly within his recollection of the past twenty years that the birds had been so abundant or of so many species as this year. The Advertiser thinks it fair to assume, in the absence of any other reason to account for the change, that the New England laws for the protection of insectivorous birds are beginning to have some effect. This must be welcome news to lovers of birds all over the country, as well as to those farmers of New England who appreciate the importance of the feathered tribes for the success of their crops.

At the same time there comes from Chicago the information that the Illinois State Game Warden is following the example of some of the eastern warden in the strict enforcement of the laws existing in that State for the protection of birds. All native birds found in Illinois are to be turned loose, and those in whose possession they are found are to be prosecuted. Hundreds of birds that were on sale in the bird stores have been liberated, or, when they had grown too old in the cage to be any longer able to care for themselves at large, have been given in charge of the parks. The State Game Warden says, however, that not mere hundreds, but tens of thousands of birds useful to agriculture are sacrificed yearly in Illinois by being caged—many more than the uninitiated suppose, because of the number of deaths among caged birds when they are first captured. The same statement would doubtless apply to other States.

This is a case where the selfishness of men defeats his own object, not to mention other desirable objects. If we will but leave to our native birds life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, after the natural way of their kind, they will give us freely of their music, but compulsory service behind prison bars will drive those who remain at large as far as convenience will allow from our neighborhood. Lovers of birds know how quickly these discover a place where they are unmolested, how quickly they begin to build about it.

Our game birds are coming to be tolerably well protected in this State. But considering the amount of money that we Californians expend upon our crops, is it not about time that we were awaking to the importance of making our laws for the protection of our native song birds likewise something more than mere ink and paper? A part of the amendment to section 655 of the Penal Code reads as follows: "Every person who, in the State of California, shall at any time hunt, shoot, shoot at, take, kill or destroy, buy, sell, give away or have in his possession, except for the purpose of propagation, or for educational or scientific purposes, any English skylark, robin, canary, hummingbird, thrush or mockingbird, or any part of the skin, skin or plumage thereof, or who shall rob the nests or take or destroy, or offer for sale, the eggs of any of the said birds, is guilty of misdemeanor." And the penalty of such misdemeanor is a fine of \$25 to \$500, or ten to 150 days' imprisonment, or both fine and imprisonment. This is a tolerably explicit law, and covers the exigencies very thoroughly. Our native birds may not even pass as a gift from friend to friend. But that the law is a dead letter we have opportunity to observe upon almost any street of the city. The attention of citizens is herewith called to the existence of the law. If they demand its enforcement, the authorities cannot refuse to act.

The automobilists have struck a snag out in New Jersey. The popularity of the automobile in Philadelphia is due to a very considerable extent owing to the fine runs made possible by the excellent highways of the neighboring country. An automobile club has been formed, and many long runs are made. One of the favorite routes is from Camden through New Jersey to Atlantic City.

However, the Camden county farmers think they have a little to say on this subject. They complain that the automobilist, when out for a spin, pays no attention whatever to the rights of other travelers, and that he rides at a speed inconsistent with either the pleasure or the safety of the people in ordinary carriages and wagons—not to mention the fact that the cows are scared out of half their yield of milk by the noise of such of the vehicles as are steam-driven.

Already as early as last year the complaints of the country inhabitants of Camden county began to come in; and finally became so loud that Assemblyman Gill of that county caused a bill to be prepared excluding automobiles from all State roads; but, on account of the pressure brought to bear upon him, the measure was not introduced. This year the invasion of the autos is said to have increased until it has attained the character of an intolerable nuisance, and Camden county has therefore taken the matter into its own hands and set out to make that part of the State at least again safe for ordinary vehicles and foot passengers. Stringent police regulations are to be put in force, and new rules adopted by the Camden county freeholders will put a stop to travel at railway speed along the Atlantic City gravel road. Other parts of the country around New York and Philadelphia are considering the adoption of similar stringent measures against the steadily encroaching license of reckless automobilists.

## A RAGE FOR MAP STUDY.

[London Daily Mail:] There never was such a thirst for geographical knowledge. For months maps of South Africa were published by scores of thousands, though the demand lately dropped off considerably. China has given another fillip to the trade, and map publishers are flooding the market with topographical representations of the Celestial empire. Indeed, what with South African maps and Chinese maps, London is in the throes of what may be called, for want of a better word, "mapomania."



## CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

## A Novel Cure for Smallpox.

**THE FINSEN** system for the treatment of smallpox has been given a trial in almost every country in Europe, excepting England, and everywhere, notably in Iceland, it is said to have proved a complete success. So far as is known, in no single case has a patient had smallpox very severely who has been treated carefully on the Finsen system; in no single case has he either died of it or been by it permanently disfigured. And this system of treatment is in itself so simple that the most ordinary general practitioner can adopt it. It can be carried out in the poorest little cottage, by untrained nurses, too, providing they will but do what they are told; and, what is a matter of supreme importance, it entails no suffering at all and very little expense. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"A patient is placed, as soon as he shows signs of smallpox, in a room from which all light is excluded excepting that which passes through something red. Red curtains and blinds hang before the windows; the walls are draped, so far as possible, with red; and care is taken that, when the door is opened, not a single ray shall enter unless it makes its way through red. The lamp has a red shade that covers it entirely, and so has every candle, even the smallest of rushlights. The reason of this is simple enough; blue, violet and ultra-violet cannot pass through red, and it is well known that these rays of light act as an irritant. So long, therefore, as a patient is shut up in a red room he is quite secure from the pernicious action of the chemical rays. And a red room may be fitted up in most places in a few hours' time, and at a very small cost."

## Bathing On the Beach.

ONCE upon a time we were taught that a bather should always become well cooled off before he went into the water. Now he comes to the shore, after a tennis match or a game of golf, or a spin on his wheel, and plunges at once into the waves. The conservative is shocked, but the modern physician approves and gives his reasons for it. A writer in *Harper's Bazaar* says:

After active exercise the blood is in full circulation, the heart is doing its best, and the shock of the cold dip has only a tonic effect that strengthens the walls of the blood vessels by the quick contraction that follows the previous expansion. Some doctors even depart so far from received traditions as to advise a course like this to persons suffering from heart weakness, asserting that the shock acts on the heart like the spur upon a horse, and stimulates it to fresh effort. Such treatment should hardly be adopted, however, without a physician's specific advice.

## Milk As a Food.

**THE FOLLOWING** sensible remarks are from the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

Milk is not a beverage; it is a perfect food. Where children drink milk at meals it should take the place of nitrogenous foods—meat, of course, being omitted. It is far better when the children eat meat to give them water to drink. Where two sorts of nitrogenous food are used, like meat and milk, constipation is universal.

## Non-Hygienic Gymnastics.

**STATISTICS** show that the ordinary gymnast is in the end, a weaker, less productive, shorter-lived man than he who lives a temperate, orderly, natural physical life, engaged in ordinary duties, and non-competitive outdoor recreations. Athletics and gymnastics are entirely overdone in this country. Prof. Edwin Checkley says that our systems of athletic training are not only vicious in principle, but tend to break down the system, shorten life, and generally to do a great deal more harm than good. Instead of excessive exercise that leaves him weak for several hours afterwards, what a man needs most is to learn to breathe right, stand right and sit right.

## What Is Sweetness?

**WITH ALL** the enormous advances made in our knowledge of the constitution of matter, both physically and chemically, we are not yet able to supply the complete answer to such a simple question as why is sugar sweet. The chemistry of sugar gives perhaps a bare hint in the way of explanation, but sweetness is undoubtedly a condition where constitution or structure rather than percentage composition is responsible for a specific physical property. Smell is a related subject, and at present we cannot tell what determines the characteristic smell of many familiar substances. The chemical composition of turpentine or oil of roses is identical with that of a good many other essential oils, that is to say, the percentage and kind of elements in these bodies is the same; but no one would maintain for a moment that turpentine or oil of cloves is as pleasant as oil of roses. The *Lancet* says:

We are dealing here with a question which most probably relates to the arrangement of the atoms in the molecule. Doubtless a difference in the relative position of atoms determines a great difference in physical character. In other words, the elementary materials are the same, but they are placed, so to speak, in such a way in different bodies having the same composition as to present manifold shapes. A given structure, for example, may contain a certain number of bricks and present an ugly exterior, but the same number of bricks may be contained in another structure which may present an artistic and pleasing appearance. Sugar is not the only substance known to us possessing sweetness, but it is the only known naturally occurring substance which possesses this characteristic. Therefore it is not uncommonly thought that when a substance is sweet

it must contain sugar. Such a notion, of course, is quite erroneous. Glycerine is sweet, but contains no sugar; saccharin is 500 times sweeter than cane sugar, and is a definite chemical substance, without a trace of sugar in its composition. It is probable, however, that some analogy exists between the structure of these bodies—that is to say, in the relative position of the atoms, which determines the common property, though in varying degree, of being sweet. It is, at any rate, remarkable that according to the respective formulae assigned to these bodies by chemists, starting with the body which contains the least number of carbon atoms—namely, glycerine, which contains three atoms—the rest of the substances possessing sweetening power contain exact multiples of this number. Thus grape sugar contains six atoms of carbon, cane sugar 12 atoms of carbon, milk sugar also 12 atoms, malt sugar 12 atoms again, while that intensely sweet substance saccharin contains six atoms of carbon in its main group. Possibly this fact is related to the physical characteristics of sweetness. It is an interesting matter—this question of the relative positions of the atoms deciding physical characters; for two different substances may coincide exactly in composition, one of which is quite harmless while the other is a powerful poison."

## Pie Has No Virtues.

**MRS. S. T. RORER** writes, in the *August Ladies' Home Journal*, on "Why I am opposed to pies," making it clear that they are not healthful, supply but little nutriment, and call for much work in the making. "Inside the pie a complex mixture is frequently found," she says. "If it be a mince-meat pie, especially one containing liquor, added to preserve the mass, and it does so not only in the jar, but in the stomach also, it is doubly bad. If it be a fruit pie, such as cherry or other acid fruit, the cane sugar has been inverted, both by the heat and the acid, and we have 'invert' sugar of two sorts, one most prone to fermentation. If this inversion of the sugar had been performed by the ferments of the digestive tract according to Nature's plans, we could get from it a great amount of true food with less expenditure of vital force. Taking into consideration that the heating of the fat by the baking of pie has robbed it of easy assimilation, the surrounded starch grains are more difficult of solution, the 'invert' sugar prone to fermentation, we certainly have wasted our energy and a tremendous amount of blood in the digestion of these materials from which we have gained little."

## Living Child From Dead Mother.

**AN INTERESTING** case is reported in a German medical publication which occurred in 1869, but which has never before been published. The woman was dead 15 minutes before the physician's arrival. Forceps were immediately got into position—time, six minutes—and a living child was quickly extracted. The infant did not require to be reanimated. Similar cases have been reported by Heinrici, Piskacek and Fleischmann.

## Children's Diet.

**NEARLY** all the aches and pains of early childhood are due to errors in diet, and are to be met in preventive measures and a more or less positive system of elimination by emetics and laxative treatment, accompanied by the judicious use of baths to produce relaxation and sleep. In a pamphlet issued by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a physician writes as follows:

The age of the child has to be taken into consideration in the method of treatment to be adopted. If a nursing child suffers from colicky pains it may be set down at once that a vicious system of overfeeding is being carried on, or that the mother's milk is perverted by some abnormal physical or mental condition under which she is suffering. Rather than resort to the use of narcotics the child had better be weaned and brought up on some of the prepared foods. If the child is being fed on cow's milk great care should be observed to get the same milk each day, and not to use mixed milk from different cows. In case of chronic indigestion the milk should be Pasteurized before using it, or the source from which it is obtained changed. It is better to use no milk than milk from sources that are doubtful.

With children that are old enough to come to the table some one person should be assigned to the care of the child, and its diet carefully observed to see that it does not eat food that disagrees with it, or that it does not overeat of things that do not agree with it.

## The School Luncheon.

**THE** school luncheon of the average child is a menace to health, and makes the afternoon school session a dreary failure. A stomach afflicted with doughnuts, pie, pickles and chocolate creams will demoralize the mental processes of the most active brain, and an apple and a slab of cake isn't a combination much more inspiring. Even the common variety of sandwich isn't calculated to promote internal peace and harmony. An eastern exchange says:

"A New York mother who is an authority on matters dietetic says that she spends more time over the children's luncheons than over any other meals of the household. She prepares the sandwiches herself, and does it as carefully as though she were making them for an afternoon tea. Ordinarily she prefers gluten, whole wheat or graham bread, using white bread only when it is needed for variety's sake. Whatever the kind of bread it must be cut thin and daintily buttered, and in order to make the thinness possible one must take care to have bread of the right degree of freshness always in the house. The number of the possible kinds of fillings is legion, and it is always easy to have something suitable on hand. A larder is rarely without some kind of cold meat, and while a chunk of ham or cold beef between two slices of heavy bread isn't attractive almost any sort of meat chopped fine and carefully seasoned makes an appetizing sandwich filling. If the meat is not to be had celery chopped fine and mixed with a little French dressing or mayonnaise sauce is wholesome and good. In fact, a touch of celery added to any sandwich not sweet is an improvement. Cream cheese is another desirable sandwich filling, and mixed with chopped dates or nuts, in Italian fashion, is still more delectable. Minced

sardines, or herring, or seasoned fish, mixed with a little butter or oil, makes excellent fish sandwiches. Then there are the egg fillings and the whole procession of English sweet sandwiches which are harmless if the jam and marmalade, etc., are subordinated to the bread and butter.

"I never give the children sandwiches of the same kind twice during a week," says the mother already quoted. And while I make a tremendous quantity of them I always cut them so that they are small and dainty. It doesn't take much time when one makes up her mind to do it. I usually add fruit of some kind to the luncheon, and occasionally little cup custards or blanc mange, in tiny covered cups that I have for the purpose. Cookies or tarts, if simple enough, aren't out of order once in awhile. I have the satisfaction of knowing that the children heartily enjoy their luncheon and eat it with a cheerful relish that promotes good digestion. They never come home half starved and ready to gorge themselves in a fashion that is all wrong. Nor do they come home with headaches and looking fagged out as so many of my friends' children do. They have something simple and hot when they do reach here, and they have an early and wholesome dinner. The problem of properly feeding and caring for children in public schools is hard any way one arranges it, because it makes the proper hearty noonday meal and light supper impossible, but if the mothers would spend more time and thought on the luncheon baskets there would be less damage done. I heartily wish that my children could get hot cocoa or broth, or even good milk at the school, and drink it with their luncheon, but since that isn't possible I do the best I can, and we get along well."

## Esthetic Dyspepsia.

**IN THE** *Saturday Evening Post* Charlotte Perkins Stetson writes as follows in regard to what she calls esthetic dyspepsia:

"If one eats much of the fat and drinks much of the sweet, too much, too often, and without due exercise, there appears an avenging devil of dyspepsia—indigestion, loss of appetite, a dull, uneasy, gnawing pain, distress after eating and doubt before, and a carping, critical, suspicious attitude toward honest food. The victim, too weak and irritable to be of use to any one, falls to a most belittling computation of precisely what he can with any safety partake of."

"Well do we know that if this wretched food-weighter would turn his consideration from consumption to production, would fall to and work heartily in air and light, there would be given new power to misused organs, and the joy of eating would follow him—as he ceased to follow it."

"Man, as a social being, finds nutrition in the social products; in the voices of music and the drama, in painting and sculpture and poetry and all literature, in the unending supply of wonders already accumulated in our mechanical inventions and still pouring forth. From a due share in these supplies we derive strength and stimulus to do our part of the splendid work."

"To this great banquet come the epicure and the glutton, feasting daintily and with discrimination, feasting indiscriminately and in excess, indulging their 'refined taste' to the full, in the best music, painting, acting, sculpture."

"They eat and eat and eat; but they do not work, so they develop more delicate and selective appetites, then morbid appetites, irritable and uncertain appetites, no appetite at all—and we have the esthetic dyspeptic."

"He walks hungry and dissatisfied in the crowding bloom and fruitage of the world. From the great banquet he will pick one quaint acidulated tartlet and proclaim it the only thing worth eating—to a cultivated taste; or scorn at all, cry for a stale crust, and prate of simpler living."

"There is small danger of overindulgence to one who keeps the stream of energy running outward in steady force. A good worker is a poor critic. He is pleasantly conscious of the working of his hand and brain, and healthfully unconscious of his internal processes."

## Stopping Coughs by Will Power.

**IT IS** not usually supposed that any exercise of the will power can be made efficient in checking a cough or a sneeze, but Dr. Brown-Sequard, in one of his lectures, said of the subject: "Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism."

Writing in an eastern exchange Leon Noel says: "Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is also true of hiccupping, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth is also a means of stopping coughing and many say the will has immense power. There are many other affections associated with breathing which can be stopped by the same mechanism that stops the heart's action."

"In spasm of the glottis, which is a terrible thing in children, and also in whooping cough, it is possible to afford relief by throwing cold water on the feet or by tickling the soles of the feet, which produces laughter and at the same time arrests the spasm almost at once."

"I would not say that we can always prevent coughing by our will, but in many instances these things are possible, and if you remember that in bronchitis and pneumonia or any acute affection of the lungs, hacking or coughing greatly increases the trouble at times you can easily see how important it is for the patient to try to avoid coughing as best he can."

## A FRESH GROCERYMAN.

[Washington Star:] "Have you any nice fresh eggs today?" asked the woman with businesslike ways.

"Madam," answered the man, who has just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh, and fresh eggs are always nice. Moreover, if I have any, I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### A Big Placer Mine.

THE Masurka Mining and Water Company of Los Angeles, which has been operating in Masurka cañon, Inyo county, in this State, for the past fifteen months, has its drainage tunnel in the main cañon completed a distance of 1700 feet, and the prospects of reaching bedrock in a short time are excellent. A correspondent of the Mining Review says:

This is one of those big placer propositions which in so many cases have turned out bonanzas, and the stockholders in the Masurka company have every confidence in their venture, for the excellent reason that the amount of gold already recovered from the shallow places in the side gulches which empty into the main cañon from every direction, has been a long way above the average of first-class placer diggings. It is estimated that in about sixty days the question as to how rich the bedrock in the main cañon will run will be settled. Stock in the company is already virtually out of the market with the exception of a few shares that are sold from time to time for development purposes.

If the Masurka company finds what it has a right to expect, and what every expert and old placer miner who has seen the proposition think they will find, a large placer territory will be opened up which is liable to make those who are at present sceptical of anything that does not reek with oil turn their attention to this portion of Inyo county.

The company owns and controls four and one-half miles of territory with so inches of water, and there is a great deal of ground outside of that which will be profitably washed. The opening up of Masurka Cañon will be the commencement of a great deal of prospecting and development work in the northern portion of Inyo county.

### Orange County Peanuts.

OF THE many varied crops that the soil of Orange county can produce there is, perhaps, none so interesting as the modest and unassuming peanut. California has not taken up peanut culture to any great extent although almost any farming district in the State has the necessary qualifications to make it a success. In some regions more or less attention has been paid to it, but nowhere has it been cultivated on so large a scale as in Orange county, which has the largest acreage in peanuts of any county in the State. Conservative estimates place the total for this year at about 300 acres, 150 of which are in the neighborhood of Orange and Tustin. The Santa Ana Blade says:

Alluvial soil with the necessary amount of water, and long, warm summer make an ideal peanut country. There must be about six months of warm weather without frost to allow the crop to grow and ripen, and it will readily be seen that Orange county, with her excellent facilities for irrigation is a typical home of the "goober." It is a fact, too, that the Orange county nut is as good as any in the world and needs only proper handling to make it hold its own in the market with the eastern product.

### A New Concentrator.

THE NEW Standard Concentrator Company is the name of a Los Angeles corporation which is manufacturing a new ore concentrator for which the following claims are made:

"A concentrator which establishes a new standard in the concentration of ores;

"Saves a larger percentage of mineral, as it saves both coarse and fine;

"Requires little attention, has the greatest range of adjustment, and requires less water than any other concentrator made;

"Requires less than one-quarter horse-power to run it; has few working parts and no wearing parts; made strong and durable; will out-last any other concentrator made; no parts to wear out or break, and any necessary replacements can be made in a few moments.

"No. 2 new Standard concentrator will handle from 15 to 30 tons of material per 24 hours, depending upon percentage of concentrates. The machine will produce one ton of concentrates per 24 hours from material carrying five per cent. of heavy mineral, turning out a product free from silica.

"The table is hung free from the operating mechanism, and the motion of the table does not wear or strain the working parts.

"Weight of machine, crated, 1600 pounds."

### Yucaipa Valley.

ONE OF the picturesque sections of Southern California is the Yucaipa Valley in San Bernardino county. It is not only picturesque but productive. A correspondent of the San Bernardino Transcript says:

In the fertile land of the Yucaipa, the picturesque valley of grain, vegetables, fruits and flowers, oak wood and much pure mountain water. Besides all these necessities of life, there are thousands of fat hogs and cattle, that are delivered in Redlands and San Bernardino annually. We will not stop there, for the Yucaipa dairy business is no small affair. Much cream and good butter comes from the Live Oak creamery. Last year this industry

gardens, of which there are four, supply the Yucaipa valley and the greater part of Redlands with the best of fresh vegetables the year round. They probably make \$10,000 a year. These same Chinamen grow thousands of crates of strawberries each year. Hay is the largest product of the valley. Usually the amount raised during ordinary years is about 15,000 tons. Last year's crop sold for \$48,500. This season's crop will aggregate \$55,000. Grain in sacks, 8000 sacks, worth \$10,000. Oak wood sold during the past year, \$5000. Cherries almost a total failure, an entire failure at Birch's and the Wilshire brothers' orchards. However, the Andrews brothers harvested a \$1000 crop this season. There will be from one and one-half to two hundred tons of apples to harvest this fall. The apple crop being very light, not more than a third of the average crop.

### Big Wells.

THE BOUTON wells near Long Beach are undoubtedly located on the greatest body or stratum of artesian water of which there is any known record. The last well bored showed by the log, or record of the well-borers, 467 feet of water-bearing gravel and sand in a total depth of 767 feet. One stream is 210 feet in depth, of which 150 feet is gravel without a break.

Engineers, well-borers, and experts have estimated that 50,000 or more inches of water can be developed at this point.

### To Utilize By-Products.

SEVERAL months ago reference was made in The Times to Dr. Leon Le Bonde, a prominent French chemist, who was investigating the question of utilizing the horticultural by-products of California. Dr. Le Bonde is now building a laboratory in the southern part of the city in which he proposes to utilize the waste products of citrus fruits and other horticultural products. He expects to turn out perfumes, oils, essences, medicines, etc., in large quantities.

### Irrigation From Lake Elsinore.

A PROJECT is on foot to organize an irrigation district and system at the head of Lake Elsinore which is of much larger scope than anything heretofore attempted in that part of the county. The proposition to take 1000 or 1200 acres of the territory at the west end of the lake, not already in the West End Irrigation District, as well as other lands lying between the lake and the mountains on the south side to include the Lakeland district.

### Sugar Beets.

THE OUTLOOK for the beet sugar campaign in Southern California is much better than might have been expected considering the fact that we have gone through three dry seasons. The Santa Paula Chronicle says:

Taken as a whole, the reports of sugar-beet growers are quite encouraging, notwithstanding the dry year and lack of irrigating facilities. There is a fair stand of beets and the plants are thrifty and making a good growth. There is no longer any doubt that paying quantities of high grade sugar beets can be grown on any soil that will produce a crop of other vegetables or cereals.

### Rock for the Breakwater.

THE RIVERSIDE ENTERPRISE has the following: The quarry at Decles, just over the line in San Bernardino county, north of West Riverside, is one of the lively places of this section at present. There are seventy men engaged there getting out rock for the San Pedro breakwater and several carloads of the rock are being shipped daily. Some days ago a representative of the company was in the city looking after men to go to work there. He wanted fifty men, and, it is said, offered \$2.25 per day. To ship rock from Decles to San Pedro seems a long distance, when it is remembered that the country between the points has lots of rock, but it seems that the Decles rock is just what is wanted, that it fills the requirements better than anything that can be found in any of the many quarries throughout the country.

### San Diego Water Supply.

IN SAN DIEGO, as in other sections of Southern California, the question of water supply has been an important one during the past few months. A correspondent of the San Diego Sun writes as follows on this subject:

"Being a taxpayer and an orchardist in this city, and having to suffer great loss on account of the outrageous waste of water by those living on the lower levels of this city, I feel justified in putting a few questions to the City Council, to the water consumers, and the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego.

"Have we, living on the higher levels, no right to water? Did we not buy expensive land on the expressly stated promise by the city that we will be provided with water if possible? Is it true that the San Diego Water Company is pumping one million gallons more water per day than last year? Can the city grow when the water necessary for irrigating the orchards in and outside the city is needlessly wasted, even in winter time, in daily irrigating lawns, sprinkling houses and sidewalks, carriages and horses' legs?

"One-half the water used now could be saved without even causing a single lawn to wither; all that is required is to stop mowing the grass for this summer, to stop irrigating the legs of horses altogether and to sweep the steps of your houses and your sidewalks. When your grass is no longer mowed one good sprinkling every week will keep it green and save lots of trouble and money.

"I hear and read a great deal about making this a great city, and the Chamber of Commerce is spending a great deal of money to attract people to San Diego and vicinity, but I have yet to hear and read the first word of any

the needless and hence criminal waste of water in the city itself, nor about storing the surplus water through State or national development of our irrigation systems; though this alone can insure us sufficient water at rates cheap enough to settle the county, build up the city and secure transcontinental railroads and trade with South American trade.

"Thus all the money spent to attract settlers is more than thrown away so long as the city helps to keep hundreds of families by needless waste of water, and an immense amount of water now allowed to run to the ocean is not sold at rates to allow its production by the fruit ranches.

"The only way to satisfactorily solve the water question for the city is to bore artesian wells in Mission Valley to own its own water distributing plant and to have water by means of an electric plant operated by the city current in Palms Bay or in the entrance of the harbor.

"This would allow the city, so far as the bonded indebtedness permits, to operate, at small cost, its own electric plant, its own electric street car system, and to operate even factories; for instance, woolen and glass factories, a tannery and shoe factory. Motive power could be sold and the citizens freed from taxation."

### A New Storage Reservoir.

CAPT. S. H. FINLEY has made the preliminary plans in the work of constructing a storage reservoir on Madame Modjeska's property at Arden, in Orange county, and a force of men is now at work ascertaining the distance to bedrock at the mouth of Harding Cañon, where the dam will be built. The Santa Ana Blade says:

"The proposition is to dam the mouth of Harding Cañon—a tributary of the Santiago creek—and thus form a reservoir which will have an area of over fifteen acres and which will be deepened as the demand for water irrigating requires. Capt. Finley's plans are not yet fully developed, but the project is on an extensive scale, and mean the storage and distribution of millions of cubic feet of water, the whole of which is intended for use on the property owned by Mme. Modjeska."

### More Power for Los Angeles.

A FURTHER addition is to be made to the horsepower supply to Los Angeles from outside points. The Pasadena Star says:

"It is the intention of the Zombro Power Company, which incorporated in Los Angeles, and which has acquired valuable water rights on the Santa Ana River, to build between two and three thousand horse-power for use in Los Angeles and Pasadena.

"The articles of incorporation show these facts: The Zombro Power Company; place of business, Pasadena, term, 50 years; objects, to own dams and pipe lines for storage and conveyance of water for furnishing power, capital stock, \$350,000, in shares of \$100 each; directors, Robert Eason, Norman Bridge and C. W. Smith of Pasadena; O. S. A. Sprague of Chicago, Ill.; C. Zombro of Bernardino, Cal.

"Since the above was placed in type Mr. Zombro, who is a Pasadena man, though mentioned in the incorporation papers as from San Bernardino, has given a few further facts.

"The Santa Ana River, the same stream from which the Edison Company derives its power, will be utilized by the new company, the water being used lower down in the stream. The transmission line will therefore be closer to the Zombro company gaining six miles by being that much closer to its market. There is a demand for all the power that can be produced and the new incorporation expects to develop 3000 horse-power.

"The enterprise is one of much magnitude, requiring big capital and a great deal of intelligent work. Some of the task ahead of the company can be gained when it is known there will be approximately three miles of tunneling.

"The corporation being composed of Pasadena men, progress of its work will be watched with interest. Mr. Zombro is giving his entire time to forwarding the enterprise and will do so for at least several months to come. The corporation acquired the Zombro water rights—hence the name of the company."

### Longevity of Jews.

A RECENT editorial in the Western Medical Review comments upon the duration of life among the Jews and offers as the most plausible explanation the temperance of the Jew in all things physical. Commenting upon this an exchange says:

"Admitting the weight of this argument it cannot be to be noted that the Jewish settlements in the densest of many large cities are singularly free from prevalence of the epidemic contagions of childhood which claim a high and reasonably constant number of fatalities among other races. It has been suggested that the special reason for this exemption may be found in the fact that the poor Jews are among the most orthodox of their race, and observe with greatest exactness the prohibition of eating with unwashed hands. Inasmuch as the infections of childhood are commonly those that are introduced through the mouth by the medium of contaminated hands or food, it would seem that the sanitary protection of the hand washing might very well be the prophylactic agent responsible for the frequent escape of Jewish children from smallpox, diphtheria, prevalent to so great an extent among their neighbors."

Another sanitary practice of the Jews—that of circumcision—which of late has become somewhat popular among Christians also in this country, may have something to do with the exceptional vitality of the Jewish race. The abstention from the use of pork among the orthodox Jews is also believed by many to favor their long lives.



## SOUTHWEST BY SOUTH.

By B.J. the Bo'sun.

In a former sketch I spoke of a ride over the Valley Road to Bakersfield from Stockton, and gave a description of the absorption of Tulare Lake. This week I have to tell of a ride over the other section of the Valley Road, between Stockton and Point Richmond. The day I left Los Angeles everything was sold in the way of sleeping berths on the train which I had to take. My better half said, "Find out what sleeping accommodations there are on the Valley Road, and if we can reach Bakersfield in time to change from one road to the other. If we cannot get a berth on either road, we can go to a hotel in Bakersfield and stay over night, to go down to San Francisco on the morning train." So I went and found out all about it. The Southern Pacific train got into Bakersfield at 7:55 o'clock, and the Valley Road pulled out at 8:50, which left you an hour to transfer from one train to the other. This was easily effected, and at 8:40 I was seated in the prettiest little sleeper that I had seen in years, having ten sections where most sleepers have sixteen. Night was stealing on apace. The day had been sultry, but a balmy breeze came sighing down the Rio Bravo Cañon, and the leaves murmured in the tall trees about the pretty little depot. About ten feet from the car a couple of unbleached Americans sat upon a wagonload of watermelons which they were retailing at 10 cents apiece and warranted to be "just off the ice, boss." I sat there listening to them as they bantered and jeered at one another in the slang of the day, reinforced by a coon dialect that defied all imitation. Finally, two other gentlemen of saddle complexion came along, and they chattered awhile and sang a song, the refrain of which was—

"Sister Mary, so contrary,  
She'll neither lend nor borrow;  
'Spec I'd lend a kuller man a hoss  
To ride all day tomorrow."

The train pulled out at 8:55 o'clock, and the cargo of watermelons and the musical "gemmen from 'way down South" faded into obscurity on the tropical evening air.

I recommend this way of travel to people who are in danger of being detained at either end of the route for want of sleeping accommodations on the Southern Pacific. When I left Los Angeles every berth was taken on the Corona and Santa Rosa for three trips ahead, and the trains are badly crowded also. This leaves you the chance of securing a berth at Bakersfield if you will leave Los Angeles on the noon train, for you will have over an hour to transfer at Bakersfield if the Southern Pacific is on time, and it is pretty apt to be so. In olden times it was nothing for a train to be four hours late into the Oakland depot, but Henry E. Huntington soon upset all that. During Stanford's presidency, and even for two years after he was ousted, the trains were instructed to save fuel and make no effort to make up lost time. But the nephew of his uncle said that would not do—the trains must be run on time, because seven out of every ten collisions grew out of new orders arising from trains being behind time. Hence everything is likely to be done with promptness if H. E. Huntington is made his uncle's successor. But, as I said before, that part of the Valley Road lying between Stockton and San Francisco was a new thing to me, and I got up at 4:30 o'clock, just after leaving Stockton, to have a good look at it in the dull gray of the August morning. It runs easterly of the Southern Pacific line all the way down to the head of Suisun Bay, where it cuts across the Southern Pacific line, and, instead of going into the pretty little village of Martinez, goes out about a mile back of that town and curves around through those lovely vine-clad Contra Costa hills, which recall Whittier's lines in "Barbara Frietchie":

"Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and pear trees fruited deep;  
Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde."

One man had a section of his orchard planted to Bartlett pears, and a more gorgeous pomological picture in red and gold I cannot remember to have beheld. The pretty little Pinole Valley, where my old friend, Dr. Samuel Tennant, first planted his vine and fig tree in 1847, we crossed on a trestle, about eighty-five feet high, about half a mile south of the old Spanish village where, in 1854, I witnessed a deadly duel with knives between two native Californians. Then on we went to a place called Portal, where the colored porter began to turn on the gas, and I asked what he was lighting up for?

"Big tunnel hyar, sah. Gwine into it jess now."

And, sure enough, here we were going into the longest tunnel on the Pacific Coast without a break, being 6558 feet in length. The Mullan tunnel in Montana, on the line of the Northern Pacific, is claimed to be the longest of any, but is really two tunnels, measuring together about 5840 feet, and having a break of nearly thirty feet between them. This Santa Fe tunnel was designed by and built under superintendence of W. B. Story, who is now placed in charge of one of the eastern divisions of the Atchison system. It is lined throughout with wooden timber work, which will probably be replaced with masonry of either brick or stone before long. Mr. Stateler, of the Northern Pacific agency, informs me that the Mullan tunnel was lined with stone throughout several years ago. Winding around through these beautiful Contra Costa hills we came upon a pretty little village called Muir, that looked like a reproduction of Switzerland. Next came old San Pablo, where was once the home of Don Juan de Alvarado, the last of the Spanish Governors; and a few miles farther, across the biggest fill I ever saw, brought us to the new ferry at Point Richmond.

Here was an old friend, the side-wheel steamer Ocean Wave, that formerly ran between Portland and Astoria.

She is about 185 feet long, and originally had forty state-rooms in her upper saloon and ten in the after saloon on the main deck. All these have now been taken out, the upper-deck rooms being replaced by staterooms and on the lower deck by a dining saloon, under the Harvey system of eating-houses. Here one gets just such a meal as he gets at Mojave, with at least twenty minutes more to eat and enjoy it. The trip across the bay occupied just fifty-two minutes, from "let go" until "all fast," and here I was with my breakfast aboard and all ready for business at 8:05 a.m. Had I come all the way by the Southern Pacific, I should have gotten into town about forty minutes earlier, but really I should not have known what to do with myself after I landed, for the people with whom I had business are of the class that do not get down much before 10 o'clock. They have a new ferryboat for this route called the San Pablo, built entirely of iron, at the Union Works, where the invincible Oregon was built. The Ocean Wave has two high-pressure engines (horizontal) of the old Mississippi pattern, with poppet valves and cam cut-offs, the diameter of cylinder being eighteen inches, with eight feet stroke of piston. She made the seven miles in about 44 minutes, after backing out of her slip and straightening up, against a strong tide and an ugly wind that kicked up a very rough sea. It is calculated that the San Pablo, which has more horse-power in proportion to her size than any boat on the bay, will be able to accomplish this journey in thirty minutes, as she is a double-ender and will not have to waste any time by backing out and turning around. I don't know of any more thoroughly pleasant way of putting in three-quarters of an hour than sitting down to a well-cooked and nicely-served meal, provided that the passenger is hungry; and if there are any of your readers who have to break their journey at Bakersfield, I recommend them to try the Santa Fe for the first half of the route. Their coaches are all new, the officers obliging, and the sail across the bay is hard to beat.

As Sunday is always a hard day for me to spend acceptably in San Francisco, Mrs. Bo'sun and myself left here on Saturday night, and spent Sunday at Del Monte. Oh, what a restful place that is, to be sure. No other part of America that I ever beheld has any similar combination of forest and sea. The hotel itself I do not like any better than the Coronado, and it does not begin to set such a table as was set at the Redondo, either under Mr. Arnold or George Lynch. But the grounds recall some of the pictures you see in that pretty English publication known as "Country Life." The great gnarled oaks looked as if Orpheus's voice was still chanting the Druid anthems under their moss-clad branches; the dark-green clumps of Australian blackwoods rustled in the ozone-laden breeze, to recall the galloping rhymes of Lindsay Gordon; and from the towering crests of some tall pine, the gray squirrels barked in joyous freedom with a full consciousness that "the man behind the gun" had a previous engagement in another direction. About the lake a half-dozen boats were sailing some miniature yachts of less than three feet in length; at the aviary a score of beautifully-dressed children were prattling over the gorgeous colors of the Chinese pheasants; a party of young ladies and gentlemen were having a game of golf at the links; and at the athletic grounds, a game of polo was in progress, with Walter Hobart, Frank Carolan, the two Tobin boys, Tony Bettner, and the Hon. Peter Donahue Martin as its chief votaries. Marcus A. Foster was there, looking severe and "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind," as old Tippecanoe Harrison was wont to put it. Gen. Shafter was there, too, considerably bent with the weight of accumulating years; and so was Maj. "Larry" Rathbone, who was in the box with the President and Mrs. Lincoln when Booth fired the fatal shot. The toilets at dinner were very elaborate, but I saw no really pretty women anywhere, save a tall and willowy widow, whose intelligent face is still something of a memory. There was no lack of English women there, and they are remarkable always for their lack of taste in dress; and the House of Bondage was also well represented by those whose names have "terminal facilities" in "stein" and "ski." They don't attempt to keep "the chosen people" out of Del Monte as they do at Rowardennan, a beautiful resort about twenty-five miles away from Santa Clara, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. I am afraid the proprietors of that lovely resort have laid out a hard game for themselves.

This thing of excluding the issue of Abraham from the more fashionable hotels is an uphill job, in comparison with which the task of Sisyphus was comparatively an easy one. I concede that but few English or Spanish Jews have ever come to this country, and that most of those who have are of the Polak variety, ostentatiously vulgar and undesirable in any event. But it must likewise be remembered that while most wealthy Anglo-American families bring their scions up to no harder work than the cutting of coupons off United States bonds, the Polak boy is brought up to work from the hour that he leaves the school-room door behind him. The Jew would never have gained any such foothold in America as he has done if the Yankee of today were like the Yankee of 1850. Go to Scotland today, and how many Jews do you find in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen or Dundee? Not as many as you would find on our Main street, north of the Orpheum. Is this because Sawney of Balrowrie is any closer or stingier than Simon of Posen? Not a bit of it. It's because he attends closely to business and is content with small profits; and the Hebrew goes to London where the Englishman looks down upon his own countryman who happens to be "in trade." As a natural consequence the Jews have, today, got about half the money in America, and it won't take them a hundred years longer to get the other half; and then Salem Scudder and Hezekiah Tarbox will have to take just whatever Moses Solomons and Lazarus Dinkelspiel have a mind to give them. So I say there is nothing new in this spasmodic effort to keep the Jews out of hotels. Mr. Henry Hilton (who was said to be the natural son of A. T. Stewart) put such a rule in force when I was at the United States Hotel in Saratoga, during the year 1875. The next week Puck came out with a caricature representing a Hebrew with a nose like the beak of a parrot, dressed in freize coat, knee breeches, hob-nailed shoes and a clay pipe

in his hand. This party was delivering himself as follows: "Don't let dem hotel fellers make no mistake. My name is Pat Rooney, and don't you make forgetfulness of it. Dere ish nodings in my appearance to gif me away."

How did it work? Oh, well enough for the time being. Hilton owned three hotels—the United States, the Grand Union and the Clarendon—and he kept them partly filled all that season, while other people took the Hebrews' gold and prospered on it. By the next five years these other hotels had refitted and enlarged their accommodations, while the furniture in Hilton's hotels had grown old and stuffy. Meanwhile his immense dry-goods business in New York was none too prosperous. He had a son who was fond of cheap places of amusement, and at one of these cheap operahouses he fell in love with a chorus girl who was a graduate of similar places in San Francisco. She went under an assumed name, but I am told that her father was a county officer of Los Angeles less than fifteen years ago, although she was born in Oakland. Her language was as coarse as her legs and bust were beautiful, but young Hilton squandered from \$1500 to \$3000 a month on her, in addition to what went for fast horses and poker. Next came a depression in the market, and all the Jews threw goods on the market at a sacrifice. They got ready money for theirs, less the auctioneers' commission, but Mr. Hilton's auctioneer was the Sheriff; and when the bankruptcy sale of Hilton, Hughes & Co. took place, the tribe of God, whom he had excluded from his Saratoga hotels, were very largely in evidence, and got his goods at about their own prices. "Time, great leveler, at last sets all things even." I mention this little fact for the benefit of the proprietors of the Rowardennan caravansary, coupled with a friendly caution to stick to their hotel and never take a shy at the dry-goods business.

The watering places are still full of summer guests, and many of them will not come back till the beginning of October. Those having young children will return here in time for the reopening of the schools. The courts are also in vacation, hardly taking up more than three days of business in each week. The theaters are running to fairly good business. Henry Miller opens his seventh week to-night (Monday) in "The Only Way," which is a dramatization of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." Those who have seen it say it is his best piece, and it must be, for every dress-circle seat for Monday and Tuesday nights was sold before 3 p.m. on Friday last. At the Alcazar, Florence Roberts has revived "Sapho," and every seat was taken to-day by noon. I saw her last week in "A Suit of Sable," in which she gives a charming bit of acting, although I cannot say so much for her support. If she visits Los Angeles, you will see a woman who avoids art and plays direct to nature. The critics have roasted the piece a good deal, and, while I think it could be rewritten to advantage, it is not wholly without merit. Tomorrow I am going to Mt. Tamaipais (which is the Mt. Lowe of this region) to have a birds-eye view of the three bays—San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun—from a perpendicular standpoint. I was up there in 1854, and reasonably expect to find some changes in the face of Nature.

BILL THE BO'SUN.

## GOOD BLUEJAYS.

I have often heard it said that the bluejay is a quarrelsome and bullying fellow, but I think the report must have been occasioned by some cross old bachelor jays who were not fair representatives of their kind.

Early last spring a pair of jays built a nest close to the trunk of a black oak in a grove next to our yard. All through the storms of April the mother and father birds took turns in incubating the eggs and hovering the young ones. Usually the mother bird presided on the nest and the father bird kept busy hunting food for her.

During this time he was as good-natured and kindly as any bird could be, and side by side with the robins he hunted worms in our flower garden or came to the back door in search of crumbs that the cook often prepared for him.

There was one dead oak branch about fifty feet away from the nest and hidden from it by foliage where he used to perch and rest himself and plume his feathers in the morning sunlight. This was along in May, when the younglings were growing fast.

One day early in June there was much commotion in the grove. The robins were screaming at the top of their voices; the red-headed woodpeckers, who had a nest in the trunk of a dead tree not far away, called and called and kept incessantly pounding on the slate roof of a neighboring house. And in all this fuss and bustle I heard the bluejays whistling coaxingly, much as the farmers call their horses from the fields. So I went out in the grove to investigate, and found four short-tailed and big-mouthed young bluejays perched on the home nest. Every little while their parents would feed them, while all the other inhabitants of the grove seemed gathered about, excited and deeply interested spectators. Now the odd part of it all was that the visitors were making all the noise and the bluejays never attacked them or seemed to care whether they were there or not.

This very morning I was looking into the grove from a north window and saw a brilliantly colored jay drop to the earth. He dug his beak into the ground, pulled something out and flew to a branch near me. Then he hopped out on a large dead limb not so feet from my eyes, and, lo and behold, his prize proved to be a big acorn.

I knew that the fellow couldn't swallow the acorn whole and that he couldn't gnaw its shell open as the squirrel does; so I waited with interest to watch developments. The jay placed the acorn between his feet; then he made his body stiff, with his beak pointing down, and began to hammer away at that acorn for dear life. It wasn't long before there was a hole in the shell, after which he tore the shell away and gulped down the meat of half an acorn.

Just then a larger and dingier jay flew up, and I recognized her as the mother of the spring brood. I'll wager the fellow was one of her boys, and he certainly was a steel-blue young dandy.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]



# CALENDAR.

The Volumes will be ready on the following dates.

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September	Volume I.
6	AMERICAN IDEALS. With a biographical and critical memoir by Gen. Francis Vinton Greene.
8	Volume II.
10	ADMINISTRATION. CIVIL SERVICE.
13	Volume III.
15	THE WILDERNESS HUNTER.
17	Volume IV.
20	HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.
22	Volume V.
25	HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.
27	Volume VI.
30	HUNTING TRIPS ON THE PRAIRIE AND IN THE MOUNTAINS.
October	Volume VII.
2	THE ROUGH RIDERS. Included under arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.
4	Volume VIII.
5	THE WINNING OF THE WEST. Part I—The Spread of English Speaking Peoples.
7	Volume IX.
	THE WINNING OF THE WEST. Part II—In the Current of the Revolution.
	Volume X.
	THE WINNING OF THE WEST. Part III—The War in the Northwest.
	Volume XI.
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	Volume XII.
	THE WINNING OF THE WEST. Part V—St. Clair and Wayne.
	Volume XIII.
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## SOUTH AMERICAN ORE.

For some time the steamers of the Kosmos line have been calling at this port and most of the time the amount of freight left has not been large. The reports of all captains and purser have been that there was plenty of business down the coast of Central and South America, and that it was only a question of time when the natural business of San Diego Harbor would be turned this way, particularly when it became known that there will be great saving of time on all shipments as compared with the route by way of Panama and the Atlantic Coast.

It seems that in two lines of freight, San Diego is hereafter to have a good share of all that the Kosmos liners can handle, and that the last of the liners to come in with a meager allowance of freight was the Abydos, now at San Francisco and due to start back to Europe tomorrow. The pioneer steamer of the line, the Tania, Capt. Schultz, is due to make her next visit about the middle of next month, and as she was the first steamer to visit this port it is proper that she should be the first to bring a good-sized cargo as a forerunner of the large business which it is expected the line will do through here before the end of the year.

Word was received yesterday that on the second steamer, if not on the Tania, would commence the shipment through San Diego of a large amount, from one of the mines of South America, of ore on its way to Pueblo, Colo., there to be smelted. One of the reasons for the shipment in this way is to be found in the unprecedented activity in all lines of business in the East. This particular ore has been smelted in the East and has found its way to that coast by way of Panama. The smelter which has been doing the work has more than it can attend to and from 500 to 1000 tons per month are to be diverted in this direction to be smelted as stated at Pueblo.

The surmise is that the first of the shipments will reach here on the Tania, but it may be on the second vessel of the line, the Herodot. The Kosmos line has been sending vessels more rapidly than it was first announced they would come out, and they are now moving along only about a month apart. The announcement of 500 to 1000 tons a month therefore means that much each steamer. Whether or not the first shipment of ore comes by the Tania it is practically certain that that steamer will have larger freight for San Diego than any of her predecessors, as she is to bring the first shipment, about one hundred and fifty tons of nitre, from Chile, to Los Angeles.

Manager Gray, when he was here two weeks ago, stated that the business would turn this way all right and it seems that his prediction is to come true almost as soon as he made it.—[San Diego Union.]

## MULE THAT IS MUSICAL.

A mule that can sing "Peek-a-Boo" and "Home, Sweet Home" is one of the proffered attractions for the Portland Street Fair and Carnival. Its owner writes to the Oregonian from Baker City as follows:

"I have an attraction that might be a good thing for the Elks' street fair in your city, in September, and would like to know the proper person to write to in regard to it. I have a mule that is a regular steam calloper. He will bray every time you twist his tail, and by practice I have got so I can play such simple tunes as 'Peek-a-Boo,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' etc. All I would ask would be my expenses for myself and mule to Portland and back. Please let me know the proper person to write to about it."

The letter has been referred to the Committee on Amusements.—[Portland Oregonian.]

## HOUND AND DEER GOOD CHUMS.

A man living in the territory south of Independence, Kan., caught a little fawn which he reared on his farm. The man had a very fine deerhound which played with the fawn and they became very chummy. The other day the man took his hound out on a hunt and came across a half-grown fawn on the prairie. At once the hound commenced to romp and run with the fawn, and could not be induced to seize and bring it back.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

## A QUAKER MOUSE TRAP.

Many have been the inventions of the ingenious Yankees even to the making of the white oak leaf cigar and the wooden nutmeg, but it has remained for a poor little unpretentious oyster to amuse the curious by providing a new mouse trap.

A large oyster was lying on the floor of a gentleman's kitchen in which three little mice were accustomed to make their nocturnal visits. The fishy smell attracted the attention of the mice and they proceeded to investigate the

oyster as to whether he was palatable, to which his oyster-ship protested and snapped his shell together, catching all three of the mice in his vice-like grip. In the morning they were found dead, and still in his grasp.—[Zephyr.]

## FORTUNES IN THE TEACUP.

[Pittsburg Dispatch:] Here are a few very old superstitions about the cup that cheers:

When the tea is made and the lid of the teapot is forgotten for a few minutes, it is a sure sign that someone will drop in to tea.

If single persons find that they have two spoons by the side of the cup, he or she will figure prominently, perhaps very prominently, at a wedding before the year is out.

If you put cream in your tea before sugar it will cross your love.

If a tea stalk floats in the cup of an unmarried lady it is called a "bean." When this happens she should stir the tea round briskly and then plant the spoon upright in the middle of the cup, holding it quite still with the fingers. If the bean in its twirlings is attracted to the spoon and clings to it, he will be sure to put in an appearance some time during the evening. If the sides of the cup attract him he will not come that night.

## A HORRIBLE BUILDING.

[Baltimore American:] To the initiated, the plain building which stands a little way outside nearly every large Chinese town is one of the most horrible of the many tragic sights in which that melancholy country abounds. This is the "Baby Tower," where the hapless female children are hurried out of a world which has no place for them. The system is very simple. The tower contains one opening only, resembling a window in shape. On the ledge of this aperture the father deposits his new-born infant and leaves her. The next corner pushes the child through to make room for his own. By this means each man avoids the actual murder of his very offspring. In many of the seaport towns a great work is, in this connection, being done by the missionaries. A watch is kept on the tower, and the helpless infants are removed from the ledge to the creche, and afterwards passed on to the mission schools, where they are, of course, brought up as Christians.

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Coaxes a  
New Skin

## Anita Cream

Cures Tan,  
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Liver Spots  
and all  
Discolorations  
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Samples and particulars for a 2 cent stamp.  
Full sized jar, postage paid, to any address  
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MEEK'S  
Aerated Bread.

This is a bread which combines the most nutrition with the least tax on the digestive organs—nothing equals it. Invalids who have not tasted bread for years make this their principal diet. There is a reason for it. Why? Because with our new process we can expand the gluten in the bread without fermentation. Most bread consumed comes from bakeries—the house wife has not the time to attend to it, nor can she get the same result by having the same flour.

It is a science to bake bread well. We have been in the business over thirty years and we know the exact temperature which is required and all the other conditions. We quote the following from one of the leading physicians of this city: "I regard aerated bread, highly nutritive, easily digested and far better than ordinary bread—due to its being free of fermentation." The increasing demand for aerated bread tells the story.

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When the . . .  
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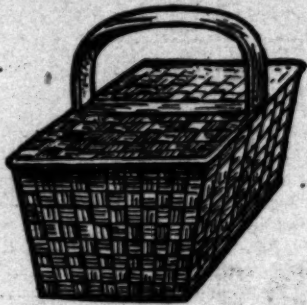
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laid and finished—warranted never to come loose

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They come in handsome dust and dirt proof 10 and 15 cent packages, fresh from the ovens of the big Bishop bakery. Your grocer has them ready to fill your order at once.

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Richest in gluten, makes light, sweet, nutritious bread, which will build bone and muscle, nourish brain and nerves.

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Every sack guaranteed.

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